'A CAPTIVE OF THE HAREM' STORY OF A WOMAN W
WAS THE FOURTH W

CHICAGO LEDGER

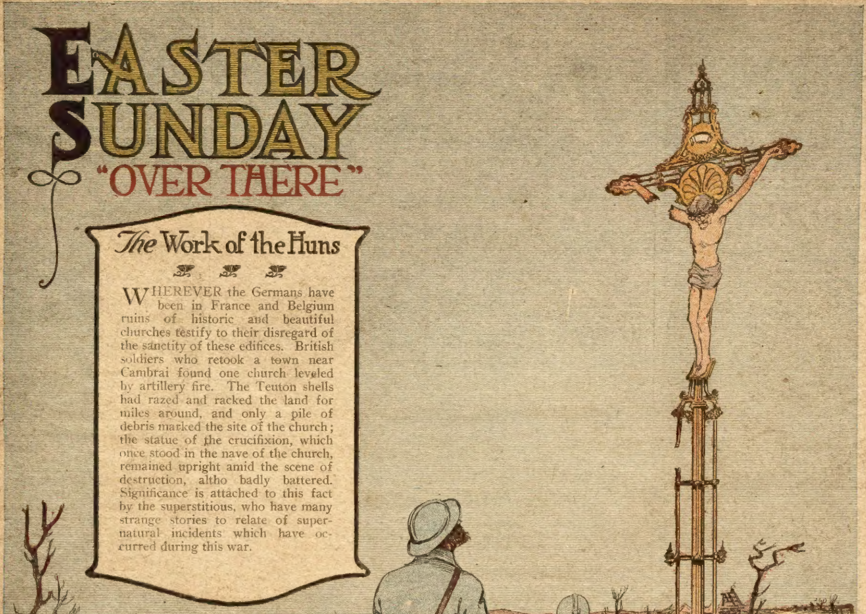
VOL. XLVI. NO. 13. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY MARCH 30, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.

EASTER SUNDAY "OVER THERE"

The Work of the Huns

* * *

WHEREVER the Germans have been in France and Belgium ruins of historic and beautiful churches testify to their disregard of the sanctity of these edifices. British soldiers who retook a town near Cambrai found one church leveled by artillery fire. The Teuton shells had razed and racked the land for miles around, and only a pile of debris marked the site of the church; the statue of the crucifixion, which once stood in the nave of the church, remained upright amid the scene of destruction, altho badly battered. Significance is attached to this fact by the superstitious, who have many strange stories to relate of supernatural incidents which have occurred during this war.



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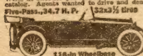

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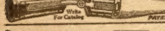

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Between the Editor and You

IN THE course of a week an editor gets a great many letters and the reading of them is not always a pleasant task, for many of those who write like to express their objections to something that was published and they are a bit nasty about it. Recently the editor asked you to write and tell him frankly just what you thought about the Ledger and just what kind of stories you would publish if you were in his place. The response was gratifying and reading the letters this time was a pleasant job. For you were kindly and sympathetic and your suggestions were of such a helpful nature that we wish you would write again whenever you feel that we are doing a good job or if you think you see wherein we could do it better.

SOME of you had questions to ask and as some of them were duplicated they will be answered here so that others who might have wanted to ask the same things but didn't write may know the answer. One of the questions was what had become of the "Down on the Farm" series which was so long a feature of the Ledger. The series now is running in The Saturday Blade, the weekly feature newspaper of the W. D. Boyce Publishing Company and the only paper of its kind in the world. Evidently those who asked about the "Down on the Farm" series are not readers of the Blade. Here is a little friendly tip—get acquainted with it. You will like the Blade and, taken in conjunction with the Ledger, you get reading matter of all kinds possible every week. The Blade does not run fiction. That is mainly the mission of the Ledger, while the odd and unusual in stories and pictures with a news angle to them is the big thing which has made the Blade a success.

"WHY can't we have another Keeneyes story?" That is what several of you asked the editor. We were just getting ready to announce that Keeneyes was back in the ring and that J. Breckenridge Ellis, his creator, has outdone himself in this story. Keeneyes is engaged in patriotic work this time and thru his usual sharp insight into human nature, his wonderful powers of observation and deduction, he foils agents of the Kaiser and renders a great service to his country. The story will begin in the Ledger of April 6, next week, and it is entitled, "Is She a German Spy?" A beautiful woman, her sister who has fallen in love with a crooked individual and come under his influence, an inventor with a great mission and a nest of German spies all combine to make Keeneyes' task difficult. Old readers of the Ledger will need no introduction to Keeneyes. To those who only recently have joined the Ledger family it is sufficient to say that he is the best fiction detective since Sherlock Holmes and we are not so sure that he is a wholly fictitious character at that.

ALL right, those of you who are clamoring for another story by William H. Manning. It's "on the fire," as the cooks say, and it is coming in two weeks, under the title "The Kidnaped Feudists." It is not a story of the mountains, however, altho mountain men play a part in it. Most of the action takes place at sea and the plot involves adventures of an unusual kind, mystery, love and humor, and it is one of the best things Manning has done in a long time.

NOW about those war stories which we promised to publish if you wished them and which a great many of you did. Last week we gave you the promised "Men Who Have Come Back" stories. We wonder how you liked them? This week we have a rather stirring bit with a war angle called "With Whips and Their Gun Butts." Next week we have another story, also a true bit, which gives you an idea of what would happen to our own country if Germany won this war and came over here to carry on her career of destruction in the Kaiser's effort to conquer the world. It is enough to make your blood boil. Later on we hope to tell you the story of some of the things which the Kaiser's spies have done in this war, not a fiction story, but the true recital of their activities, a story which reads like fiction.

ARE you getting the baseball fever, with spring on its way? We have some good baseball stories on hand and we are going to serve them out to you in short story form in the near future. It's a funny thing about writers. When it is cold and snowy and no one else in the world has the spring or summer feeling the writer must be thinking of baseball and picnics and other things we all enjoy in the warm months and the editor must try and get the same spirit so that when the season arrives he can have his stories ready. In the summer the writer must be thinking of snow and cold and Thanksgiving and Christmas so that his stories of those seasons may have the right feeling. How would you like to live in a topsy-turvy world of your own like that? And the funny thing is it doesn't help you a bit toward keeping warm in winter or cool in summer.

WE WERE about to forget those puzzles that were asked for. They are on the comic page again. But please note that we don't want you to work them out and send us the solutions. We are not offering any prizes and we will print the answers the following week, because, like the school teachers, we know the answers before we hand out the problems. When the puzzles were in the Ledger before some readers sent us their answers and asked for prizes. It showed that they didn't read closely what we had written.

NOW don't be backward about writing to us whenever you wish, but if you want a personal answer be sure and inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and the editor will reply as soon as he can.

SO MANY of our readers want to try their hand at writing stories and send to us for information that we are going to answer all of you at once by printing here the reply we always send by mail when a stamped envelope is inclosed. We are at all times willing to examine manuscripts with a view to their publication in the Chicago Ledger. To gain consideration in our office manuscripts should have a plot, be vivid, calculated to hold the readers' attention from the first word to the last and should be typewritten on one side of the paper and be mailed flat or folded. Manuscripts which have been rolled will be returned without reading. Postage must be fully prepaid and inclosed should be a self-addressed, fully stamped envelope for return of the manuscript to the author if found unavailable. No stories are contracted for in advance. If, after reading, the manuscript is found acceptable a contract is offered the author, who signs and returns it if the price is agreeable. Payment usually is made the month following acceptance of the story and the price is fixed entirely according to the value of the story to us. Writers who are unable to fulfill our conditions in every respect will save themselves postage and us a great deal of unnecessary work if they do not submit manuscripts which do not in every particular answer our requirements.

"Send Him Away With a Smile"

THAT smile on his mother's face is the best memory a man can carry to the trenches. A while ago I went from Cleveland to West Virginia on a train which carried forty or fifty recruits on their way to a training camp in Georgia.

After the train started I happened to find myself with four of the young fellows, fine, bright young chaps, every one of them. Three of them were talking and laughing, each one telling what "mother said" and what "father said." But the fourth one didn't open his mouth for about fifteen minutes. He was the brightest looking one of the lot, too. Finally he gave a big sigh and said:

"Gee! I wish ma hadn't cried!"

There you are! The memory of his mother's tears is going to follow him and haunt him. Send your boy off with a smile. It will make you a comrade to him and an example as well. He will say to himself:

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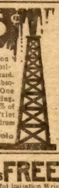

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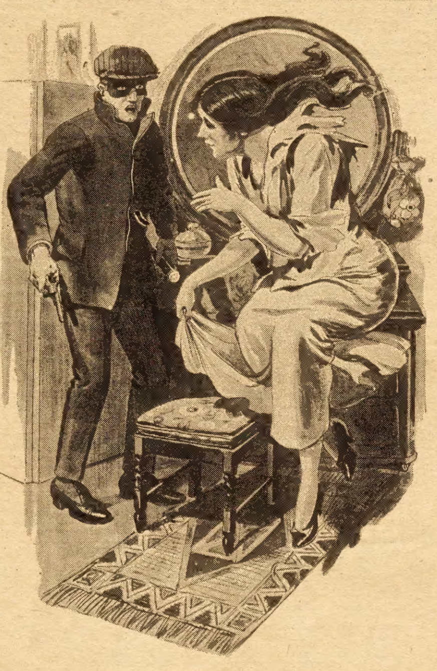
VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 30, 1918. No. 13.

A Triumph in Terror

By Dorothy Jefferson

In the mirror beside her own face she saw that of a man, masked and with burning eyes. It called for quick action. The course that she took was unique.



"The Old Woman—With the Long Shiny Knife—She Sleeps There. She Is Mean to Me, Dear, Cruel Sometimes. She Watches Me Always."

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

IT WAS good to be home again. Thirty-six hours before, when Greta La Rocque had boarded the train in Wisconsin, snow had lain three feet deep on the ground. Now, emerging from her Pullman and walking down the platform of the New Orleans depot, she seemed to be entering another world.

She had left winter somewhere on the road, miles and miles behind her. She was back in her beloved South once more—and it was spring.

There was no one to meet her, but Greta had hardly expected that there would be. Tantie La Rocque could not walk many blocks, and her scant old purse could not waste many nickels. Alphonse might have come, but there was no need of it. Greta's grips were never heavy, and a surface car would carry her within a block of Tantie's home.

Riding up Canal street she peered wistfully back of the stores at the little settlement near the river. She had been born in Frenchtown, and the tumble-down shops and cottages that had survived the modernizing of New Orleans were as dear to her heart as old, old friends. Tonight, she told herself, she would walk on the flagstone bankets, up narrow, alley-like streets and on to the levee. She would pass thru St. Louis Square, stop to whisper a prayer in the cathedral, and then, down near the old French market probably, she would wait for the moon to come up on the river.

And here was home! In the door of the little, patchily painted gray house stood Tantie La Rocque. She was feebler than she had been six months before when Greta left her, but her eyes were alight with the joy of greeting.

"Que je suis hereuse de vous voir, mon enfant," she cried.

"I am glad to see you again, too, Tantie, dear," said Greta tenderly. "Are you feeling quite well this spring?"

In the cramped, ornate little parlor they sat and talked intimately for nearly an hour, sometimes in French, sometimes in English. Alphonse was not mentioned. Experience had taught Greta that it was not always well to inquire too closely into the doings of her good-looking, dissipated young brother, and she waited until his name should come naturally into the conversation. The clock on the mantel was striking five when the front door opened and slammed.

Alphonse La Rocque strolled languidly into the presence of his sister.

"So you've come back again, Marguerite," he said, leaning down to receive her kiss on his dark-skinned cheek. "Ah, well, I thought as much. I suppose you have tired of the footlights?"

Greta shook her head and smiled.

"No, dear," she said gently, "I am not tired of the stage. I have done very well in the little stock company this past winter. I only came South because I was offered a vacation, and—I thought I might be needed here."

"I see. You will stay—how long?"

"A month, perhaps. Six weeks if my manager is kind-hearted."

Tantie La Rocque rose and hobbled slowly toward the kitchen. She seldom joined in a conversation when Alphonse was included. The brother and sister, sitting hand in hand in the twilight, heard her fussing about with the supper things and knew that she was entirely happy. She enjoyed nothing more than the task of preparing delicacies for her adored niece.

Greta and Alphonse talked of the theater, and Greta told such amusing stories that presently, when they went to the table, he was flushed and laughing. The sullenness that was wont to cloud his boyish features had totally disappeared. Greta, looking at him affectionately, wished that it might never return.

After supper they both helped Tantie with the supper dishes, and then, to his sister's delight, Alphonse proposed a stroll toward the river.

"I have thanked the bon Dieu many times during the past year, mon frere," Greta whispered softly as they strolled along the banket. "I have been so grateful to Him for keeping you out of this terrible war."

Alphonse shot her a quick look. His dark brows contracted.

"Keeping me out?" he queried. "How so?"

"Your age, dear. Surely a boy of nineteen need not think of going—yet."

Alphonse shrugged.

"Boys of nineteen are not altogether useless to their country, sister," he said quietly.

And then a silence fell upon them both. The Mississippi stretched out before them, its wide waters and their murmuring soon lost in the night. It whispered many things to the boy. To the girl it said but one word—home.

Greta had hardly dared hope that Alphonse would consider his evening ended when they had returned to the little gray cottage. Nevertheless, she shook her head sadly when he announced that he had an engagement at the Old Absinthe House after midnight.

"I hate to have you prowling about at all hours, Alphonse," she complained gently. "Is your engagement important?"

Alphonse smiled grimly.

"Very. I lost money last night at cards, and tonight—I win it back!"

Sick at heart, but convinced that she could never restrain her brother by pleading, Greta held her peace.

"All right, dear, run along with your friends this time if you want to. Only, remember this. I have some money to spend on my vacation, and I should like very much to have your able assistance. Let's plan a party for tomorrow night, Alphonse."

Long after the door had slammed behind him and Alphonse had pattered away down the silent street, Greta sat in her ugly little bedroom, thinking. It was not right to leave the boy here, under influences that were obviously ruining him. Yet, Tantie could not be left alone, and if Greta herself remained, who would provide their living?

She shook down her long black hair and seated herself in front of the mirror. For a long time she gazed into her own brown eyes, almost as tho she hoped to find there the solution of her difficulties. Under the melancholy influence of night and the silence of sleeping things, her mind was active with apprehensions about Alphonse. His handsome face, flushed and eager, kept appearing in ominous surroundings. She loved him all the more poignantly because he drifted about so perilously in a sea of adventurous delights. His growing sullenness and discontent warned her that something must be done immediately. She must pull him out of the circle of hot, heedless young bloods into which he had fallen. Should she carry the whole household to the North with her? Her eyes roved over the heavily shadowed objects of her bedroom as they were reflected in the mirror about her own bright face. What would Tantie say at the notion of selling these generation-old chests and rockers that had become so intimate a part of their lives? Could she live without them? Would any place except this old French city be home to her? Greta dropped her chin into her hands, sighing hopelessly. She looked again at her own face framed in the dingy background of the bedroom. Then her breath was quenched midway in her throat, and a sharp arrow of fear shot to her heart.

Silently without warning of any kind a man's masked face had slipped into the mirror beside her own. She did not cry out. Her action was quite unaccountable and extraordinary. She—smiled.

Acting is a curious profession. One plays a part subconsciously, when it is old and familiar and mechanical. She wheeled about in her chair and confronted the black-masked intruder.

"Looking for me?" she crooned softly. Then she stretched out her long white arms in a gesture of entreaty.

"Looking for me, dear?" she repeated hopefully. "Why don't you take that funny thing off your eyes and stay a little while? I knew you'd come, some day. I've been waiting—oh, ever and ever so long!"

Her dark eyes rolled mysteriously toward the closed door of Tantie's room.

"The old woman—with the long, shiny knife—she sleeps there. She is mean to me, dear, cruel sometimes. She watches me always——"

The burglar's mouth twitched nervously beneath his mask. With growing abandon, Greta caught the ends of her flowing hair and held them out like a scarf.

"I will dance for you," she offered.

Smiling childishly, she executed a fantastically weird dance, bobbing and skipping and lunging about. Steps were heard in the hall below, but she did not pause. Then a low whistle outside her door roused the man, transfixed on the spot where she first had seen him. He wheeled about. His confederate was now in the room.

"Careful, Bill," he whispered, "we'd best get out of here. This girl is—daffy."

"Bill" nodded and disappeared as noiselessly as he had come.

"There," Greta panted, coming quite close to the robber, "I've done my best for you, dearie. Why don't you thank me?"

She put up her face with utter sweetness, as if to be kissed, and then with a swift movement of her hand before his face, she caught at the string of his mask. It ripped away from a puzzled, horrified, and amazingly decent face.

"Dar—ling," she chanted, reaching toward him again, "shall we go fish—ing?"

The man pushed her away from him, and avoiding her clutching and clawing white hands, made toward the door. She flung back her head and laughed—a long, low, mirthless cackle. The man, his hand feeling about for the door, looked back at her, with eyes widened in horror.

"Lord have mercy on you!" he ejaculated fervently. Then diving for the dark well of the staircase, he muttered

, "I didn't bargain for an in- ith an idiot."

," said Greta to herself as she n, trembling, but elated. "I don't hat robbers could have wanted. e have nothing of value."

iptoed across the hall to Tantie's room. The old woman was breathing regularly. It would be cruel to rouse her from her slumber and frighten her out of the few hours' rest that remained for her. She was always astir by five o'clock, anyway, and Greta decided to tell her nothing of the night's adventures until something was missed in the cottage. Besides, Alphonse would soon be home

Returning, she sat on the edge of her bed, erect and alert, and unafraid, but loath to relax her vigil. The minutes crept into hours, and she grew weary with waiting. The entire episode began to seem like a nightmare. She passed her hand over a forehead that was throbbing painfully.

When it seemed that she could stand the suspense no longer she heard a creaking sound in Tantie's room, and knew the old woman was rousing herself for the day. Yellowish light at the open window proclaimed the morning. Weary and stiff and wretched, Greta pinned up her hair and went out into the hall to meet her aunt.

"Up so early, my child?" the old woman demanded with evident surprise. "I thought to bake you some hot bread and carry it to your room."

Together they descended the stairs, going slowly and carefully. Both peered eagerly ahead, the old woman because she could not see very well in the dim, dawning light—the girl because she wished to be the first to discover any damage the robbers might have done.

And then came the realization. Nothing, not even so much as a spoon, was missing from the La Rocque cottage. The thieves, whoever they were, had been frightened away before they had accomplished their purpose. Greta's silver purse was lying on the table just where she had placed it, and the bills inside were untouched. Likewise Tantie's hammered silver candlesticks remained on the mantel, relics of happier and more prosperous days.

Tantie set the table for three, but only two breakfasted. Alphonse failed to appear, and Greta sat silent thruout the meal, meditating upon the wisdom of taking the old woman into her confidence. What good could she accomplish by frightening Tantie, she asked herself? None, probably. It seemed best to hold her tongue.

Noon came and Alphonse had not returned.

Two weeks passed. Idle, worthless, irresponsible young Alphonse La Rocque had disappeared as completely as tho the earth had swallowed him up. Police authorities, when the matter was put into their hands, declared themselves unable to trace him farther than the door of the Old Absinthe House, whither he had gone by appointment on the night Greta would never forget.

The boy was gone, and his aunt and sister questioned each other with silent, terrified faces. Both were afraid of something worse than death.

One night when Greta could no longer endure the ghastly quietness of the little gray cottage, she put on her jacket and walked slowly toward Frenchtown, tracing the path that she had taken with Alphonse on their last walk together. She kept her eyes down, avoiding the stares of those who passed her. Girls do not often walk alone in Frenchtown, but Greta had learned independence in the North.

Entering St. Louis Square she glanced up at her old friend the cathedral, towering dark and imperturbable above her. It was said that many strange prayers were granted in that ancient edifice—prayers granted and the most impossible sort of wishes made to come true. Perhaps——

She mounted the church steps and pushed open the heavy iron door. She would pray to the bon Dieu. Perhaps the boy might yet be saved.

She knelt in one of the rear pews, and it seemed at first that she was alone in the dim nave of the cathedral. Then, as her eyes grew accustomed to the light, she saw the shadowy figure of a man outlined at a shrine where some candles burned.

He must have heard her come in, for he turned and glanced over his shoulder at her. The next moment he rose and moved down the aisle toward her, tiptoeing with more of stealth than reverence, Greta decided. His eyes were upon her—with a strange stare. She shrank down in her pew, afraid.

Then, suddenly, her beads dropped from her hands. Her prayer froze on her lips. It was the face of the man she had seen looking from her mirror, the face she had revealed by snatching at a black mask. Their paths had crossed again—in church. She rose and tried to hurry out before him.

"Please." He was at her side and escape was impossible. The same rush of ironic daring again stiffened her twitching nerves, and she turned on him.

"I didn't know you without your mask," she said quietly.

For an instant she wondered if he would kill her—in this candle-lit tomb. If she should scream there would be no one to hear her. She would be left there—dead.

Then the man spoke to her again—in a voice that was oddly hushed and gentle. "I did not mean to startle you, Miss La Rocque. I was just surprised to see you out"—he smiled—"without your keeper."

Greta glared up at him with gathering courage and indignation. What right had this person to use her name? What right, indeed, to detain her? She started off again with cool abruptness. He kept pace with her.

"You deceived me at first," he went on smilingly, "but I soon found out who and what you are. You must be wonderful—behind the footlights."

The man was intolerable. Greta flung a scornful glance into his clear gray eyes and then, mollified in spite of herself, shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps my acting saved my life," she suggested, coldly.

She was at the door. The man opened it and held it while she passed out. He remained within the church.

When she reached the bottom of the cathedral steps she drew a long breath and expected to feel relief. But the last glance of his clear gray eyes haunted her as she walked slowly homeward. She thought vaguely of the police. She might be aiding and abetting crime by not appealing to the authorities at once. Clear gray eyes and a gentle voice did not always guarantee a blameless character. At her return Tantie came running to the door holding out a note postmarked New York and addressed in Alphonse's boyish handwriting. Greta tore it open eagerly, while Tantie hung breathlessly over her arm as she read it:

Dear Sister:

My story is one that I am not proud of, but you must hear it.

I fell in with a low crowd back there in New Orleans, how low I never really knew until my expeience on the night that you returned from the North.

I met the crowd and started out on a party. Before we had gone a block we were nabbed by Secret Service men. You see, sister, there were two of the most wretched creatures God ever created among our number. They had some important plans of the harbor. They were, as you have already guessed, German spies.

Well, I had been drinking, and I couldn't defend myself. Some one accused me of having the papers in my room, and the Secret Service men fell for the story. They were a decent lot, however, and they put on some masks when they went to search the house. I begged them not to tell you and Tantie until it was necessary.

Of course I proved myself innocent, but it was a nasty business all the way thru. The spies met the end they deserved, and I was thinking about leaving the world in much the same manner, when Gervais, one of the Secret Service men, got ahold of me.

He fixed it with the police and smuggled me out of town. More than that, he found me a berth in the Navy.

I'm going away, sister, to try and make good.

All my love to you and Tantie.

ALPHONSE.

"He looked a decent sort the moment I snatched away his mask," said Greta inconsequently. "He had nice gray eyes."

A long silence followed. Then she put on her bonnet again to go out.

"I owe a prayer of thanksgiving to the bon Dieu," she said, half to herself and half to Tantie.

Back in the dear old cathedral once more, she knelt in a rear pew and buried her head in her hands, thanking God that Alphonse was safe.

"I knew I'd find you here," said the familiar voice quietly. "I came back to wish for you, and legend says that this old cathedral has granted thousands and thousands of strange wishes."

"My brother has explained things," said Greta frankly. "May I thank you, Mr.——"

"Gervais," he prompted.

"Alphonse means everything in the world to me," she went on wistfully. "He and Tantie are all that I have to live for. I do want to thank you."

"Shall we walk out to the river and talk about—Alphonse?" he said, and Greta felt a warm happiness rush over her as his hand guided her in obedience to his will.

"You are anxious to go back to the North and the career?" he asked as they stood looking out across the sunlit ripples of the Mississippi.

"No," she admitted. "I have no desire to act again. But—well, some one must earn our living, Mr. Gervais."

A smile twisted the corners of Gervais' mouth. He took Greta's arm and helped her across to the banket.

"You need a new manager, Miss La Rocque," he said gently. "Some one who would stage a play for you in a cozy little Southern bungalow. There ought not to be more than two people in the cast, or, let's say three—with Tantie."

Back of them the Mississippi splashed softly against the wharves. Greta heard it all the day and far into the night. The river spoke of home and of love.

The Quitter Who Didn't

By Marquis James

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CHAPTER V.

THE TENDERFOOT.

BIXBY had left Chicago with four dollars and had arrived at Caldwell, Kansas, with two. The remainder, judiciously distributed among freight-train brakemen, had sufficed to tide him over the distance intervening. Caldwell is just over the line from Oklahoma, and in those days was the outpost of the cattle country on the north just as Kingfisher was on the south. The Oklahoma town claimed the higher favor with the cowmen, however, by reason of the operation of the Kansas prohibition statute. Caldwell also was a shipping-point from which livestock was forwarded to the Northern markets.

The scion of the South Carolina Bixbys, grimy, unkempt, hungry and sans baggage, eased himself from his uncomfortable berth on the "rods" under a box car and methodically stretched his cramped and wearied limbs. Shaking a layer or so of surface dust from his clothes, he looked about to see what he could see, the same being a vista of Caldwell's railroad yard facilities. Bixby was bruised and sore from his arduous journey, yet there burned within him the fire of undiminished determination, which Mazie Boone's sharp sentences had kindled there.

Incidentally, Blair wondered about Mazie as he jerked his painful way along the track toward the station. It occurred to him that it might be a good idea to send her a postal card. No: better than that, he would wait a while. Soon he hoped to have something more to say than the mere: "Arrived at Caldwell, on Oklahoma border."

Bixby found a place and washed his face and hands. Refreshed by these ablutions, he ate as much of a hole in his two dollars as conditions seemed to justify, and taking a hitch in his moral cinch-band, set out in quest of a job. The loading chutes, where thousands of head of cattle were being driven aboard cars, appeared to be the center of industrial activity. He set out to investigate.

One of his first impressions of range cattle was their absence of ambition to travel, which indeed amounted to a fanatical conviction. The most docile-appearing brindle cows resisted the puncher's attempts to force them into the stock cars with a stolidity of spirit, a steadfastness of purpose which suggested a trait picked up from the Missouri mule.

You Can Go On If You Read This

IT IS said that no American is so completely and intensely progressive, once he is spurred to action, as your proud son of the leisured aristocracy of the South. Blair J. Bixby, such a son, takes a fling at fortune in Chicago, and Chicago treats him ill. With but few articles of value still unpawned, smarting under the ignominy of his humble part in the Northern city, he listens irresistibly to the call of easeful luxury and family prestige in his Southern home. Mazie Boone alone keeps him holding his ground. She also is from the South—that is, Texas—a young artist who, like Blair Bixby, is up against defeat. Blair asks her to marry him and paints alluring pictures of their return to a life of dignity in his father's home. She scorns it. Under the spur of her pride in his own native abilities, he takes, not a Pullman for Charleston, his home, but a cattle train for Oklahoma—a field of action, as Mazie has pointed out, worthy of his own revered Colonial ancestors.

The earlier chapters of this story may be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger. The story began in issue No. 12, dated March 23.

But what impressed Bixby most about the situation was a prominently displayed signboard conveying this intelligence:

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 .........................
 :   HANDS WANTED.       :
 :   Apply to Foreman.   :
 .........................
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"Am I addressing the foreman?" asked Bixby of an individual pointed out as the one in authority.

"Almost," informed the other. "I'm Allen, the straw boss. What can I do for you?"

Allen had just dismounted after a round of inspection of the work and was mopping his perspiring forehead with a blue bandanna. He regarded his visitor critically, especially his attire.

"My name is Bixby, sir, Blair J. Bixby of Charleston, Sou——"

"Don't care what your name is," snapped the sub-foreman. "Want a job? Ride?"

Blair reddened.

"Yes, I want a job," he flared back, "and I can ride any of the stock I've seen in action around here."

"Heigh ho!" snorted Allen. "Well, I'll shore give any man a chance who talks so positive as that, and I'll not stand on ceremony about it. Hey, Charlie," the straw boss flung over his shoulder, "bring that cayuse of yourn here, got a man who wants to tame him down."

A grinning, bow-legged little cowboy waddled up leading a dun-colored mustang by the reins. His perpetual grimace broadened as he caught sight of Blair.

"There he is, son," announced Allen. "Hop aboard and see what you can do."

"Soft ground fer lightin' purposes over to the right," volunteered Charlie. This humorous bit brought a gale of laughter from the punchers who had gathered around, some afoot, and others lounging in their saddles, impatient for the fun.

The mustang was a dangerous-looking "critter" all right. A tricky, wicked little gleam played in his eyes and he regarded Blair with a look of suspicion that was almost human. Bixby took the proffered reins without hesitation, ignoring Charlie's side-splitting sally and the appreciative salvo of guffaws it inspired. He accepted a quirt from Charlie and slipped the loop around his wrist. His face was tensely serious, but even the critical gaze of Allen could discern no trace of fear. Bixby was rated as a first-class horseman down at military school, but the disciplined troop mount and the outlaw broncho are horses of a different stripe. Bixby was not altogether confident, but he was game.

The pony did not so much as lift a foot as Blair thrust his left shoe into a dangling stirrup and vaulted astride. The stirrups, adjusted to accommodate Charlie's short legs, were woefully lacking in length for Blair. They doubled his knees up in the region of the pommel of the saddle, a position which became a serious matter when the bronc' went into action. For a few seconds Bixby sat in the saddle, waiting for something to happen. The pony had not moved from his tracks.

"Hi," shouted Allen, "let's have some action."

"You ain't ridin' no merry go round," chimed in the witty Charlie, once more drawing forth a round of raucous approbation.

Bixby jerked on the reins and with the quirt cut his mount a stinging blow across the hips. The effect was electrifying and the horse charged forward like a shot, sending onlookers scattering from his path. Bixby threw all his strength on the bit, but to no purpose. The mustang had not proceeded a hundred yards, however, until stiffening his forelegs he came to an abrupt stop that raised the dust. Bixby doubled over onto the pony's neck, the saddle horn taking him uncomfortably in the pit of the stomach. Before he had time to regain his breath the horse was a fair imitation of Vesuvius after a poor night's rest.

The bronc' laid his dun-colored ears back on his dun-colored head. The slumbering menace in his eyes leaped into flame. Then he pitched in, offering the best talent, native and acquired, that was in him. He reared and plunged and plunged and reared; he went straight into the air, hunching his back up as a cat does when it sees a strange dog. He snorted and pitched and writhed, twisting his leonine torso into all the shapes imaginable to a contortionist. At first it was almost more than Bixby could do to grasp the saddle horn with both hands and hang on. His knees pelted against the saddle and his long legs fanned about dangerously, his feet threatening every moment to quit their stirrups, which would mean a bone-crushing fall at best and possibly serious injury or even death under the infuriated beast's pounding hoofs.

"He'll never make it," shouted a cowboy in alarm. "Lasso that bronc' or the kid'll get killed."

"Back home for him!" yelled another in derision.

These words, carried to Bixby's ears in the confusion, steeled him. He had got back the wind which had been knocked out of him at the beginning of the eruption and regained the reins. He sawed viciously on the bit, and for want of a something better, seized his hat in the free hand and pelted the horse on the flanks. This show of spirit on the part of the rider only served to redouble the fury of the animal's efforts.

He pitched and kicked and pawed with such unbridled ferocity that the dust he raised at times obscured almost entirely both horse and rider. Spectators, awestruck at the way the tenderfoot held his saddle, strained their eyes to catch every lightning-like move. Again and again Blair and his mount, now lathered with sweat, were hidden entirely by the clouds of dust. With every nerve throbbing, the Westerners watched for the haze to drift away, and each time an intoned "ah" of relief swept the throng as they saw Bixby still in his place, his face bloodlessly white, but set with a grim determination to win.

At length the mustang, exhausted and with every muscle in his wet, steaming body a-tremble, subsided. Blair, pale, but proud, glanced about him. A mighty shout went up from the assembled ring of cowmen. It's nerve that wins the heart of the West.

It was but a truce, however, and not a final surrender on the part of the mustang. With a suddenness that all but caught Bixby off his guard, the cowpony again reopened fight. With renewed fury, he resumed his volcanic convulsions. But of all his ferocity, he had nothing new to offer. He had spent himself in the first round, and Blair, encouraged by the cheers of the crowd, who now were with him frankly, sawed mercilessly on the bit until the blood foamed from the horse's mouth. But the mustang was just as game as his rider. Weaker and weaker his plunges became. Now, since the danger was entirely passed, Blair could not help but admire the spirit of the animal, which, knowing it was beaten, was continuing the fight until it should drop from exhaustion.

Bixby waited his opportunity and when it presented he freed his feet from the stirrups and leaped from the horse's back and clear of his hoofs. It was a becoming and chivalric act.

Another thunderous cheer went up and half a dozen of the nearest cow-punchers made a rush for the hero. He was lifted to their shoulders and borne in triumph to the presence of the foreman.

"One-quarter ridin' and three-quarters raw nerve," ejaculated the range boss, "but the greatest horseback exhibition I've seen in years. Putter there, pard!" He reached out his big brown hand. "And what did you say your name was again, stranger?"

"Bixby," stated Blair.

"Mine's Sampson. Well, Bixby, it's your day and the job's yourn."

A score of cowboys crowded around to shake hands with the newest member of the Bar X outfit.

Bixby, mounted on a friendlier steed, picked from the remuda, finished the day helping out with the loading, proving himself a right useful hand about the chutes for a tenderfoot. His willingness to learn and the complacency with which he bore the uncouth tho well-meant gibes of the veteran punchers won a place in the Westerners' hearts. They voted "the kid" O. K. Before night the herd had been loaded into the cars and started north. The cowmen, after a spectacular horseback dash thru the main street of Caldwell, a ceremony without which no cowmen's trip to town is complete, struck the well-worn trail south into the Oklahoma prairie.

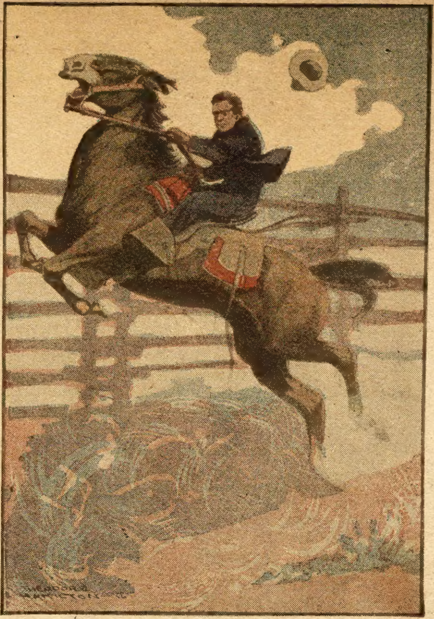
After a brief interim of dusk, night clapped her black hood down over the plains. Mounts and men were tired. They jogged along easily thru the velvety darkness. The lights of Caldwell vanished over the horizon behind them. The horses jogged on, each step taking Bixby farther and farther into the unknown. It was a new experience for the South Carolinian. He heard the droning voices of the cow-punchers, and saw their sun-tanned faces now and then, thrown into relief by the glare of a match as a cigarette was lighted. A coyote's howl reached his ears. Now and then the bleached bones of a steer gleamed from the bunch grass beside the trail. He began to feel the spell of the Great Alone.

It was midnight before they reached the range camp on the banks of the North Canadian River. Blair, saddle-sore but strangely happy, threw himself down on the ground to sleep—and slept.

CHAPTER VI.

PLOTTERS OF THE PLAINS.

FOR two months he rode the range, and at the end of sixty days was riding it well; and he was rolling his brown paper cigarettes with one hand. They broke him in on the night herd, which keeps one in the saddle from 6 to 6, with a cold snack and a canteen of black coffee from the chuck wagon to tide you thru. Then came the grand roundup, in which all marketable cattle were "cut out" and sent into Caldwell for shipment north. Calves were branded and the holdover herd was segregated for the final drive to the Texas border.



They Saw Bixby Still in His Place, His Face Bloodlessly White.

Blair was kept on duty with the herds, while the others, by reliefs, rode down to Kingfisher for the farewell celebration before they left the Strip. Whether to go with the cowmen or stay and be a homesteader was the burning question, and a perplexing one.

The bold, free, two-fisted West had laid a heavy hand on Bixby. He loved it. He found himself sharing the cowman's general contempt for the nesters who were coming to turn their ranges into a land of town lots and farms. Just what had Mazie in mind when she had sent him to Oklahoma? She had not been explicit. Had she information that Oklahoma was at the parting of the ways? What would she have him do, follow the ranges in their dogged retreat before civilization or settle down and——

"Make a home!" he almost spoke his thoughts aloud.

That settled it. He must stay and build himself a home—a home for himself and Mazie Boone, who was to be his wife. Cattle camps are not for women. Bixby, then, must be a homesteader; withal the choice entailed its regrets.

Before the decision was cool in his mind, Bixby sat down and penciled Mazie his first letter. Without boast or exaggeration, he related the story of his adventures and sketched his plans. He told of the bracelet he had with him and added a page or two of sentiment, borrowed an envelope, addressed it to Mazie at the Southern Rose, and intrusted the mailing to a puncher who was riding into Kingfisher that day.

His mind filled with many visions, Blair rode out at daybreak next morning with Charlie Higgins, the little cow-puncher who had made so much fun at Blair's expense shortly after Bixby's arrival in Caldwell. Bixby and Higgins since had become fast friends. They were sent across the shallow North Canadian and far south of the camp to comb the timber along Skeleton Creek for strays.

Skeleton Creek is a stream of moods. For miles it meanders thru the smiling plains, taking a course in the main south by east, winding toward the Cimarron River, which parallels the North Canadian about forty miles to the southward. Then again Skeleton slumbers its way thru wooded patches—small cottonwood and "black jack" elm forests, jungled with ramulose bramble growth. Again it roars thru draws, a silver thread at the bottom of inaccessible canyons, deep and rocky-sided, leaping into rapids and swirling into treacherous sink-holes. Along its banks are salt-licks, the sirens of the plains. As they lured the buffalo in the old days, they lured the range cattle now.

Bixby and Higgins spent the day combing the timbered areas and riding thru the draws, rounding up the cattle which had wandered from the herd. By noon, they had gathered a herd of some hundred and fifty head, and were ready to start back to camp. Bixby had gone about his work mechanically. His mind was on other things. It achieved a hurdle of twenty years and Bixby saw not the stretches of uninhabited plain, but rather, a prosperous region of country estates and roads and fences and blooming fields.

"What you been moonin' about all day?" demanded Higgins, riding up. "Been mopin' about with a fur-away look in your eyes all day long. Thinkin' about the old ranges goin' to go?"

"Yes, that's what I was thinking about, Charlie," replied Blair, telling the truth in a way.

"It's h—l, but no use takin' it so hard as all that," responded the cow-puncher. "Let's climb Horseshoe Mesa and take a look around, and if we don't see nothing we'll start back. We won't make camp before night as it is."

The two loped their ponies across the intervening quarter-mile, and their mounts began the toilsome climb up toward the shoulder of the mesa. The top gained, the two cowboys halted horses for a breathing spell and then galloped to the southern edge of the tableland. Their post commanded an unrivaled view of the surrounding country.

"Not even a maverick in sight," observed Bixby after a critical examination of the horizon.

"No, but look," whispered Higgins, directing his companion's attention to the declivity at their feet.

Two horsemen had emerged from the plain, unaware that they were watched, and were urging their mounts up the incline, which on this side was not so precipitous as the north side of the mesa.

Bixby and Higgins fell back out of sight.

"Cattle rustlers?" ventured Bixby, suppressing excitement.

"Hardly; more likely sooners," responded the puncher, casually rolling a cigarette.

"Sooners?" questioned Bixby.

"Shore. You don't know what ers is?"

Blair confessed it was a bit o ern vernacular with which he yet made acquaintance.

"Well," began Higgins, "a soon an individual who's beating the b rier on this big nester race that's com in' o ere next month. He's one that's slipped over the line and is hidin' out till the day of the big run. Then, when the others are racin' hell bent in the scramble for the best land, Mr. Sooner just snucks out of his hidin' place, rides to the choice hundred and sixty he's picked out beforehand and squats on it."

"A simple scheme," remarked Bixby. "It's a wonder the country isn't full of sooners."

"It's risky business," enlightened Higgins. "'Bout as safe as cattle rustlin' or horse stealin'. Anybody caught on the premises of the Cherokee strip after Aug. 16, when the rangemen leave, has to give a mighty clean alibi or down they go for a long look at the inside of the Government calaboose at Leavenworth. Soldiers from Reno and Sill aim to comb every acre of the land. The nesters themselves, I don't reckon, would let 'em off that easy if the case is very clear against them. A rope and a handy limb ended most of the sooners they caught in Old Oklahoma."

"It is not, then, the attractive proposition one might suppose," smiled Bixby.

"It has its drawbacks. But say, what's become of that pair? They oughta be at the top of the mesa by now. Let's see what they are up to. Maybe you was right after all. They might be rustlers."

The cowboys rode to the edge of the mesa again and peered down the declivity. About sixty feet below them on a natural shelf of rock stood the two horses, nosing the ground. The riders were nowhere in sight.

"Sh-h!" cautioned Higgins. "Listen."

"What is it?" demanded Blair.

"Look!" whispered the cowboy, pointing downward over the steep wall of the mesa. There, on a little ledge of rock, screened securely from the surrounding country and visible only from above, were crouched two men. They were engaged in an earnest conversation, and, not reckoning another soul to be within miles, they talked quite loud enough for Bixby and Higgins to hear distinctly all that was said.

Their words interested Blair.

"If the making of this country had been left to me," one of them was saying, "I couldn't have done a better job myself. The lay of the land is just what we want to carry on our little game. One of us can hide in the brush around this mesa and the other will hang out in the thicket along the creek a mile to the west. We'll arrange to get there a day before the run—September 15 that will be—and then there is nothing to do but wait. Get a good sleep the night of the fifteenth and on the sixteenth just wait until you see the first of them coming from the south and then jump on your pony and light out. Throw a bucket of water over your mount first and lather him up with soap before you start so as to make it look like it's been a long, hard ride. It might be a good idea to race the last mile or so with somebody. There will be no danger of losing because our horses will be fresh and it might fool any one who might be a mind to be inquisitive. And remember, we are to stake the claims adjoining the town site of Enid. File in your own name and I will buy you out the next day for a thousand dollars cash."

A large man was speaking; a large, well-built man with a strong, fearless, cruel face. The one addressed was a short, stocky individual. His back was turned and Bixby didn't get a look at his features. Both were dressed as plainsmen, which, without a doubt, they were.

It was not the words, but the tone of the speaker, which first took Higgins' attention. The cow-puncher thought he recognized the voice at the outset. One glance at the large man's countenance and he was certain. Instantly the little cowboy's face turned livid with hate.

"By the Eternal!" he hissed and moved closer to the edge of the precipice. His hand dropped to his holster.

"You know him?" queried Bixby, an interested spectator of this little by-play.

Higgins did not reply.

Slowly he slipped his pistol from the holster and with a steady, sure arm, he raised it and drew a dead bead on the head of the man on the ledge. His forefinger crept around the trigger and stayed there. One twitch of a muscle would have sent the plotter tumbling off the ledge a dead man.

Bixby looked on in silence, wondering if Higgins, a man he had grown to respect as a fair fighter, was going to shoot a man down without giving him a chance.

Higgins was not. Slowly the forefinger relinquished its embrace of the trigger and slowly the cowman returned the pistol into its holster. Then he and walked away toward the Bixby followed.

heaven's sake, explain," he be- "What does all this mean?"

ins, his old humor returned, ed an inscrutable smile.

Mum's the word," he said.

And Bixby knew it wouldn't be polite to ask any more questions. They mounted and rode toward the herd.

On the last day before the westward drive, Bixby sought out Sampson, the foreman and asked for his "time."

"Gonna settle down and have a hand in breaking up the greatest range God ever gave a cowman?" said Sampson, his sober gaze wandering over the expanse of rolling prairie, so soon to be turned over to desecration. "Railroad'll be built thru the country and cities and towns'll spring out of nowhere—big metropolises like Wichita and Topeka. The lucky ones'll clean up fortunes on land. I've seen it done. Twenty years ago, up in Nebraska, I had my chance, but let it slip. But now, I'm too old a man; I'll follow the ranges west to the jumpin' off place and pray that I don't last no longer than they do.

"Well, kid," he went on after a thoughtful pause, "yo're young and just startin' out in life, so I'll not try to persuade you. I guess yo're makin' yo're choice for the best. The range has seen its day. I knowed it was comin' ever since '89, when Old Oklahoma was opened up. A year from now, I reckon, they'll be cultivatin' corn and wheat and the like of that—plowin' under the best grazing on the continent. It—don't—hardly—seem—possible."

The old cowman stopped again, his voice growing suspiciously husky. The light of wistful reminiscence flickered in his faded gray eyes. At length, he proceeded:

"The range, it gets into a feller's blood, somehow, and makes him want to shoot the livin' daylights out of a flock of blasted nesters that's comin', land-mad, to spoil God's prairie. But it's their day, I suppose, and their game and the man who gets in on the first jackpot rakes in the blue chips."

Sampson was on the shady side of forty. His shoulders were stooped from years in the saddle and his legs bowed from the same cause. The skin on his weather-beaten face was wrinkled about the eyes and corners of his mouth. His coarse, straight hair was shot with gray and was thin on top and his drooping mustaches were a sun-tanned white.

"Well, kid," he said, "since it's a good forty mile by best trail into Kingfisher, just ride away that cayuse you've been workin' with."

"Dick, you mean," beamed Bixby. "You are giving him to me, Mr. Sampson?"

"Pony, saddle and bridle as well," drawled the range boss. "It's a present, with the compliments of an old-time cowman who sees the dawn of the day when he'll be doing chores about the Kansas City stockyards, maybe."

CHAPTER VII.

IN KINGFISHER.

THE bronzed young man on horseback who galloped into Kingfisher at dusk that evening and reined his horse up abruptly at the watering trough in front of a livery stable, was a different-looking person from the picturesque nondescript who had piled out from under an empty cattle train in Caldwell some sixty days before. And the change was not all on the outside, either. The inner being of Blair J. Bixby had begun to respond to the call of the frontier. The blue-blooded, fiery young Southern aristocrat had held the makings of a red-blooded man. Out in the open it's blood that tells.

In from the grueling forty-mile ride over the prairie trail, like a true plainsman, Bixby's first thought was of his horse. Dick had served his new owner well. For the entire two-score miles he had maintained, without urging, the perpetual, tireless lope so characteristic of the cow-pony. It is a gait well adapted to the requirements of the plains. The foam-flecked beast plunged its nose into the cooling water and siphoned revivifying draughts down its parched throat. Bixby patted his neck affectionately.

"Drink heartily, little horse," he said. "It's been a long, hard ride."

When Dick had had his fill, Bixby rode him thru the broad doors of the stable.

"Full up for the night," shouted a hostler, appearing from among the stalls in the rear. "Can't accommodate another cayuse."

"Where's the boss?" demanded Bixby, determined that his horse should be stabled and fed.

"That's me," came the sonorous voice of a portly, middle-aged man, who that moment had stepped from the door of a small enclosure at the right of the entrance—a ten-foot-square room which served as his "office" and sleeping quarters. "I'm Seibert, the owner here," he added. "What can I do for you, stranger?"

"I was just asking if you could put up my horse for the night, and your man here says the stable is full."

"That's right," confirmed Seibert. "Been turning 'em away since noon. An' what's more, horses ain't the only critters that sleeps outside tonight. The stampede of tenderfoots into this man's town during the past few days has filled chock-full every house in town—they're sleeping three in a bed and two in the middle."

"Not caring so much about myself," replied Bixby. "I can take the saddle blanket and make myself comfortable most any place, but the horse here, he's just taken me forty miles over the prairie today and I want him fed up and put away right."

"Can't be that you come in from the ranges?" queried Seibert in a different tone.

"That I have, all the way from where the Bar X began the big drive."

"Well, sir," responded Seibert, "just climb right down outen that saddle. Frank Seibert's stable ain't never too full to accommodate a cow-puncher's pony. No, sir. Jim," he added, addressing the hostler, "take this man's horse back and unsaddle him. What mought your name be, podner?" he asked, extending his hand.

"Bixby, late of the Bar X," answered Blair, and his fingers surrounded the fat digits of the stable proprietor, a retired cattleman himself, it developed. They chatted for a few moments, after which Blair announced his craving for food.

"You won't be able to find a bed in Kingfisher," said Seibert to Bixby, "but after you've et and seen the sights and feel like sleeping just mosey back here. As luck has it, I have an empty bunk in my stable tonight. One of my men who drove a party over to Hennessey won't be back as I expected. Just drop in any time and make yourself at home. An old cow-puncher can have anything he wants in my place."

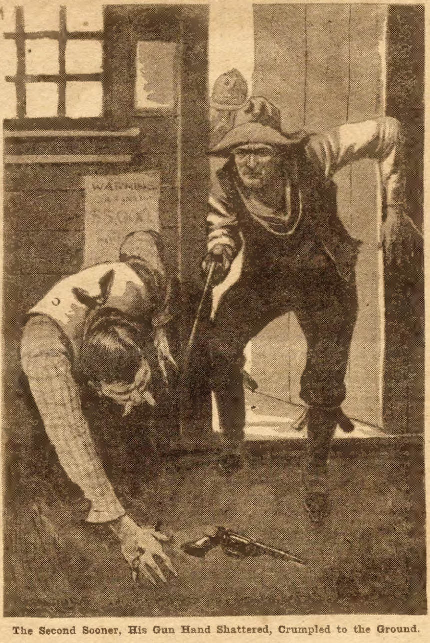
Bixby's aching body overcame the hesitancy he might otherwise have had over claiming the hospitality due "an old cow-puncher" on strength of his record of sixty days on the range. Having washed his face and hands clean of the dusty evidence of his long ride, he set out in search of a restaurant, intending to eat and return forthwith to claim the promised bunk. Bixby had heard a lot about Kingfisher, its saloons, its gambling houses and its far-famed dance hall, but as he did not drink, and as his gambling was limited to an occasional small game of poker among friends, he allowed he might well postpone his slumming tour to Kingfisher until another time.

At the Silver Moon, Bixby gorged himself roundly, eating at a table for the first time in two months. He smiled at himself, at his momentary awkwardness with a knife and fork. So heartily did Bixby partake of the viands set before him that he felt the need of a walk to facilitate digestion after he left the table.

Smoking, he strolled aimlessly up the street, studying with fascinated detachment the kaleidoscopic scenes about him. It was a picturesque cinema. Into the unsoiled West had poured—everything. By railroad train, on horseback, in prairie schooner and by stage, they had come, each according to his station and circumstances. All were bent, impelled, driven by the same insatiable desire—fortune. It was a motley breed that surged up and down Kingfisher's one main street, moiling in and out its resorts of varying degrees of wickedness—a restless crew of adventurers, foregathered from the ends of the earth

The Kansas plowker, driven out by droughts and grasshoppers; the New England farmer (shades of the Pilgrim fathers!), belated disciples of Horace Greeley, going west "to grow up with the country;" the Southern planter, unable to recoup, perhaps, from the blow of the Civil War; the old-time rangeman, seeking to adjust himself to the new order; the adventurer, the speculator, the designing politician, the "bad man," the soldier of fortune—they all swooped down on Kingfisher and filled its abodes of mundane resort brimming full. All waited and toasted "The Day."

And "The Day" was September 16—the time appointed for the great "run." Then it would be a case of a fair start for all and might the best man win. From the boundary line of the Strip at high noon as the United States soldiers fired the opening gun, they would rush into No Man's Land in one glorious free-for-all race. Each hundred and sixty acres of virgin prairie belonged to the man who "staked" it first.



The Second Sooner, His Gun Hand Shattered, Crumpled to the Ground.

The air was surcharged with plot and counterplot. Wild stories of "sooner" conspiracies flew thick and fast—amazing tales of powerful syndicates with hired riders and advance men posted over the border to grab off all the town site land. Two men could not be engaged in a confidential conversation in a restaurant or elsewhere without exciting suspicion. Lynx-eyed, drooping-mustached United States deputy marshals lurked about, eavesdropping everywhere. Nobody knew anybody and everybody suspected everybody else. Everything was on the hair-trigger. Primitive instincts surged to the fore.

The scene thrilled Bixby; sent the red corpuscles in his blood tingling and dancing. His weariness left him. He surged along with the throng and felt he belonged there. He was drawn into the vortex of the mad struggle for land and money.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CLOSE CALL.

HE PASSED the Red Front saloon—its double doors thrown wide open and the interior aglare with lights. A riotous harmony filtered thru to the outside air, as a perspiring negro "professor"—a castoff minstrel trouper—belabored the old square piano, awakening the battered instrument's "innards" to the catchy strains of the then popular ballad of the day: "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight!"

Bixby stopped and gazed in. He did not look long, since a stationary position in the eddying current of humanity which swirled about the open doors was impossible. Forced to move one way or the other, Bixby sauntered inside where a hundred pairs of feet shuffled along the sawdust-covered floor. Bixby's late good resolutions of an early turn-in were not altogether forgotten. Just a few moments more, he told himself, to see what the place was like and then he would be off to bed. The long bar had no attraction for Bixby, and after watching the crowd a while and listening to the negro's efforts at the piano—which really were not bad—he strolled back to explore the domain of "Long Jean" Couteaurier, the gambler.

Who can explain the impelling fascination of a game of chance? Nobody. Life itself is a game of chance and the smuggest man is a gambler. Bixby leaned against the wall, watching narrowly what went on about him. The familiar chick of chip against chip at the poker tables, the click of the dice, the droning monotone of the faro-dealer, smote his ears. It was roulette, tho, that fascinated him most.

Bixby stood it as long as he could, and then shouldered his way thru the press up to the roulette table and slid into one of the punter's seats as the previous player quit it—broke. Instincts, dormant a lifetime, were dominant now. Blair tossed a gold eagle out onto the number columns. The coin spun and finally stopped on 26.

"My bet," remarked Bixby.

Other wagers were placed—few, however, following Bixby's exceptional method of staking. A "straight number" bet in roulette pays thirty-five to one. The majority of players prefer the smaller gains with the greater likelihood of obtaining them.

The croupier gave the disk a spin. Twenty pairs of eyes followed the little ivory ball. It spun and spun, at length dropping into one of the numbered compartments, which surround the "wheel."

"Twenty-six, black and even," singsonged the croupier.

"Twenty-six!"

Bixby's blood leaped. He had won three hundred and fifty dollars.

One of the croupier's assistants with his rake, shoved a pyramid of gold and silver toward the new player. Bixby plunged and bet his pile, staking his money on manque, which pays even. He won again.

There was no quitting now; not under the unwritten law of the West which governs such cases. Bixby stuck. Beginner's luck, it must have been. Hours upon hours he played. The red streaks of dawn paled the seething kerosene lamps—he played on. But fortune was his, all his, roped and hog-tied. At 4:30 o'clock in the morning Bixby had broken the bank. His pockets sagged with thousands—he knew not how many—in gold.

His spectacular run of luck had held a throng breathless. Other tables were deserted to watch Bixby play. Two men, who stood apart from the crowd, conversing with their heads close together, appeared more interested in the player than his amazing plays. For an hour, they had not lifted their gaze from Bixby's face.

At the end of the long play, Bixby stretched his cramped limbs, and almost reeling with fatigue lurched toward the rear door, which opened on the outside.

"That's him!"

Bixby started as he heard the muttered words close to his ear. The voice struck a spark in his memory. He straightened, his eyes meeting the hard gaze of one of the men who had been watching him so intently. Recognition was instantaneous—on the evidence of both voice and countenance. The men who stood before him were the sooners Bixby and Higgins had heard conspiring in the case on the side of the mesa.

Bixby returned the sooner's steady stare without flinching. The sooner's glance was a plain challenge, and Bixby's carried back acceptance. For a full moment neither moved. Then, with a sullen sneer the sooner turned his head, whispered a sentence into the ear of his companion and the two disappeared thru the door outside.

Bixby paused a moment. How could the sooner have recognized him, since he and Higgins thought they had retreated unseen? But his mind was too weary to tussle with the question. Without reckoning the rashness of it, Bixby passed out of the door in the wake of the sooners.

"Look out!"

The warning shout came in unison from a dozen throats. Bixby instinctively recoiled a step back on the threshold—which was all that saved him. With force enough behind it to brain a man, an arm clutching a clubbed revolver whipped past him in the doorway. A giant of a man, overbalanced by the wild swing, lumbered past the doorway and sprawled in the dust at Bixby's feet.

It was the sooner, who had lain in ambush for the ex-cow-puncher. Bixby leaped over the body and drew his revolver, prepared to meet the sooner when he should regain his feet.

"Get him, Brooks!" The prostrate man hissed the command thru his clinched teeth.

Bixby whirled just in time to face his second adversary. Two guns flashed in the morning dusk. One roared and a spurt of flame clove the twilight. The second sooner, his gun-hand shattered by Bixby's bullet, crumpled to the ground. Before the first man could rise, Bixby's forty-four had him covered "dead to rights."

The ambush was a failure.

Half an hour later Bixby tumbled into his bunk in Seibert's stable and fell into a troubled sleep.

A few days afterward a surging avalanche of men and horses swept forward into the historic Cherokee strip. If you want to know how Blair J. Bixby came out in the mad race, read the next installment, to be published in next week's issue of the Ledger.

* * *

A PASSING STORM.

"'TIS me heart is sad tonight," said Mrs. Morrisey.

"Did you win the booby prize at the card party last night?" asked the contractor's foreman.

"Don't be thryin' to live up to yere repitation as a humorist," said Mrs. Morrisey. "This is not one of them alcohol parlors. This is yer own little home an' yere not buyin' the dhrinks."

"Tell me yer throubles, darlint!" said the contractor's foreman.

"Me sister Molly has separated from Terence."

"They'll be together before the week is over."

"They'll not—'tis for good."

"That's what Terence will think."

"Ye min are all the same! Ye always stick up for aich other."

"That may be," said the contractor's foreman. "But don't be worritin' about Molly an' Terence. If they love one another they'll make up their little differences. Don't ye mind the time ya were goin' home to yer own mother? I axed ye for why an' upon me honor, Mrs. Morrisey, ye'd forgot what our quarrel was about, an' I niver knew.

"Whin man an' woman marry the first question that arises is, 'Who'll be boss?' Sometimes that question is settled in a short time, an' agin it's niver settled. To me way av thinkin' the question as to who will be boss should niver arise between man and wife. Aich should be supreme in their own individual sphere, but if diffrences between thim should come up those diffrences should be settled be arbitration, an' the husband should be the arbiter, given full power to settle the conthroversy."

"If ye were as good at ivrything as ye are at spillin' out words ye'd be a grand an' wise charackther," retorted Mrs. Morrisey.

"Go to it, ma," said the daughter of the family, Mary Ellen. "Stick up for our sex!"

"Children should be seen an' not heard. How often have I told ye to raymain quiet whin yere father an' meself are discussin' momintous affairs?"

Mrs. Morrisey reverted to the previous question. "Me sister will niver live wid Terence agin, an' I don't blame her."

"What did he do to her?"

"I don't know nor don't care, but she'd niver have left him without a good rayson."

"Ye'd make a fine mimber av a jury! Ye'd niver convict a frind an' ye'd glory at the chanst av convictin' an inemy brought before ye for judgment. But, to raysume the matter under discussion, don't ye be worritin' about yer sister's throubles, ye have enough av yer own."

Mrs. Morrisey essayed to reply, but just then there was a knock at the door. Mary Ellen opened it. She was effusively greeted by nobody else than her Uncle Terence and her Aunt Molly.

The foreman turned his head to hide the grin creeping over his face as his wife kissed her sister and warmly shook the hand of her brother-in-law. Whereupon the contractor's foreman whispered to his daughter, "All's well that inds well."

Mary Ellen giggled knowingly.

* * *

Too Late.

HE WAS a great pedestrian, but one day his physical energy seemed to give out. Weary and worn and sad, he was beginning to despair of finding rest and refreshment when a small wayside house came into view. The good lady of the house executed her commission to supply her visitor with eggs, toast and tea.

"May I open the eggs for you?" she asked, smilingly.

The young man nodded assent, but, altho the shell looked well enough, appearances are often deceptive, and that egg would not have done credit to any self-respecting hen.

He drew back his chair with a sigh.

"Hasn't it been boiled long enough sir?" queried the lady.

"Yes," he replied, wearily, "but it was not boiled soon enough."

With Whips and Their Gun Butts

By Waclaw Kulczycki

FOLLOWING is the story of the bestial cruelty of a German prison camp, a story that is written on a human body in scars that mutely testify to lashes of the whip and stampings with a gun butt—one chapter from the sordid history of the camp at Bostrop, Westphalia, and doubtless similar in virtually every detail to the history of other prison camps. The writer's body and head are covered with scars received during his confinement and his left wrist still shows where it was broken by one blow from a heavy whip in the hands of one of his guards.

I AM a native of Warsaw, Poland, a skilled mechanic, and twice I have been a captive of the Germans. In 1914, when the war first broke out, I was in the Russian army and engaged in setting up periscopes in a Russian trench near Kuttna.

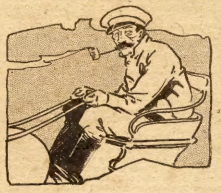
The day I was captured had been a peaceful one and we were not looking for an attack. Suddenly the Germans swarmed out of their trenches, charged across No Man's Land and were upon us in our trench before our artillery could put up a barrage. They killed some of our men and captured the rest of us. Every man was asked his trade and all of the machinists were put to work at a base hospital in the captured town.

Four weeks later I was working around the hospital when a driver left his horse and wagon standing alone and as there were no guards about I got in, drove quietly along the streets until I got into the country and then I deserted the wagon and fled across country to my native town of Warsaw, then held by the Russians

When I reported to the army authorities they sent me to the front, near Bielostok, and put me to work with an engineer corps. I was in a front line trench when a German raiding party seized it and made me a prisoner for the second time.

This time I gave the Germans a false name, for I was afraid they would kill me if they knew I was an escaped prisoner of war. They sent me back to the German border, with the rest of the prisoners.

It did not take twenty-four hours until they found out, by means of a photograph and thumb prints which they had taken when I had been captured the first time, who I was. Then they gave me a beating and told me that this time I wouldn't find a chance to escape.



I Drove Quietly Along the Streets.

They sent me to the concentration camp at Bostrop, in Westphalia. There were 2,000 prisoners there, mostly Russians and Poles, some Frenchmen and a few English. We were kept in barracks and had to sleep on the bare floor. Around the barracks a huge cage was built of iron bars and barbed wire.

We had to work eight hours a day in a coal mine near the camp, with a great number of soldiers guarding us all the time.

The work was hard, and we were kept near the starvation point all the time. We received 250 grams of bread for a day. This bread was made chiefly of sawdust, with a little potato meal, potato skin and ground cow beets.

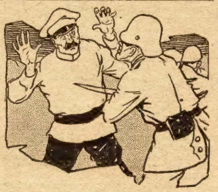
For dinner we usually got a small bowl of boiled potatoes and beets, plenty of black coffee made of chicory, but no sugar and no milk. For supper we got coffee and whatever part of our day's bread we had saved. Each prisoner was allowed two pounds of potatoes a week.

If a prisoner complained of the food or asked for more, he was taken to the guardhouse, where he was whipped with a thick rubber whip until he fell unconscious.

We were paid 20 pfennigs a day for our work. We got half of the money weekly; the balance, we were told, we would get on leaving the camp. We could buy cigarettes from the soldiers, a package of 10 for 10 pfennigs.

Many of us could not stand the hard work in the ill-ventilated mine. If a prisoner fell sick, they took him to the doctor. But the doctor never admitted that a man was ill until he was dead.

They said the prisoner was just a "simulant," and they subjected him to a cure which began with stripping him naked and whipping him into unconsciousness. Then they poured cold water over him, and when he came to his senses, he was tied fast to a post, but so that he could stand on tiptoes only. They kept him in such a position for twelve hours and sent him to work next day.



I Was Made Prisoner for the Second Time.

Some of the most robust prisoners could stand the treatment; some of them preferred to die. It did not make any difference to the Germans.

If a prisoner overslept in the morning and did not appear in the breadline, they took him from his cot and made him stand up against a fence, with a soldier standing beside him.

If that man moved an inch, the soldier knocked him down with the butt of his rifle, then brought him back to consciousness with cold water and made him stand up again for sixteen hours, without a bite of bread.

But the most terrible punishment was reserved for Sunday evenings. We were permitted to go to Bostrop Sunday afternoon and have a glass of thin beer for 25 pfennig.

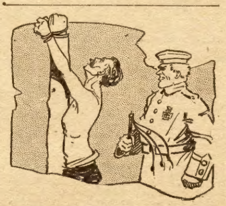
If a man returned a minute later than required he was stripped, whipped till the blood ran off his body, and then made to stand in a tub of icecold water from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. with a guard watching.

The water was so cold that a man had to stand on one leg at a time. Next morning the man was driven to work.

I myself underwent these various kinds of punishment no less than fifteen times.

The last time they whipped me for being late on a Sunday, and made me stand in the icy water for twelve hours. The treatment was so effective that the doctor said next day I would not recover. They put me to a sort of hospital for a couple of days, and then said I was all right.

They did not, however, send me back to the mine, but made me work in a field near the camp, together with 50 convalescent prisoners and a few civilian volunteers.



He Was Whipped With a Thick Rubber Whip.

Among these was one who was very kind to us prisoners and gave us bread and cigarettes. To him I owe my escape.

One day several of us approached this man and asked him if he could not help us get away. He was willing.

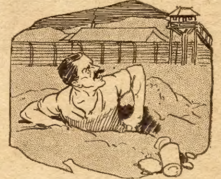
There was a big sewer pipe leading out of the prison camp. Our friend offered to make a hole in the pipe outside of the cage surrounding the prison. He did, and covered up the hole with rubbish.

One night nine of us crept thru the sewer to this hole, and crawled out. Lest our prisoners' clothing should betray us, our friend gave us some garments. He fed us, took us the same night to the railroad station, and bought us tickets for the Dutch border.

We fugitives got on the train separately. Our friend rejoined me abroad. What became of the other eight fugitives I do not know. We reached the Dutch border at night, and tried to cross it at a lonely spot. We heard the shout of the German guard: Halt!

I thought it was all over with us, but my friend spoke to the soldier: "We are just going over to Holland to buy a little meat and cheese. Don't you want some yourself? We shall buy it for you?"

"Sure, that will be fine," said the soldier, and slipped a mark to my friend, who took it. In another minute we were on Dutch territory.



We Crept Thru the Sewer to a Hole and Escaped.

At once my friend disappeared in the dark and in a few minutes I found myself in a group of Dutch soldiers.

They looked at me with their flashlights, and could easily see who I was. They never asked a question, but smiled and took me to the guardhouse and bid me to sit down to a big dinner.

I had not had a square meal for eight months. The Dutch soldiers gave me a herring, just for an appetizer and I wept for joy.

Next morning they gave me a package with sandwiches, a box of cigarettes and some money, and sent me off to the nearest railway station. Here I was put on a train that took me to Rotterdam. There were other escaped fugitives aboard.

At the station in Rotterdam we were received by police. They gave us a bath, disinfected our clothes in steam, and gave us a good dinner. Then they took me, together with several escaped Russians and Poles, to the Russian consul.

The consul gave us cards with which we could buy new clothes, shoes and food. He sent us to a hotel, which was full of escaped prisoners. They had good quarters, good food at the expense of the Russian government and 25 cents a week for tobacco. Those who wanted to work were provided with employment, but this was not expected from them.

I soon opened a little shoemaker's shop, together with fellow ex-prisoners. Afterward I was employed as a clerk in the consul's office. Last December I bought a steamer ticket with my savings and sailed for the United States.

* * *

Reciprocity.

A tall, thin lieutenant reported in Flanders to a Canadian battalion commanded by a bald, elderly colonel. After a few days he approached his commander and asked permission to air a grievance.

"I wish you would use your influence, sir, to restrain my platoon from referring to me as 'Legs,'" he said.

"Sure, my lad, sure," replied the Colonel solemnly, "if you'll use yours to stop my whole battalion calling me 'Old Baldy.'"

A Captive of the Harem

By Frank Hampton Fox

Would you know some of the strange things that go on in the harem of the Turk? Read this story of an American woman who found herself prisoner in one.

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THREE times the heavy knocker struck the massive door of the Girls' School of the Syrian Mission, in Beirut. The visitor stared a moment in amazed wonder at the ostentatious kavass who responded to her summons. His fat body, clothed in a Joseph's coat and crowned with a flaming turban, suggested an American circus clown. When she recovered sufficient composure to speak, she said:

"I wish to see Miss Anna Jones."

"Miss Jones," said the kavass, "is departing for the afternoon. Can the lady call again?"

"No. I can't call later; I leave in the morning."

"If the American lady will graciously enter our court and sit for a little while in the shade, I will run and endeavor to apprehend Miss Jones and return with her quickly to meet her noble American friend."

With an obsequious salaam the kavass departed as rapidly as his short fat legs would permit.

In an incredibly short time the obliging Oriental returned, accompanied by Anna Jones, the matron and principal of the school for motherless Moslem girls.

"Helen Cowden," she exclaimed, "what are you doing in this far corner of the earth?"

"Just now I'm hugging my old friend and teacher," said Helen, as the two met in a loving embrace.

"Helen, you're the same furious hugger that you were when a girl."

"I'm so glad to see you," answered Helen, apologetically.

Anna Jones was a motherly maiden lady of 40—a woman of well-balanced mind and carefully disciplined life.

"Helen, I can't tell you how great a joy it is to see you after all these years. I wish I could drop everything and visit with you. But I have promised my girls a half-holiday and we were just setting out for an afternoon on the mountainside, when Hassan announced that some one wished to see me. Can't you remain with us for a week?"

"I am afraid not. I must leave with my husband in the morning." Helen tried to speak casually, and her hostess did not appear to notice the self-consciousness with which she referred to her married state. "But," she added, "let me go with you on your excursion. I would love to learn something of the wonderful work that you are doing in this famous old city."

"Come with us, by all means, and tell me all about yourself and your Aunt Caroline."

After an invigorating walk of a mile or more along the road that wound around the mountain toward Zaleh, the two women sat down under a low, broad-spreading cedar of Lebanon, not far from the road. Thirty little girls, their ages ranging from 7 to 12, romped and played on the mountainside, gathering cedar cones and curious stones.

"Tell me, Anna, are the Turkish women happy?"

Miss Jones looked at her questioner seriously.

"Of all miserable creatures that you can conceive, Helen, not excepting that overburdened donkey yonder, the Turkish women are the most unhappy," was her calm answer.

Then, as she noted the girl's startled countenance, she continued:

"Even after ninety years of missionary effort in the Moslem world, we who have been carrying on the labor are obliged to report that ninety per cent of the women can neither read nor write. The tradition here is that the Prophet was late to prayers one day, and he tarried in the door of the mosque to watch the faithful in their worship. The women were devoutly praying, but the men, instead of praying, were watching the women, admiring their beautiful apparel. The Prophet was very angry; then and there he forbade women attending prayers in the mosque. Later some one asked him if women might attend the funerals of their dead. He inquired, 'Why should a woman attend a funeral?' Since no one suggested any reason why she should, Mohammed said 'No.'"

Helen hesitated, then spoke impulsively.

"I am sure you are prejudiced against the Turks. I have been told that their women are very happy."

"Whoever told you that either did not know the real conditions or did not tell you the truth. A Moslem woman has no rights; her husband can divorce her without any process of law. If she displeases him, all that he has to do to rid himself of her is to summon her before him and say three times, 'I divorce thee.' Then she must go out into the world an outcast. The harems are hells; the favorite wife tries by every known intrigue to discredit the other wives, while they in turn combine to supplant her in the affections of her husband. If she is good-looking, acid is frequently thrown in her face; if she is strong-minded and holds her husband by intellectual force, poison is a ready agent for her removal."

Helen shrank at the picture her friend had painted; but before she could question further, a closely veiled Turkish woman, leading a little girl of 7, stopped before them. Pointing to the playing girls, she asked:

"Where did you buy those girls?"

She knew that they could not be the daughters of one father, not even by half a dozen mothers. Her only thought was that these women had purchased the girls and were raising them for commercial purposes.

"We do not buy them," Anna Jones replied. "They are motherless Moslem girls that we are raising in our mission school."

"Why do you do it?" demanded the woman.

"We care for them, because Jesus loves children and said, 'Of such is My kingdom.'"

"Take this girl," was the woman's astonishing demand, as she drew the shy little one forward.

"We can't do that, for you are her mother. We take only motherless girls."

The woman spoke in a tone of calm desperation: "If you don't take her I shall kill her. I am on my way to the city to buy poison to give her."

Helen gave a low exclamation of horror.

"What do you know of the hell in which we live!" said the woman, turning fiercely toward her. But her passion subsided almost immediately, leaving her expression so hopeless and so full of pathos that Helen's eyes filled with tears. "I came to my husband as his third wife. His other wives had borne him girls; he married me with the hope that I would bear him a son. When this girl came, he hated me and his other wives taunted me, doing everything in their power to make me miserable. Now our man has married an American, whom he is to bring home tomorrow. We understand that she is very beautiful, as lovely as you are, lady."

Helen had turned very white and seemed about to faint. The other's eyes glinted dangerously.

"Our harem will be hell, for we've combined against her; we'll spoil her face if she tries any foreign insolence with us."

Helen could scarcely suppress a scream. The woman broke down and began to sob; in her emotion she threw back her veil.

"Miriam!" exclaimed Anna.

"Yes, I am Miriam," sobbed the woman. "I did not recognize you at first, it has been so many years since I met you, when you first came to Syria."

"You only remained in the school a short time after I came."

Miriam bowed her head on the bosom of her former teacher and sobbed out her grief. Her slender form shook with emotion; her dark hair escaped from her turbaned cap and hung over her shoulders, its luxuriance reaching below her waist. Married at 13, a mother at 14, she still seemed a child at 21.

The shadows were lengthening when the three women kissed each other good-by. Anna Jones took little Miriam with her, and the mother turned back to the harem, which was to her the embodiment of all misery.

Neither Helen nor Anna talked much on the way home—their minds were too full of the events of the afternoon for conversation. When they separated, Helen took little Miriam's face in her hands and kissed her. There was something familiar about her eyes and cheek bones that haunted Helen. Where had she seen those eyes and those high cheek bones?

Alone in her room that night while she waited for her husband's return, Helen tried with her woman's intuition to pierce the mysterious gloom that had begun to envelop her the morning they arrived in Beirut. She recalled with shame the incident of Reshid's conduct toward Jim Hartley when he came on board to see his friend Stanley. She had known Jim when he was a boy in Jamestown; quite naturally, when she came face to face with him on the deck, she had extended her hand, and Jim in joyous amazement had exclaimed:

"Why, howdy, Helen? I never expected to see you here in this end of the earth."

Reshid had stepped between them with a peremptory demand to Helen: "None of that! Go to your room."

The red blood of her old cavalier ancestors leaped with indignation at the remembrance of the insult. And Reshid Musa was her husband.

She surveyed her tall, lithe form in the large mirror, and impatiently replaced a refractory lock of golden hair. For the moment she wondered at herself. How had she, Helen Cowden, ever consented to marry this man?

Aunt Caroline Carter, her guardian, had insisted that the Cowden fortune should secure a titled husband for the heiress. The Turkish Pasha who spent the summer at the Jamestown Exposition had been the only titled applicant for her hand. Helen herself had been dazzled and fascinated. Before she was aware, she was the bride of the Turk and on her way to his home.

Vividly now she recalled another scene—a scene under the big magnolia in Aunt Caroline's spacious grounds in Jamestown, when Captain Sam MacNeil had taken her in his strong arms. The kiss he gave her sent a thrill thru every fiber of her being. She remembered her words to him on that occasion:

"Sam, you're pure gold; you're good thru and thru, but I just can't marry you."

How weak and silly now seemed her ambitions for a titled husband in the face of his reply:

"This is the age of veneer—veneered furniture, veneered morality, veneered everything. If I'm not mistaken, Helen Cowden is looking for a veneered husband. After the veneer wears off, a real man may look good to you. You're the only girl for me, Helen, but I'll never trouble you again."

And Jim Hartley, she knew, was an officer on Sam's ship. The meeting on her arrival must mean that the St. Elmo was in the harbor. "Oh, if I could see Sam once more!" exclaimed Helen, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

But she must not let her thoughts dwell on this subject. Recovering her self-possession, she brushed away her tears. Never would she go back on her bargain. She must not expect to find all perfection in one man. Reshid was peculiar, but he was certainly broader and more advanced than other Turks. Then, too, he was so polished, so tall, and handsome.

Helen said nothing to Reshid about the experiences of the afternoon. The next morning they took the train for Zahleh, far up the slope of the mountains. At the station an old eunuch and two donkey boys met them; the Oriental salutations delighted Helen, reminding her of the devotion of the blacks in her own Southland.

Hanun, the eunuch, led the way to the donkeys; they formed a picturesque party, riding single file along the mountain path. Helen's spirits revived and for a time all of her fears were laid aside. Reshid appeared at his best among his own devoted servants. Hanun's adoring attitude toward his master increased her respect for her husband. The sun shone brightly and the crisp mountain air sent the blood tingling to the tips of her fingers. She looked back at the sea and the ships in the harbor then to the northeast at the snow-capped summits of the Lebanon mountains.

"What a wonderful view!" she exclaimed.

At that moment she believed all that Reshid had told her about his country and people; she was sure that great happiness was in store for her in this land of her adoption.

Hanun struck the gate in the high wall with a heavy knocker; a slave opened it and they rode into a garden full of trees and vines of every kind. A little mountain stream ran diagonally thru it; tiny ditches carried water to all parts of the garden, which covered several acres. The almonds had already fallen, but the English walnuts were just beginning to drop. In a sheltered corner, black Alicante grapes hung in beautiful, tempting clusters.

"The grapes of Eshcol!" exclaimed Helen, with enthusiasm.

The high wall surrounding the garden completely concealed all that was within from the outside, and equally excluded from those within any glimpse of the outside world.

The homecoming party rode single file along the narrow path which led to the house at the rear of the garden. The building was old but large. All of the windows were closely latticed, suggesting a madhouse. The spaces between the latticework were not more than half an inch square.

When they halted before the door, Helen noticed a number of faces pressed against the latticed windows, peering out at her.

"What ill-mannered servants!" she said to herself. "I'll surely teach them better manners after I've lived here a while."

Hanun assisted her to alight, and opening the door, led the way up three broad flights of stairs to the fourth floor, where he ushered her into a comfortable suite of rooms, which had evidently been furnished especially for her reception. On the floor were rugs from Bokhara and silk-covered divans from Damascus; on the walls were rare Egyptian tapestries; in the wardrobes were a score of rich silk and velvet gowns; on the center table stood an open jewel case containing costly gems.

Helen's eyes danced with delight, as she inspected these Oriental ornaments. In the sleeping-room, instead of the familiar bedstead of the Western world, was a raised platform along one side of the room. On this the sleeping mats and cushions were placed at night, and in the morning they were taken up and hung in a closet especially prepared for the purpose. This custom of the Turks has been handed down from the nomad life of their ancestors, when their beds and tents were folded every morning for the journey.

Helen stood bewildered in the luxurious Oriental setting of her apartment.

"How do you like it?" asked Reshid, as he stepped into the room.

"Enchanting! It is as wonderful as a dream," answered Helen.

"Hanun will look after your wishes. He is a faithful eunuch who is devoted to me and to my family. Report your wishes to him, and he will see that they are gratified. I must leave you to yourself just now, for I have been away a long time and many interests claim my immediate attention."

When Reshid had retired, Hanun brought in a tray laden with dried dates, almonds, grapes fresh from the garden, some squares of a confection called Turkish Delight, and water cooled with the snow of Hermon. He placed the tray with its tempting dainties on a low table of inwrought mother-of-pearl beside the divan on which Helen reclined.

Before Helen could ask Hanun one of the dozen questions which had sprung into her mind in the last half hour, he had retired.

After tasting each of the delicacies placed before her and quenching her thirst with the snow-cooled water, she started on a round of inspection. There was only one small window in each room, and that was so closely latticed that it was impossible to get an extended view in any direction. This, to say the least, was disappointing. Her only door opened onto the corridor by which they had come. Going out into this corridor, she discovered what had escaped her attention when they ascended—a door closed the stairway.

A sinking fear came over Helen. What was the meaning of that locked door and of those barred windows? This surely was a house of mystery. Why had her husband left her to the care of Hanun? Why had the old servant with the wrinkled parchment skin and bent body disappeared so suddenly, just as she wished to question him? A feeling of loneliness and utter desolation came over her, such as she had never known before. She sank down on the floor by the stairway door and began to sob, tho even then she could hardly have explained her terror.

The click of the bolt in the lock startled her. The door opened softly and a figure crouched beside her at the head of the stairs. Instinctively she drew back from the unknown person beside her. In the dim light she could not tell whether the newcomer was a man or a woman.

"I am Miriam," said the crouching form. "I recognized you today when you rode up to the house. We were all watching you from behind the latticed windows—you were so happy and so unsuspecting that I felt sorry for you. When the master and Hanun went out, I crept up here to tell you how sorry I am for you."

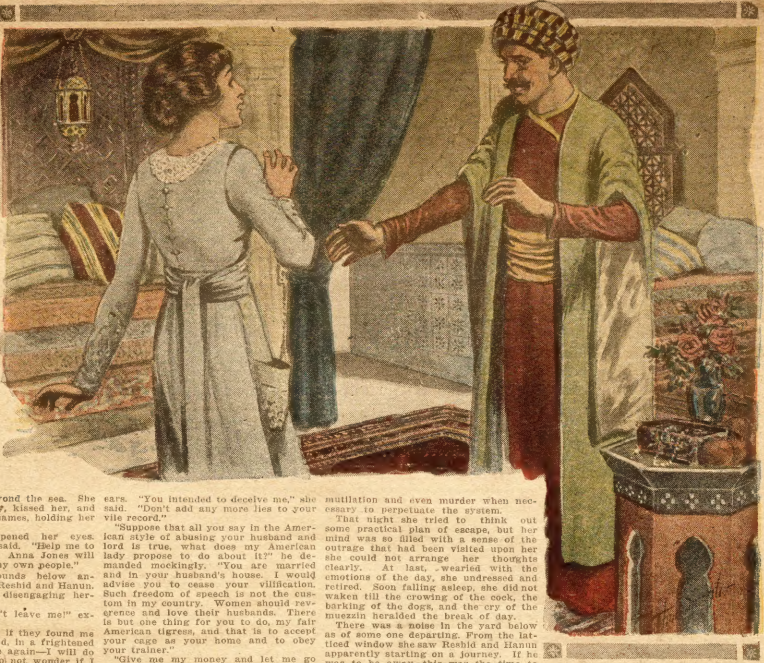
"Miriam!" exclaimed Helen, not comprehending how her acquaintance of yesterday should be near her again. "Tell me, Miriam," she begged, "why am I locked in this place?"

"Don't you know that you are in the harem of Reshid Musa? I supposed you knew that."

"I am the wife of Reshid Musa," answered Helen, "but I don't understand why I should be locked in these rooms at the top of the house."

"You are the fourth wife, and the fourth floor is your place in the harem. Being the third wife, I live on the floor below you."

The shock was more than her already overwrought emotions could endure. With a gasp, Helen sank motionless to the floor. Even Miriam, disciplined as she was in the school of the suffering, could not look unmoved on the distress



"Stop! Don't You Dare Touch Me. You Have Robbed and Betrayed Me. I Know That I Am in This House as Your Fourth Wife. You Have Three Other Wives in This Harem."

of her sister from beyond the sea. She bent over her tenderly, kissed her, and called her endearing names, holding her head in her lap.

Presently Helen opened her eyes. "Take me away!" she said. "Help me to get out of this place. Anna Jones will help me to return to my own people."

A confusion of sounds below announced the return of Reshid and Hanun. Miriam quickly rose, disengaging herself.

"Oh, don't go! Don't leave me!" exclaimed Helen.

"They would kill me if they found me here!" Miriam answered, in a frightened whisper. "I will come again—I will do all that I can. But do not wonder if I am unable to see you again for a long time." Saying which, Miriam fled down the stairs.

Her escape was made none too soon, for in front of her door she was confronted by Reshid.

"What does this mean?" he demanded darkly.

A quick lie leaped to her lips.

"I thought I heard your voice, and I stepped out to see if you wanted anything from me."

"Keep yourself out of sight hereafter. When I need you, I will call on you." The master of the household turned from her and strode upstairs to Helen's apartment.

He entered the room with a confident tread, evidently far from expecting the storm that was about to burst. The setting sun shone full on the latticed window, casting bars of gold on the rug at Helen's feet. A flush of anger gave added luster to her beauty. Reshid's eyes told that he never had seen her so enchanting as at that moment. With a smile of satisfaction, suggestive of an animal about to seize his prey, he advanced to take her in his arms.

His amazement was ludicrous, for a moment, when Helen drew herself up to her full height, and with flashing eyes said: "Stop! Don't you dare touch me. You have robbed and betrayed me. What a fool I was to listen to your stories about how happy Turkish women are, and that other lie you told me, when you promised that I should be your only wife!"

"Who has told you that you are not my only wife?" faltered the astonished Reshid. He had hoped to hide the truth from her, until she had become accustomed to her new surroundings. He had also hoped for another contingency that would fix her thoughts on herself and what she was to become. In that event, he felt sure she would realize the necessity of accepting a situation that could not be changed. His plans had miscarried. The betrayer should suffer for this. Again he demanded, "Who said you were not my only wife?"

"No matter how I found it out, I know that I am here in this house as your fourth wife. You have three other wives in this harem."

Duplicity occupies so large a place in Oriental thought and conduct that a native is not greatly shocked when confronted with his deceit.

"I said you were the only wife I had in America, and so you were," he said suavely.

Helen's Southern blood leaped to her cheeks and tingled to the tips of her ears. "You intended to deceive me," she said. "Don't add any more lies to your vile record."

"Suppose that all you say in the American style of abusing your husband and lord is true, what does my American lady propose to do about it?" he demanded mockingly. "You are married and in your husband's house. I would advise you to cease your vilification. Such freedom of speech is not the custom in my country. Women should reverence and love their husbands. There is but one thing for you to do, my fair American tigress, and that is to accept your cage as your home and to obey your trainer."

"Give me my money and let me go back to my own people," said Helen, her voice choking.

"You have no money," answered Reshid, with mocking coolness. "When I married you your money became mine. In exchange for it I gave you my honored name and shelter beneath my ancestral roof. You have beautiful rooms—the finest in my house—you have costly gowns and rare gems. You will be very happy here, if you will only do as other women have done before you." Again he advanced to take her in his arms.

"Stand back!" she exclaimed. "You shall never touch me again. I'll not stay here and submit to your insults. Give me my money and let me go back to my own people. Oh, may God have mercy on my self-will and vanity! They have wrought my ruin. Please give me my money, and let me return to my own people."

"You cannot go back to your own people. They would not receive you if you did, and I will not let you go. I want you to do what none of my other wives have done—bear me a son. Do this, and wealth and honor will come to you. There is no alternative for you except to do as I say. I will leave you to yourself for a few days. When I return, your little passion will have cooled and you will rush to my arms." Turning quickly, he left the room, bolting the corridor behind him.

Helen was so absorbed in turning over in her mind plans for escape that she did not notice the entrance of Hanum with her evening meal, until he placed the dainty repast on the low table by the divan and motioned to her to eat.

He went out into her sleeping-room and placed the sleeping mats and cushions with their silk coverings in readiness for her when she wished to retire. His face showed surprised concern when he discovered that she had not tasted the food.

"Take it away," she said. "I am tired and wish to be alone." She searched the old man's face to see if she could trust him. There was nothing in him to inspire confidence—he was an obedient slave to his master's interests. "How long have you been in the service of Reshid?" she inquired.

Hanun stared at her, and thinking he had not understood, she repeated her question. His answer filled her with unspeakable horror and loathing. Opening his mouth very wide, he showed her that his tongue had been cut out. This was the glorious system of the Turk—mutilation and even murder when necessary to perpetuate the system.

That night she tried to think out some practical plan of escape, but her mind was so filled with a sense of the outrage that had been visited upon her she could not arrange her thoughts clearly. At last, wearied with the emotions of the day, she undressed and retired. Soon falling asleep, she did not waken till the crowing of the cock, the barking of the dogs, and the cry of the muezzin heralded the break of day.

There was a noise in the yard below as of some one departing. From the latticed window she saw Reshid and Hanun apparently starting on a journey. If he was to be away, this was the time to make her escape. But how? She dressed hastily and went out into the other room, where, to her surprise, she found already awaiting her a tray with a loaf of hard bread, a dainty dish of honey, and a pitcher of goat's milk.

After breakfast, she sat down by the barred door, hoping that Miriam would return. An hour passed. Then there was a gentle rap and a low-voiced, "Are you there?"

"Yes," answered Helen. "Is that you, Miriam?"

"Yes, the master has gone to Damascus. He may be gone a week."

"Can you get the key and open the door?"

"The key will never be left in the lock again. The master was very angry last night. He beat Hanun for his negligence, and he declared he would beat somebody else when he came back and found out who had been talking to you. He suspects me, and will beat me to death, if he finds out for certain it was I who told you that you were his fourth wife."

Helen, ordinarily sympathetic, was now too full of her own terror to dwell on Miriam's predicament.

"How can I get out of this prison? Can you help me?" she demanded.

"Will you take me with you if I help you?"

"Indeed, I will. Have you a plan?"

"Come very close to the door and listen," said Miriam. "I must not speak too loud for fear some one may hear. Hanun will probably sleep in front of your door while the master is away, to make sure that you do not try to escape. There is a secret passage from the master's apartments to the rooms of each of his wives. Ordinarily, when he visits one of his wives, he does not come out into the corridor where he can be seen. There is a secret passage leading from his apartments to yours. Examine your room carefully. Somewhere there is a secret spring, which will open the panel. I think you will find that it is connected with one board in the floor that yields when you step on it. Try all around your room, until you find that secret passage. I will return this afternoon, if Hanun is away, and talk with you again."

Helen rushed to her room and began a careful search for the secret panel. She made the rounds of her sleping-room and then the others several times, without finding any sign of a door. The secret passage to her apartment never having been used, the panel stuck, and a very careful search was required to locate it. After several hours' search, she was overjoyed to feel a panel give to her pressure. When the effort was renewed, a door opened on a stairway leading down, how far or where she could not tell.

She was startled by a noise at her door, and had barely time to close the panel when Hanun entered with her dinner. He eyed her suspiciously, and she imagined that he knew she was trying to escape. She ate her dinner with real pleasure—the joyful anticipation of escape had increased her appetite.

Toward evening there was the rap on the stairway door again, and there came the low inquiry, "Are you there?"

"Yes."

"It is well. I dare not talk to you any more today. They are watching me."

Helen passed a troubled night. She dreamed that Sam MacNeil came to rescue her in an airship, and as he took her out thru the latticed window, Reshid tried to shoot them. But Sam dropped a bomb on his head, and he dissolved in circling eddies of water and disappeared from sight, while she and Sam sailed away.

When she awoke, Hanun had placed her breakfast on the table and had gone. Soon after eating she was overjoyed to hear Miriam's gentle knock on the door.

"Did you think I was never coming?"

"I wondered if anything had happened to you," replied Helen.

"Hanun acted so strangely that I felt he was watching me, so I did not dare to come here. He has gone out now and will be absent several hours. Did you find the passage?"

"I found the secret panel that opens into the passage, but I did not explore it."

"Go now and follow the passage to the end."

Helen, eager for the investigation, found the secret panel, opened it, and stepped thru the opening onto a spiral stairway. She descended this to a wall that completely blocked the way. The passage was perfectly dark, and she could do nothing but feel for a door or panel that might open into some other room. After half an hour of standing on different steps and pressing every surface, she reached up above her head. Instantly her hand touched a spring that yielded to pressure, a door opened, and she found herself, not in Miriam's room, as she had expected, but in what was evidently Reshid's apartments.

She stood dazed and bewildered. The room was large enough to accommodate a good-sized assembly. The walls were adorned with weapons of war, swords of cient make, guns and revolvers of more recent date, and daggers of curious shapes. There were also trophies of the chase. Over the mantel was a massive pair of ibex horns, and on each side of these was the head of a wild boar, the enormous tusks of which gave a ferocious appearance to the whole scene. In the center of the room, some seven feet from the floor, an enormous imperial eagle, with wings extended as in flight, swung, suspended by a wire from the ceiling. A lion's skin lay on the floor, and a leopard's skin before the door. On a massive table in one end of the room lay pipes and packages of tobacco and Turkish cigarettes.

Steps on the stairs outside startled her. Quickly she drew aside the long tapestry, which completely screened the panel work thru which she had entered. Taking refuge behind this curtain, she tried frantically to open the door, but to her terror it had closed behind her with a spring lock. It resisted all her efforts. The steps came nearer. Now she could hear voices in animated conversation. Two black slaves entered the room.

So frightened that they might have heard her heart beats and suppressed breathing, Helen pressed her slender body against the wall. Even so the tapestry was held out from the wall, and had they noticed it, matters would certainly have gone hard with her. The frail fabric moved with her every breath, and swayed with every movement of her body. Discovery seemed inevitable. The servants continued talking excitedly, and began cleaning the room and putting things in order, evidently in anticipation of the coming of guests. Their conversation being in Turkish, she could not learn the cause of their animation.

For a moment, Helen was impelled to disclose herself, and try to make friends with the slaves. But since she could not make them understand, it was useless to try to make them her friends. They were coming toward her now, still talking excitedly. In terror she swept her hands over the panel, trying to find the spring. Suddenly her hand felt a key in the lock. For a wonder, it turned silently, opening the door. In a moment she was back in the passage.

Still trembling from the fright, she climbed the spiral stairway, anxious to get back to her own room. She passed thru an open panel, and was sinking in complete exhaustion when Miriam caught her in her arms.

"How did you come here?" gasped Helen, unnerved by her adventure.

"I did not come here—I have been here all the time. This is my room. Where did you think you were?"

"I thought I was in my own room. Oh, I have had such a fright."

"Come, let me help you to the divan where you can rest." Miriam placed cushions at her back and under her head. Soon Helen was in a more composed frame of mind.

"Can you get back to your room?" asked Miriam, solicitously. "Hanun may return at any minute and bring you your food."

Helen agreed to return the next afternoon for further counsel, then they embraced and she started on her return.

As she entered her room, Hanun opened the door from the corridor. She greeted him with a smile that seemed to please him and disarm his suspicions.

The next day she again visited Miriam.

"I know all the paths over these hills," said Miriam. "I can go any place in the dark, but I am afraid Reshid will kill me if our plans miscarry."

"Can death be worse than life in this place?" said Helen, putting her arm around the trembling woman. Companions in sorrow, these two had already become devotedly attached to each other.

The next morning Helen put up in a small bundle the few necessary articles to be taken with her in the flight.

As the afternoon wore on, she began to feel uneasy. Try as she would, she could not shake off gloomy portents of the failure of her plan. Once she made her way down to Reshid's apartments, more to be occupied than in the hope of discovering anything new. So sure of the way was she by this time, that she did not observe the ordinary precaution of listening before opening the door into Reshid's room. As the door opened, a cloud of tobacco smoke and a chorus of harsh voices greeted her. Only the presence of the tapestry over that end of the room saved her from discovery. Closing the door, she slipped back to her room, greatly depressed. Evidently, Reshid had returned, thus making their plan more difficult.

Later came the well-known rap at the corridor door. Miriam had further news of Reshid's unexpected return. He had brought a number of men with him to discuss the proper defense of Syria. They would dine with their host that evening. Helen and her companion were almost certain of discovery if they attempted to slip out.

"Shall we give up the attempt tonight and wait for a more favorable time?" suggested Miriam.

"No, it must be tonight if ever," answered Helen, a note of desperation in her voice. "Something tells me that now is the time. I dare not wait. When do they go to dinner?"

"Two hours after dark."

"Where is the dining-room?"

"On the first floor, in front."

"Come up and tell me when they have gone down to dinner."

Helen was walking the floor in unsuppressed agitation, when Miriam's knock notified her that the appointed time had come.

Without hesitation she entered the secret passage; carefully closing the door behind her. She sped down the spiral stairway, opened the door into Reshid's room, peered thru the tapestry to make sure that the way was clear, then she felt for the key in the door to Miriam's apartment. It was gone! She tried the key that she had taken from the door to her own apartment some days before, but it would not work.

What could she do? The guests were liable to return any minute, or a servant might come in to put the room in order. She stepped to the door leading to the hall and looked out. For the moment the coast seemed clear. Out into the hall she darted.

At the foot of the stairs she was horrified to see Hanun coming down. He had a dozen cushions on his head and shoulders, taking them to Reshid's room for the guests to recline on, as they took their after-dinner smoke.

Not an instant too soon, Helen darted behind a large column in the shadow of the stairway and held her breath until he passed. The cushions on his head shut off his vision, and his thoughts were so occupied with the unusual events which filled the house with distinguished guests, among whom were Turkish Pashas and a German general, that she might almost have passed him on the stairs unobserved.

As soon as Hanun passed on, she flew up the stairs to Miriam's room.

"The key to your door is gone and I had to come thru the hall and up the stairs," she explained to Miriam. "Hurry! The way is clear for the moment; it is our only chance."

In a moment Miriam was ready.

"Keep in the shadow of the dimly lighted stairway, and we'll escape detection," whispered Helen. "I'll do the same, and don't scream or give yourself up, unless they actually seize you."

Miriam threw a black silk shawl over Helen's head and shoulders, pinning it about her face, leaving only the eyes exposed. With another shawl, she covered her own head and shoulders, veiling her face and head, with only a narrow slit for the eyes. Thus masked, the two ghostlike figures glided out into the corridor. They had to pass close to the door to Reshid's room, where he and his guests were smoking and talking in unguarded tones. Miriam passed the door swiftly and glided down the stairs. When Helen came opposite the door, it suddenly opened and Reshid stepped out. Helen smothered a scream. He was so near that she could touch him. Some one called a question to him from the room.

He turned and stood for a moment with his back to the corridor, while he made a reply.

The moment was sufficient to save Helen. With throbbing temples and bated breath, she crouched low and sped past him down the stairs.

She did not know that one of the guests, Holman Pasha, sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "What was that? I saw some one behind you in the hall."

"Probably a ghost listening to learn our secrets," laughed Reshid, looking around but seeing nothing.

Helen, thoroly frightened, fled down the stairs to Miriam, who caught her in her arms. Both women were trembling with apprehension, but no time was to be lost.

The front door was usually locked, but that night, owing to the fact that there were distinguished guests in the house, it was left unbolted. They fled along the path to the front gate. Here, however, they were not so fortunate.

"What shall we do?" asked Helen, ruefully looking at the great bolts that held it. "Can we climb the wall?"

"No," answered Miriam, "the top of the wall is covered with pieces of broken glass set in the concrete to keep out robbers; our hands would be torn to pieces if we tried that."

While speaking Miriam felt in an opening in the wall near the gate. "I have it!" she exclaimed.

"Have what?"

"The key. I knew that Hanun sometimes left it here in this place. We'll lock the gate behind us and slip the key back thru the crevice. Then no one will suspect that we escaped this way."

Once outside the wall they breathed more freely. They stood arm in arm for a few minutes, looking first at snow-capped Lebanon, then at the lights in Beirut below them.

The sound of voices and the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard path startled them out of their reverie. Until the horsemen passed, they hid behind the cactus hedge bordering the road.

"Reshid's guests are returning home late," remarked Miriam, as they regained the road.

"That will be good for us," answered Helen, "for Reshid will sleep late in the morning, and no one will discover our absence until we're well on our way."

As the muezzin's long wailing cry called the faithful to awake for morning prayer, the two women boarded the train for Beirut. They handed their tickets to the guard, and entered the secluded compartment reserved on all Turkish trains for women. Reshid and his household were still sleeping when these two members of his harem arrived in Beirut.

Anna Jones opened the street door in answer to a quick nervous knock, and stood face to face with two women in Turkish dress.

"Quick, let us in, Anna, and for God's sake hide us!" was the appeal that met her startled ears.

"Helen!" she exclaimed. "What brings you here and at such an early hour?"

"Oh, Anna, I have had such a disillusionment!" sobbed Helen. "I thought I knew men—even Turkish men—but I have lost everything. I came here the bride of Reshid Musa, with the assurance that I was his only wife. I found when I arrived at his harem that I was number four. Oh, what a fool I was to believe his stories about how happy and contented the Turkish women were! He has my money, which Grandfather Cowden left me, and now I beg you to help me back to my own people. Miriam aided me or I never could have escaped."

"Come in," said Anna, leading the way to the little back parlor. "My cousin, Sam MacNeil, ran in to see me yesterday. He was fairly crazed with anxiety about you. Jim Hartley told him about seeing you on the ship the morning you arrived and how Reshid acted. Sam made all possible haste to get back here in the hope of helping you. I told him that I did not know where you had gone. I think the St. Elmo sails this evening. I'll send Zaussouf to tell him you are here."

"Oh, I never shall be able to look him in the face again!" protested Helen.

"I'm sure Sam will help you. Now, dear, wait here. I'll have Clytie bring you some breakfast."

Confusion reigned in Reshid's harem, when he learned that Helen and Miriam were gone. Hanun, frantic with fear, had searched everywhere for the missing wives before notifying his master. When Reshid was apprised of his loss, he flew into a towering rage, striking all who came in his reach and otherwise acting like a madman.

"Her fortune of three hundred thousand dollars is in United States Government bonds, which she has not signed over to me. I can't cash them without her signature!" he stormed.

Late in the afternoon, he succeeded in trailing the fugitives to Beirut. From a boatman he learned that two women, answering the description he gave, had taken a boat for the St. Elmo.

He sprang into a boat and ordered the boatman to row him with all possible speed to the steamer, whose siren whistle had just sounded preparatory to her departure.

The harbor lights threw ghastly shadows on the water. The last visitor stepped into his boat, as Reshid rushed up the gangway, which the sailors were preparing to draw up. The ship lights were too dim for him readily to recognize faces. He rushed from one group of passengers to another, eagerly scrutinizing their faces in a way that set people to questioning his sanity.

Captain MacNeil was on the bridge, directing the departure of the St. Elmo.

Helen and Miriam, secure in their escape, stood in a secluded part of the upper deck, watching the kaleidoscopic view of the world-famed Oriental harbor. The dark shadow of Mount Sannin furnished a somber background for the lights of the city between it and the harbor.

Reshid, recognizing them, rushed up and seized each by an arm. With a little snakelike hiss, he demanded, "Come with me at once! You shall suffer for this!"

The assault was so sudden and unexpected that Helen screamed and Miriam fainted.

It was Jim Hartley who, hearing the scream, made two bounds to the man and to the struggling woman.

"So it's you, Mr. Turk! Overlookin' the absence of a formal introduction, I'm mighty glad to meet you. Kidnapin' women from this ship is against the rules, and strictly forbidden by the Captain's order. I'll show you what we do with the likes of you!"

Seizing Reshid behind by the collar and by the seat of his baggy trousers, Jim, with his giant strength, swung him over his head, shook him as a terrier would a rat, then lurched to the side of the ship and threw him into the harbor. Reshid struck the surface head first, and must have gone to the bottom, for when he came up his head and hands were dripping liquid mud.

His boatman dragged him into the boat and hurried him to the shore.

By the time Reshid recovered from his high dive, the St. Elmo was well out to sea. Under the moon that night, the old, old story was repeated, with a woman's head against the stalwart shoulder of a uniformed figure, whose cap bore a captain's insignia.

"Sam, you're pure gold, thru and thru," the woman was saying. "I've learned to look beneath the veneer."

The next day a Turk entered the American Consulate at Beirut, and held out a mass of water-soaked paper.

"What's this?" inquired the official.

"Three hundred thousand dollars' worth of your Government bonds."

"Where did you get them?"

"From my wife who ran away on the St. Elmo. Where can I collect on them?"

"I think," said the Consul, with a twinkle in his eye, "that they have been liquidated already. Without the signature of the owner they are worthless."

* * *

The Two Sides.

JOHN SPARGO, a Socialist leader, said in New York:

"There's a right and wrong side to everything. The wrong side of American Socialism is its subservience to Germany. We must get rid of that.

"Thinking of Socialism's wrong side reminds me of a scene in a barroom.

"A group of young actors were passing from hand to hand the latest gifts they had received from admirers. The gifts were splendid—silver cigarette cases, meerschaum pipes, diamond pins and even gold watches.

"Then a little, weazened dwarf of a man spoke up.

"'I get presents, too,' he said. 'I'm a jockey, I am, and last week somebody sent me a box of snails with a note saying: "Maybe you'll do better if you ride these," and yesterday I received by express a present of a package of pawn tickets with the words: "The result of backing horses ridden by you."'"

WHAT TO ME IS DEARER

I love the open ranges,
The sagebrush prairie wide,
The mountain peaks of grandeur,
The ocean's whitecapped tide.
I love the silent vistas
Of shadow and of light,
The dawn and sunset glory,
The songbird's sweet good night.
But what to me is dearer
Than fields or skies of blue
Are the hearts of those who love me,
The honest hearts and true!

I love the smiles of childhood,
The hopes, the joys of youth,
And manhood's strength and courage,
Which stands for right and truth.
I love the faces honored
With sunset years aglow,
The lives of benediction
Which bless us ere they go.
But what to me is dearer
Than life's swift passing day
Is the thought of God above me,
Who will not pass away!

—JOSEPH HENRY AYRES.

Breaking the Iron Ring

By Ernest A. Young

This Will Post You

WALDO EDMUNDS, president of the Edmunds Manufacturing Company in the town of Hamilton, is boss of the leading political party. Grace is his daughter. Arnold Fay, self-made man, is secretary of the company. Dwight Jackson, a creature of Edmunds' making, is mayor. He has his eye upon Grace. The better element of the town picks Fay to run for mayor, and he accepts even tho he knows it will cost him his job. Grace fails to make him change his mind. Later he sees a woman he believes to be Grace in an automobile with a disreputable character, Conway, also known as Corney. Edmunds demands Fay withdraw from the mayoralty race. He refuses. Fay's candidacy is now backed, very cautiously, by the News, the city editor of which, Cowdrick, is a friend of Fay's. Edmunds tries to bring about Fay's resignation from the company, but dares not openly discharge the secretary, lest it become known he is persecuting him for political reasons. Grace Edmunds calls on Fay to protest against his endangering his future thru political enmities, then assures him that she will not lead the woman vote against him. Fay receives an anonymous letter appointing a place outside the city limits for an interview with regard to his own interests, political and personal. Arrived there at night at the appointed time, Fay is lassoed by an unseen foe and dragged from his car! The Iron Ring has Fay! Its spokesman, the disreputable Corney, tells him that his return to the city depends on his withdrawal from the mayoralty race. Fay defies them and breaks away, hindered only by a woman who resembles Grace Edmunds. Making his way across country to the city, he has the luck to pick up his own stolen car at a notorious roadhouse maintained by the Ring. The following day, safely back in his office, he is informed by Edmunds that at a meeting of the directors the secretary's position has been declared vacant, and that if he persists in his political opposition, the Ring will "break him." Fay overhears Edmunds and Jackson plotting against him. Edmunds leaves and Jackson catches Fay. They fight. Mayor Jackson is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to Fay, but the chief of police believes him innocent, and advises him to flee.

The above is enough to put you in touch with the chapters which have been published. You would enjoy the story more if you read it in full. The back copies in which the earlier chapters appear can be purchased from our agents, news dealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 9, dated March 2.

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CHAPTER XIII.

BRACING FOR THE FIGHT.

FAY did not reply. He opened the door of the chief's private office, but did not cross the threshold, because Edmunds and Timothy Chapman were in the corridor and blocked the way.

Fay had realized from the moment that the reporter announced the supposed murder of Dwight Jackson that there was a likelihood of his being implicated. He was at first impelled toward the seeking of legal counsel; but upon second thought he decided to defer starting a defense until he was sure of being charged with a crime.

He had thought the matter thru and decided in part what to do. It was his habit to solve his problems by thinking them out alone. After getting all the light upon them he could he would concentrate upon a solution in solitude.

It was some years since he had seen Chapman face to face and, under other conditions, it is doubtful if he would have recognized the man. Chapman had aged remarkably and his eyes were so deeply sunken in their sockets that there was something almost uncanny in their expression. His whole frame was so shrunken that his clothes hung as if they were draped over a wooden dummy several sizes too small for them.

Chapman would have stepped aside to let Fay pass out, but Edmunds aggressively thrust his bulky person in the way. "Here he is now," the big man wheezed. "How is it, Fay, that the chief is letting you go out of here with your hands free? Criminals don't get such favors——"

"Stop!" Fay broke in. And for the moment Edmunds was silenced.

"If I am really wanted I can probably be found," Fay added. "As for you, Mr. Edmunds, you will overdo your part in the conspiracy if you keep it up at this rate."

"What's that? Conspiracy, you say?" the big man exclaimed.

"Yes, that is the name of what you and Mr. Jackson were doing last night," Fay persisted. "There is no reason why I should mince matters now I know just what you are capable of doing."

With that he shouldered his way past the two men in the corridor and made his way to the street. His temples were throbbing with an excitement such as he had never experienced before, for he knew that he must face all that a man could face, and that his good name and possibly his life were at stake.

He got into his car and proceeded to a short residential street at the very end of which stood the cottage which was the home of Cowdrick. At that hour the city editor of the News would be at home—possibly in bed, for members of a night staff on a newspaper must needs sleep at some time.

But Cowdrick was up, having awakened earlier than usual because of anxiety about the Jackson case. "I was thinking of you, Arnold," he said, pushing his visitor ahead of him into the little sitting-room.

"Well, they're going to charge me with killing Jackson," were Fay's first words.

"Charge you with killing Jackson!" echoed the city editor. "But there's nothing to it—not a thing! They'll never hold you for the grand jury. They haven't got the beginning of a case!"

"Oh, yes, they have, Jess," said Fay, quietly. "You know what I told you last night."

"But you don't have to tell them about your being with Jackson—that is, not unless somebody——"

"Somebody has!" snapped Fay. "And, as the most direct way out of it—or into it—I told Chief Drummond the truth, just as I told it to you."

"Did you tell him anything more than you told me?" Cowdrick asked.

"What more is there to tell? Jackson attacked me and we——"

"Yes, yes, that scrap!" the other impatiently interrupted. "What I meant was, about you and Jackson not being friends before you came to Hamilton. You mentioned him, you remember, when you and I were on the Knob City paper."

"Did I? No, we weren't friends. That is what may complicate matters now."

"Can you tell me what the old trouble was about?"

Fay turned sharply upon his friend. "Don't ask me to rake that up now!" he pleaded.

"You know, Fay, that you will have to tell your lawyer everything," Cowdrick reminded him, "or he will refuse to take your case. Of course, if you can't trust me with the truth I'll trust in your innocence just the same. Newspaper pals are bound to stick, anyway."

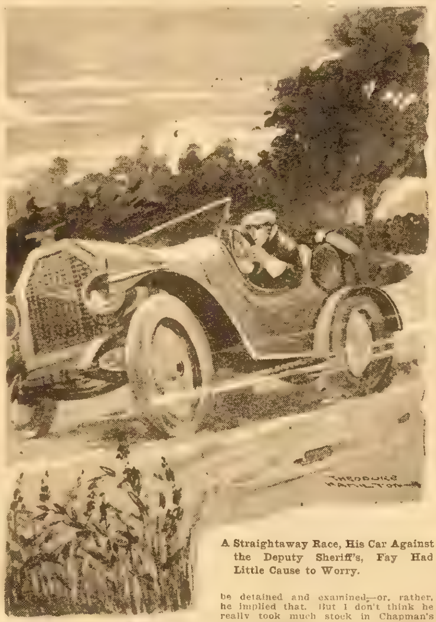
"It isn't a matter of trusting you, Jess," Fay pleaded, "I haven't the stomach to go over it all now. But, believe me or not, as you please—the way matters stood between Jackson and me, I was the one to be in danger of the black-jack. This isn't the first time he found me between himself and something he was determined to get."

Cowdrick frowned in silence for a full minute. "You told Drummond just what you told me?" he then asked.

"Yes. You see, he sent for me because one Timothy Q. Chapman, who calls himself a private detective, but who is, as I happen to know, a private sneak and skulker, told Drummond that he saw me come out of the Edmunds office twenty minutes after Edmunds left."

"What did the chief say? You know he was reappointed by Jackson."

"He said it was possible that I might be detained and examined—or, rather, he implied that. But I don't think he really took much stock in Chapman's story. Probably you know Drummond has no use for private detectives."



A Straightaway Race, His Car Against the Deputy Sheriff's, Fay Had Little Cause to Worry.

"They'll wait until after the inquest before they detain you, if they do at all," declared Cowdrick. "So we won't make it out any blacker than we are obliged to, Arnold."

"I don't wish to involve you in my troubles, Jess," said Fay. "At the same time it seems good to feel I have somebody that is sure. By the way, how is it that the News takes its stand against the Ring at the very moment this new complication comes up?"

"Drew had got ready to do it, that's why. He had to put it up to the owners, and you know one of them is timid. I've been quietly trying to pull them over all along."

"How will the possibility of this charge against me affect the paper's position?"

"It won't make a particle of difference with Drew once he is determined to fight it out on that line."

"Do you mean that the newspaper would count me as surely innocent until I were proved guilty?"

"Clear up to the verdict of the jury. Knowing Drew's temper as I do, I know that he will slam the Ring clear up to the limit, and if there is a suggestion of a conspiracy against you he will play it up for all it is worth to your advantage."

"That will at least give me a show for fair play," said Fay.

"I wish," said Cowdrick, "that you would tell me about your former relations with Dwight Jackson."

"Wait till after they arrest me—please, Jess!" pleaded Fay after a moment of silence.

"Of course, if you say so. But tell me one thing now, so I will know what to look out for."

"Go ahead."

"Would knowledge of this old trouble be likely to influence opinion as to your guilt or innocence in the event of a charge being brought against you?"

"It would not hurt my case."

"Good! Now I won't have to feel that thing is hanging over you."

Fay's hand was on the door to go, but he stayed to say:

"I want you to advise me, Jess. Had I better retain counsel before a charge is actually preferred?"

"I should say, yes."

"Then about my campaign. In four weeks will come the municipal election."

"I was thinking of that," said Cowdrick. "The Ring will have to rustle some to nominate another candidate, for they have only two weeks to do it in, legally. Now, if you were actually arrested for the murder of Jackson, you could not be released on bail, and that would as good as eliminate you from the contest for election as mayor. It looks as if the political chance all hangs on your being cleared of the charge in the preliminary hearing. You mustn't even be held for the grand jury."

"Which means," said Fay, deliberately, "that the local magistrate, who is a creature of the Ring, will see things so dark against me that he will find probable cause for holding me for the grand jury. If Corney were only in my place he would be discharged."

"Corney!" repeated Cowdrick. He turned upon Fay and demanded: "Arnold, how much ready money can you command"

"I have three thousand dollars on deposit. Then there is my last month's salary obtainable, I suppose, upon demand, as I am thru with the job. Then I have some stock in the company that I imagine could be turned into cash at its par value."

"We'll only reckon on the cash deposit," resumed Cowdrick. "Give your lawyer a liberal retainer, then hire a good detective under [illegible] to double his fee if he [illegible] the arrest within a week's [illegible] of the [illegible] who killed Jackson. [illegible] reward with a time limit may som[illegible] accomplish wonders.

"The Ring fights with money. They could last longer in that kind of fight than you could, because they have more munitions. But a big offensive right from the start may bowl them over. They won't be looking for it. With a swift, intensive fight we might keep them from exciting general doubt of your innocence, even temporarily."

Fay was smiling as he met the frank eyes of his friend. "[illegible] believe I am innocent?" he said.

"Of course I believe [illegible] didn't I would be an [illegible], wouldn't I?"

They both laughed then, not because they felt anything like [illegible], but to relieve the nervous tension. Then sometimes forced laughter excites the real thing.

Fay left the home of the city editor of the News with his under jaw set for a fight. Within an hour he had wired appointments with the best law firm and the most efficient detective agency in the State.

Meanwhile his enemies were not idle. The city was being combed for witnesses and evidence to be used at the inquest. While they were trying to make sure of detaining Arnold Fay as a suspect, he knew that he was being shadowed every move he made. The shadow itself had a queer gait, dragging its left foot as if it was too heavy to lift from the ground. The clothes of this shadow hung upon an emaciated frame, like the garb of a big man draped over a wooden dummy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PURSUIT.

ONE matter troubled Fay as much as any other, and this was not alluded to in his talk with Cowdrick. This was the effect of the killing of Jackson upon the women voters

He had not seen Miss Edmunds since she called upon him the second time at the office—the time when their talk was interrupted by the arrival of her father and Dwight Jackson. This, of course, assumed that the one he had seen with his abductors was not Grace Edmunds.

Fay had hoped that Cowdrick would speak of her, but the city editor had not done so. This matter grew so insistent in his mind that, as soon as Fay had settled upon appointments with counsel and investigators he decided to see Miss Edmunds

"She came twice of her own accord to see me," he reflected. "Now why shouldn't I go to her?"

He wrote a note and dispatched it by private messenger to the Edmunds residence with instructions to bring back a reply if possible. And the reply came like a shot. It was written on monogram stationery, was penned in a businesslike hand, and ran thus:

> Dear Mr. Fay: I will meet you, if you desire, at the Puritan Club rooms at 4:30 o'clock. I am very glad that you feel like consulting with me at this time. Sincerely yours, GRACE EDMUNDS.

The Puritan Club was a women's political organization started while the campaign for woman's suffrage was at its height. Miss Edmunds was its president.

The hour named for the interview allowed him but little time for his consultation with his lawyers, but he decided it would do for a beginning.

To Blake & Dexter, his counsel, Fay gave his entire confidence, not even keeping back the story of his relations with Dwight Jackson before his coming to Hamilton

Of the two members of the law firm, Judson Blake was the court practitioner, while Dexter handled the major part of the detail work as it came to the firm. Dexter was the profounder student; Blake the more alert in court examinations and the more eloquent pleader The pair had more than a State-wide reputation.

"Have you told any one in Hamilton of your Peoria experience?" Blake asked, when Fay had finished his story.

"I have told nobody," Fay answered "I have been on the point of speaking of it to Jess Cowdrick, of the News, the one dyed-in-the-wool friend whom I have known longest. But it isn't a pleasant matter to talk about. He said you would require every fact that might possibly have a bearing on my case, so I have told you all."

"It might have an important bearing if your case should come to a trial,' said Blake

"The case must not go to the Superior Court if it can be avoided," Dexter interposed. "If it did the city election would have to be fought out with the issue of your case in doubt. You would have to withdraw as a candidate."

"I am in your hands," said Fay. "I take it that my arrest might hazard my chances of election even if I were not indicted.'

"You will not be indicted, and I believe somebody else will be arrested for the murder of Jackson before long. By the way, you hinted at a conspiracy against you. Have you anything to offer as evidence?"

"I told you what I overheard between Jackson and Edmunds."

"Yes, yes," snapped Blake, "but I don't mean that. You said there was a cheap attempt to abduct you, hold you up—something of that sort. What of that?"

Fay told the story, and when he had closed Blake and Dexter exchanged nods

"You were subjected to violence and the purpose of it seems plain," said Blake. "Somebody paid money to a lot of cheap ruffians to get you out of the campaign by force. You're sure about that Conway—arrest him and have him put thru some degree work. I'll see Chief Drummond, Mr. Fay. And how about that Chapman? What about his police record at Peoria?"

"It wasn't of much importance—a case of malicious injury, I believe," said Fay

"Why is he spying on you?"

"I don't know"

"Was he a friend of Jackson?"

"There was some sort of a deal between them resulting in a row that was afterward patched up. Jackson had to pay him some money"

"Anybody we can get hold of who would know the details?" pursued the lawyer.

"I will give you the names of two or three Peoria officials who could tell you about it, and probably supply you with other facts about both Jackson and Chapman."

"That is what we want—anything and everything that may be used to vitiate the reputations or testimony of your enemies!" exclaimed Blake. He grabbed the telephone receiver and instantly called for the first man named by Fay.

The latter was watching the clock and realized that he had no time to lose if he were to meet Miss Edmunds at the appointed time. "I will have to leave you for an hour," he told his lawyers, as Blake sat back waiting for the telephone connection with Peoria.

Dexter followed Fay to the street and said, as his car came up to the curbing:

"I will see Chief Drummond at once and choke off any possible attempt to have you arrested under orders from headquarters. We will probably avoid that altogether. Indeed, I will say it must be avoided at all hazards in the interest of your campaign."

The shambling, slouching figure of Timothy Q. Chapman sneaked thru a side street, caught a taxi, and followed Fay. He was in time to see his quarry enter the six-story building that contained the rooms of the Puritan Club.

Fay found Miss Edmunds waiting for him in the tiny office of the club president. It was precisely 4:30 o'clock.

"I had to dodge like a thief to get here," she said, after the greeting. "Will you tell me, Mr. Fay, why there is so much spying and shadowing, as if we were all criminals? I have been watched like this since I paid you that first visit at the office of the company."

"I don't know why the espionage should include you," said Fay

"It is very disagreeable to me. I asked my father about it and he laughingly declared it all came of my mixing into city politics, or being what he calls a militant."

"He probably suspects that you are not safe as a champion of—of the Ring You will pardon me," Fay hastened to add, "if I speak bluntly on this point. You know where I stand, and that the fight is of a kind that will admit of no quibbling."

"You requested an interview, Mr Fay,' said the girl. Her voice was not quite steady and there was a certain shyness of manner that did not bespeak the militant qualities attributed to her. Instead, she seemed like a sweet, tender girl full of solicitude for her friends

One thing was certain, Fay observed. She did not appear grief-stricken over the sudden death of Dwight Jackson Hence, Fay reasoned, she could not have been in love with the mayor of Hamilton. Indeed, it was unlikely that she would have made this appointment with Fay had there been any foundation to the rumored engagement

"You were kind enough to show a personal interest when you were informed that I was to be a candidate for mayor," said Fay. "At first I assumed that you would favor what is known as the Iron Ring, and on that account you might wish to keep my interest away from the opposition. Later you told me that you would not oppose my election. That led me to hope that you had confidence in me. Did I assume too much, Miss Edmunds?"

"No," she answered

"Now it seems that I will have to fight a criminal charge. Had you heard about it?"

"Oh, there can be no serious attempt of that kind against you—it is unthinkable!" she cried

"But you knew about it?"

"Yes. But surely you will have little trouble killing such a suspicion as that, if there is any real suspicion."

"Who mentioned the matter to you, may I ask?"

"It was spoken of at home." she evaded.

"Well, I wanted to say to you direct that anything would be easier for me to endure than suspicion and hostility from you in this new phase of my fight. I have realized today for the first time, I think, how much I valued your friendly attitude toward me when, as you must realize, those arrayed against me will expect you to stand with them."

Her face paled a little as she seemed to force herself to meet his gaze. At the same time she arose and smiled.

"I don't think you will need to plead your case any more before me," she said.

"Then I won't annoy further with my troubles at this stage," said Fay. "It may seem to you as if I had a rather indefinite reason for asking to see you, but this talk has set me up wonderfully, just the same. I'm going to quit worrying about the way you may feel about my case—mayn't I?"

"You certainly may," she told him

Then they shook hands and Fay returned to his car.

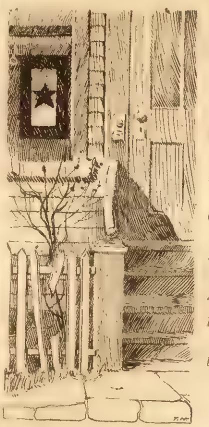
As he started the motor, he observed the occupant of another machine that was speeding up the street. The man seemed to be signaling to him to wait Fay recognized him as a deputy sheriff.

"Hold on, Mr. Fay," the man was calling to him. "I've got to see you. Wait, I tell you!"

"That man has a warrant for my arrest!" was Fay's conviction. For a moment he hesitated while his motor throbbed noisily. Then he threw in his gear and swung his machine around a corner into a less busy street.

"My lawyers hinted that it would be better to avoid arrest at all hazards," he muttered, "so I guess I'll reckon this as hazard number one, and play safe."

THE SERVICE FLAG



Only yesterday I passed it, small and commonplace and gray;
No one would have turned to give a second look—until today.
Now that little house seems altered—still the same low, sagging stairs,
Still the dingy paint, and yet what odd new dignity it wears!
For a tiny silken flag is pressed against the window glass.
One blue star within its center—message mute to all who pass.
Little house, the ones you shelter are unknown to me and mine.
And, tho I am fain to linger, I go by and make no sign;
But I whisper this: "God bless them, whosoever they may be,
Dwelling in that star-marked cottage, but with hearts across the sea!"

-BERTHA GERNEAUX WOODS
in Munsey's Magazine.

CHAPTER XV.

PLAYING FOR TIME.

FAY felt a good deal like a criminal as he decided to make a run for temporary liberty, and he could not help but suspect that the deputy sheriff would have reason to feel that it was a guilty man he had been called upon to catch.

"But I must gain time, whatever the appearances," he reflected. "My lawyers must have a chance to get me out of this scrape before it gets too close to the date for the election. The Ring is playing for time on their part, and if they can keep me out of it until they have time to elect their candidate their main purpose will be attained, and they will not be so anxious to see me electrocuted for a crime that probably not a man of them really suspects me to be guilty of."

He had left the deputy sheriff's car out of sight when he turned into the side street, and he proceeded to make a number of hasty shifts in his course. He did not believe the officer would actually persist in a race with him thru the streets.

"It looks as if Dexter failed to get at Drummond in time to prevent a warrant being issued for my arrest," Fay reasoned. "Or, possibly, the warrant was sworn out by somebody without Drummond being consulted at all. The Ring and its machinery are getting into action, all right."

Fay remembered that when he left the office of his lawyers he had promised to see them again an hour later. The time lacked only ten minutes of being up.

"If I don't appear they'll wonder why," he reflected. "If they hear of the warrant for me being out they'll understand, probably, that I decided to dodge arrest But I can hardly afford to give up my consultations with them at this stage."

Should it come to a straight-away race, his car against that of the deputy sheriff, Fay had little cause to worry about the outcome. His machine, bought at second-hand, tho of an old model and not handsome to look upon, had been used as a racing car, and it had a track record.

He had been waiting for a favorable chance to trade in the awkward-looking machine for a car more to his liking. But he had but little time to put into the matter, and meanwhile the racer was made to serve his purpose and, on a few occasions, it had afforded some sport in an impromptu race over a strip of country macadam where speeding was allowed.

"Maybe I will need all the old boat can do for me in the way of road-eating," he thought, as he drove out to the city limits. He made a swift detour and brought up on the opposite side of the city. He stopped at a small grocer's shop.

"May I use your telephone?" he asked of the proprietor.

"Certainly, Mr. Fay," the man answered.

The recognition gave him an unpleasant reminder that it would be easy to have him intercepted in case of attempted flight.

"It appears," he reflected, "that where I may recognize one man in the city a hundred may be able to spot me at sight. My picture has been in the papers, and I have had plenty of political advertising. A police general order to have me arrested wouldn't have to carry my description with it."

He called Dexter & Blake's office and was almost instantly answered by Mr. Blake himself.

"Had you heard," Fay asked, "that a warrant had been issued for the arrest of Arnold Fay?"

"Who is this?" was the cautious retort that came over the wire.

"You suggested that he avoid arrest at all hazards," said Fay. "It is my impression that he is acting upon your advice."

"Oh, yes," came back from the lawyer. "Number 35 Endicott street, 10:30 o'clock, if you can make it. Good-by"

It was a cautiously worded appointment, with no names mentioned, and it told Fay that the attorney had recognized his voice.

He was most anxious to retain his liberty for the present, but he was not in a panic. It was possible that Drummond might refuse, for the present, to put the machinery of the department working to intercept the fugitive.

"If he were so minded," thought Fay, "he might delay pursuit. Blake will urge it, and I know Drummond wasn't impressed with the need of taking any action against me. The Ring may find some of the cogs in their machine working badly."

As a means of swift and successful flight, Fay's racing car might save him, at a pinch. But for him to drive about the city in the ugly, noisy motor would advertise his whereabouts with more certainty than anything else he could have done.

"I will have to run the car in somewhere and go about it in a different manner," he decided. "At the same time I had better leave the machine where I can get at it quickly in case of need"

Fay thought of a building near the river which was used in summer time by a city rifle club as a temporary automobile shelter. He was a member of the club and had a key to the building. He ran his machine to the place and got it out of sight as quickly as he could. He remained in the building until the early twilight began to fall.

With cap pulled down over his ears and coat collar turned up, he walked back into the city and, as 6 o'clock struck, he ordered dinner in a small restaurant that he had never patronized before. Here he was not recognized.

There was still slack time before the hour of his appointment with the lawyers, and he decided to see Cowdrick, who would be on duty. He reached the newspaper office unnoticed, by avoiding the busiest streets.

Cowdrick stared at him before speaking. "Say," he then exclaimed, "did you know they were after you?"

"I was as sure of it as I cared to be," said Fay. "But do you know just how

Have you ever heard of the wonderful Tifnite Gem? Just look at announcement on back page of this issue.—Adv.

hard they are trying to pick me up?"

Cowdrick hustled his friend into a cluttered little room used for newspaper files, and shut the door.

"This is the way we get the story," he then said. "Edmunds made the charge against you and the warrant was put in the hands of a deputy sheriff to serve. The police weren't consulted at all, as I understand it. Drummond told me he had no present intention of getting after you, and he even admitted that there was somebody else under suspicion."

"Good!" exclaimed Fay.

"Don't holler," Cowdrick admonished, uneasily. "The Ring is bound to get you by fair means or foul. By the way, they're talking another Ring candidate to run in place of Jackson. A lawyer by name of Henderson, who acts sometimes as special counsel for the Edmunds Company."

"I know him," said Fay. "The man will be just a dummy to fill the breach, with no personal following."

"Of course they count on putting you out of action, and so eliminate a contest altogether. Anybody could be elected if there were no contest. Now what do you propose to do?"

"I can't answer that question until after I have talked with Dexter and Blake, my counsel, at 10:30 o'clock to-night."

"Meanwhile the officers will be laying for you all over the city."

"I meet my attorneys at the home of Blake on Endicott street," Fay added.

"Did they advise you to avoid arrest if possible?" Cowdrick asked.

"At all hazards," said Fay.

"Well, the News will remain loyal in the fight. We can't call names, but I know Drew is writing an editorial in carmine ink that will charge the Ring—which, of course, no individual will care to personify for the sake of snapping on a libel suit—with conspiracy, and even with connivance at a concealment of facts about the killing of Jackson. So, Fay, for Heaven's sake be spotlessly virtuous so that the position of our paper may be justified by the outcome."

"I'll be a saint," laughed Fay. At the same time he experienced a twinge of bitter feeling, for it seemed almost as if Cowdrick was afraid he might compromise his friends before the business was over with.

"One thing more before I go," said Fay after a moment's thought. "Do you get at the feelings of my supporters—either of the leaders, or the mass of them? Do any of them show a disposition to drop me?"

"Not that we have heard of. The chairman of your campaign committee gave us an interview in which he expressed proper indignation—that sort of thing—over what he said should be characterized as an attempt to discredit you as a candidate."

"You will print that interview?"

"In the morning, with the rest of our dope. We'll play it up to the limit, Fay. But, let me tell you, the Ring will make an awful fight."

"Well, let them. I suppose they will stop at nothing now. I don't see how they can."

Cowdrick let Fay out by a side door. For the independent candidate for mayor to skulk thru back streets like a criminal went against his grain worse than anything else, but for the moment there seemed to be no help for it.

Dexter and Blake wore serious faces as they greeted their client in the private study at Blake's home.

"You took a chance even in coming here," Blake told him. "If I could have got word to you I would have advised you to stay away."

"Has Drummond got his force working?" Fay asked.

"No, but they've put on some specials. There are plenty of sneaks they can hire. I tell you, Mr. Fay, we don't want to have you, as our client, to be arrested and held for trial. Even if it were only temporary it might do you, and us, a lot of harm. For that matter, Drummond says he already has a clew to the mystery of Jackson's killing and that it will let you out of it."

"Well, what do you advise?" Fay asked.

"You must, as we suggested before, avoid arrest at all hazards. You must not appear again on the streets of Hamilton until——"

Blake was interrupted by a sharp ring at the street door. Dexter grabbed Fay's arm. "That sounded too d—d business-like!" he exclaimed. "They must not catch you here."

Fay was half led thru the house to a flight of stairs at the rear, leading to a basement kitchen and laundry.

"Hurry, Mr. Fay," Dexter kept urging. "I'll have to explain something to you that has been a professional secret between Blake and myself for ten years. It's like a leaf out of some musty romance of the Middle Ages, and even if a hint of it should leak out it wouldn't be believed. It was our first great criminal case, and the winning of it has been a big asset for our reputation ever since. Come—come!"

The lawyer, usually dignified, seemed suddenly to have lost his wits.

Down the stairs, thru the basement rooms to a cellar, then into a passageway the lawyer raced, pulling Fay after him and snapping on electric lights as they advanced.

CHAPTER XVI.

BURROWING LIKE A MOLE.

FROM the cellar to the passageway a door stood wide open. Farther on in the passage Fay and the lawyer came to another door that was closed. Dexter had to wrench open the rusty latch, and as the door swung back the hinges gave out a shriek of protest. It was like a [illegible] dream.

This door was closed behind them and Dexter [illegible] for a button and another light was snapped on. This showed the passage to be narrow and roughly shored up like a cellar.

Dexter paused, breathing hard from the unusual exercise.

"Now listen, Mr. Fay," he said. "This [illegible] extends just about another hundred feet, and it is divided into five sections by doors like this one.

"It was dug, stoned up and wired a little over eleven years ago. At the other end the passage opens into another cellar which is under a private garage, one which was a stable when Mr. Blake and I bought it. The property is still ours.

"It cost a tidy sum of money to excavate and fix up this passage as you now see it, when you come to consider it was first built for an emergency, and has been as useless since that time as an abandoned cellar. You could not guess in a year's trying who paid for the job, but as it is now perfectly safe to let you know the secret I will tell you.

"You will easily recall the Gale Winthrop forgery case, in which Winthrop, bearing a flawless reputation, was so strongly implicated by circumstantial evidence that he was indicted and held for trial for the crime. He mysteriously escaped from custody a week before his trial was to come off.

"The man was innocent. We were his counsel and he convinced us of the truth of his story, even while we knew there was not a ghost of a chance of getting by with the plea. I kept him hidden in my house for two months after his escape, and then he tried to get away from the city, but was caught and brought back for trial.

"He broke away from the deputy sheriff who had him in charge and I came home to find him here again. My wife and young daughter pleaded for me to save him.

"I did not want suspicion of aiding him to fall upon me, and it was too risky for him to attempt at that time to get out of the city again. I was having some work done about my house and stable at the time, and under that pretext I had this tunnel built by the Italian laborers. Winthrop paid the bill.

"What became of Winthrop was a more than seven-day wonder. A detective searched my house for the fugitive. He pretended to do so as a matter of form, but I knew it was really done because he was suspicious. But even he was not foxy enough to suspect that anything so medieval and fantastical as a tunnel leading from the cellar of a reputable attorney's residence could exist.

"I might not tell you this story even now, Mr. Fay, but for the fact that Mr. Blake and I have been informed that the real forger in the Winthrop case was arrested in Milwaukee last week, having committed another similar crime, and confessed the first.

"The man, it seems, resisted arrest and was shot, and being told he might not live, the confession was made. So Winthrop will now be cleared, and as Mr. Blake and I know where he is, we have already telegraphed the facts to him, and at the same time we have taken measures to secure a copy of the deposition made by the real forger, in Milwaukee."

"And do you think my case may turn out to be as desperate as Gale Winthrop's?" Fay asked.

Dexter hesitated. "Not so desperate as Winthrop's, perhaps, but, in its immediate aspects, it is desperate enough," he admitted.

"Do you mean that they may be able to produce enough evidence against me to secure an indictment?" Fay persisted.

"No, no! They probably don't expect to do that. I was thinking of your chances of election for mayor of Hamilton. They would not go as far as this and stop at anything else to keep you out of the office. You could not expect to be elected while lying in jail awaiting trial for a capital crime."

"Hardly!" muttered Fay.

"Probably my house is being searched for you at this moment. You had better remain here while I go ahead and come up into our garage. I'll drive around to my house in my car and there I will answer, according to my discretion, such questions as the officers may be suspicious enough to ask. They aren't likely to press me very hard, and probably you can safely come out of this dungeon in an hour or two."

"Shall I wait for you to come after me?" Fay asked.

"I will come, or send, as soon as the coast is clear."

Dexter led the way to the third se

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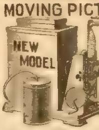
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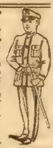
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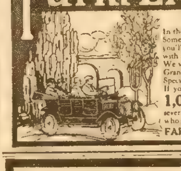
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EASTER

On the field where the doomed lie dying,
Christ rises again today
He walks where the mad are crying—
Where feverish lips are sighing
For home and the peaceful way.

He weeps. For His children are fighting.
He looks to the Father above.
The lust of a monarch, blighting
The world in its task of righting,
Brings thorns to the Herald of Love!

Perhaps, when they see Him there weeping,
They'll know that no loss can be gain!
Perhaps, when the twilight is deeping,
A vision will come to them sleeping-
Then He will not have risen in vain!

GENE FOWLER.

tion of the tunnel, where the connecting door stood open. Fay observed that a current of fresh air met them at that point.

"There is a ventilating shaft running up from this section," explained Mr. Dexter. "It opens into a tile pipe covered at the top by an iron grating like a catch-basin. Suspicion would not be aroused concerning it in a thousand years."

"It's a comfort to be assured that I won't die of suffocation in case you forget that you left me here, and never come back to tell me it is safe to come forth," said Fay.

"Take all the comfort out of that you can, Mr. Fay," laughed the lawyer. "At the same time you may have leisure to compose some speeches suitable to various occasions when, as the mayor of Hamilton, you will be sure to be called upon."

Left alone, and shut in between narrow walls under a low roof which was propped up with planking and posts, like a tunnel in a mine, Fay had plenty of time to think over the events which had led up to this novel situation.

"A prospective mayor of a modern city hiding like a mole or groundhog in a burrow!" he exclaimed. He did not feel self-flattered by the characterization

In the first place it was not easy for him to realize that he could be in actual danger of being indicted on a charge such as the one hanging over him. "And yet," he reflected, "Jackson and I exchanged blows with our fists in our old row, and I remember that he kept in seclusion for a week on account of the bad-looking face I gave him. I am ashamed at the memory of that day!"

Dexter returned before the waiting even began to be irksome to Fay. "You can come up into my house now," said the lawyer. "I bluffed them even out of going into my cellar to search for you."

"Were Drummond's men on the job?" Fay asked.

"No. It all came thru that Timothy Queer Chapman, as you call him. Probably he is backed up by the leaders of the Ring."

"Who swore out the warrant?"

"Chapman did, as a private detective. A deputy sheriff who is tied up with the Ring is trying to locate you so as to serve the paper."

"Did Chapman come to your house with the officer?"

"Yes, and he did not appear to be quite satisfied that you couldn't be found hiding under some bed or in a closet in my house."

"And I can imagine how he edged his way around the sides of the room, shifting and rolling his eyes in that sneaky way of his," Fay added.

"I should judge you had observed the maneuvers of that man before this," said the lawyer.

Mrs. Dexter and the other members of the household had retired for the night before Mr. Dexter and his client returned to the warmed and lighted room used by the lawyer as his home office and study. Fay flung himself wearily into an easy chair.

"I'm rather tired of the whole game," he said. "An ordinary political fight may be all right, but I don't fancy doing the professional crook act. Somehow, I wish you had advised me to give myself up and face everything in the open. Honest, Mr. Dexter, aren't you just a bit afraid that they may dig up something strong enough to convict me?"

"They would find it hard to convict you of a crime that you knew nothing about, Mr. Fay," Dexter answered, speaking deliberately. "Furthermore, Mr. Blake and I are not in the business of defending doubtful clients. No, I am convinced that they could not convict you. Yet they might work up enough damaging circumstantial evidence to secure an indictment. We would not have time, in that case, to get you cleared before the date of the city election, or, rather, before the date was so close that your campaign would be ruined. That is all your enemies hope to accomplish—just enough to keep you from making a breach in the Ring.

"It may seem advisable, on this account, to keep you covered for several days, to enable us to get your case into shape. We don't even want that warrant to be served."

"I had an idea," said Fay, "that a warrant was a rather hard thing to get rid of until it had been served."

"When we can prove a conspiracy, and that one of the parties to it gets a warrant under false oath, the document will become a scrap of paper," laughed the lawyer. "And that's about the situation," he added. "The thing is, to prove it in time to elect you mayor of Hamilton."

It was decided that Fay should remain a guest in the home of the attorney until the next night, at least, unless something should occur to make it safe for him to show himself.

As a consequence, he was treated to the novel experience of reading the Hamilton newspapers' stories of his mysterious disappearance from the city, with speculations as to whither he had betaken himself.

Cowdrick's paper fairly roared its championship of Fay's innocence. It slammed at the enemies of their candidate with a boldness and definiteness that should have laid the proprietors wide open to a half-dozen suits for libel, should the enemy see fit to pick them up.

"That is Drew's way, once he decides to back a candidate," Fay muttered, as he scanned the paper with its screaming headlines.

The rival newspaper, published early in the afternoon, made the most of the disappearance of Fay. It hinted at plenty of inside information which the police department had requested it to keep dark until certain developments should render its publication proper.

"Under ordinary conditions an innocent man stays in the open and courts the fullest investigation of any charges made against him," declared the editorial in the Ring's newspaper. "It is not for us to prejudice public sentiment against Arnold Fay; we would rather join with the many who feel implicit confidence in this young man. It is on this account that his friends should regret that he has chosen to cringe and hide, when the opposite course would have demonstrated the possession of the courage and force of character to make him fit for the high office to which he aspires."

Fay's cheeks burned as he read this "I'm afraid," he said, "that a good many may feel like subscribing to that sentiment."

The remark was made to Dexter, who had just come in. The lawyer read the editorial thru twice before replying.

"I presume the Ring will play up that argument for all it is worth," he admitted. "And of course if there was a long delay in establishing your innocence there might be a considerable defection from the ranks of your supporters."

"That isn't putting it strong enough," Fay insisted. "The mass of voters can be stampeded one way or the other most any time and upon slight provocation. Then we must now reckon with the votes of women. They may be more easily stampeded than the men—we don't know yet how they will be affected in a case of this kind."

"We don't know much about anything before the election," said the lawyer.

"I don't want to dig myself in in this fashion," pleaded Fay, "not even if it costs me the election to come out. If it came to that, I would rather openly resist arrest."

"You would stand a jolly good chance of being shot by the deputy sheriff if you tried that," said the lawyer.

"Well, my car will outspeed any other that I know of in Hamilton. A quick get-away after a pretty automobile race thru some of the principal streets of the city might have advertising value," laughed Fay. "I don't question the wisdom of your action last night in assisting me to elude a surprise visit from the deputy. But to keep on dodging, slinking and burrowing like an escaped convict—I don't like it."

The lawyer rang up his partner on the telephone and in fifteen minutes both of the lawyers were in consultation, with Fay present. When Blake went out to his automobile a little later, Fay went with him, and at the same time a man who was loafing near a vacant house a short distance down the street started at a run in the direction of a corner drug store.

Five minutes later a deputy sheriff with a warrant for Fay's arrest, in a speedy but noisy automobile, was racing in a direction calculated to intercept Lawyer Blake and his client.

Would you know how Fay's efforts came out and just what happened to all the characters in the story? You may learn in the next installment, for at that time "Breaking the Iron Ring" will be brought to a conclusion.

* * *

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A Different Name.

WHEN the late Lord Randolph Churchhill was in America he visited Philadelphia, and while collecting statistics relating to the State prisons of Pennsylvania he was referred to the head of the State Prisons Board, Cadwallader Biddle. Before calling up Mr. Biddle, however, Lord Randolph fell into the hands of some wags of the Union League Club.

"You've got the name wrong," said one of these merry jesters. "It's not Cadwallader Biddle, but Bidcallader Waddle."

"Don't mind what he says, Lord Randolph," exclaimed another. "The real name is Wadbillader Caddle."

A third member took the ex-chancellor of the exchequer aside and imparted to him in confidence that he was being gulled on all sides.

"The actual name," confided his false friend, "is Didbollader Widdle."

And when Lord Randolph drove to the prisons board that afternoon he was so much upset that he stammered:

"Will you take this card to Mr. Bid—cad—wid—wad—did—dollarder, what's his name? I mean the chief of the board, but I forget his extraordinary nomenclatural combination."

* * *

Dr. Hale's Request.

"EDWARD EVERETT Hale," said a lawyer, "was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner

"The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. And, as the dinner progressed, he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said:

"'Would you mind cutting me off about $1.87 worth more, please?'"

Another Story.

"I DON'T hear you preaching sunshine and optimism as you used to," remarked the druggist. "Has something been happening?"

"A number of things have happened," sighed the abstracter. "I used to make a business of handing out the cheer up stuff and I believed I was in earnest. I contemplated the misfortunes of others with heroic fortitude, and whenever I saw a man with a boil or a crick in the back I told him to forget it and smile and sing.

"I was convinced that if misfortunes came my way I'd take my own advice; but handing out optimism to the other fellow is one thing; dishing it up to yourself in the hour of affliction is another story.

"I think the fates conspired to test my optimism and see if it was the real goods. Anyhow, one day a while ago, everything went wrong with me. In the morning when I got out of bed I noticed that the wind was blowing to beat a Fourth of July orator, and I pushed my head out of the window to see what damage had been done. And a big chunk of mortar that had been loosened from the chimney by the breeze slid down the roof and caved in the back of my head.

"I hung across the window-sill saying a lot of things which should have been deleted by the censor. They were not sunshiny things. They didn't fit in with my reputation for optimism. And while I was saying them old Jim Gunderson came along. Just the previous day I heard Jim complaining of the rheumatism and told him not to give way to vain repining, but to chirrup and be glad and his aches would go away.

"When he saw me hanging out of the window there and protesting in seven dialects, he was shocked, and he went around and told his friends about it.

"Finally I regained my faculties and put on my clothes and started downstairs. I really don't know why I fell down instead of walking with my usual queenly dignity. It must have been that the hoodoo was right with me. The stairway opens into the sitting-room, and there is a door at the foot. I pushed my head thru one of the panels of the door in my haste and couldn't get it out again, and I stayed there a while continuing the oration I began upstairs. Mrs. Jangle had dropped in to discuss the storm with my wife, and she put her hands to her ears and ran for home as soon as she had dropped to the tenor of my remarks.

"Just the evening before Mrs. Jangle was at our house complaining bitterly of a headache, and I told her that no calamity could be big enough to justify a grown-up human being in making a howl; and she said my talk was quite inspiring, and she went home feeling a lot better.

"Well, I couldn't turn around or walk a foot that day, but something disagreeable happened and my temper was torn to shreds, and I made no effort to conceal my true sentiments. The air was blue in my vicinity for hours together, and all the people I had ever preached optimism to seemed to be aroused whenever a goat butted me, or a janitor turned the hose on me by mistake or I fell down a coal hole.

"By night my reputation as an optimist was completely ruined, and it would take me years to build it up again, so I'm just letting it slide."

* * *

Not Her Destination.

AN OLD lady was going to Stamford, Conn., to visit a daughter, and took her seat in the cars for the first time in her life. During the ride the car in which she was seated was thrown down an embankment and demolished.

Crawling out from beneath the debris, she spied a man who was held down in a sitting posture by his legs being fastened.

"Is this Stamford?" she anxiously asked.

The man was from Boston, Mass. He was in considerable pain, but he didn't lose sight of the fact that he was from Boston, so he said:

"No, this is a catastrophe."

"Oh!" ejaculated the old lady. "Then hadn't I oughter get off here?"

* * *

Have you ever heard of the wonderful Tifnite Gem? Just look at announcement on back page of this issue.—Adv.

* * *

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Firman L. Carswell, a big poultry raiser, 589 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., is giving free a valuable book which tells how to save, feed and care for Baby Chicks. Every poultry raiser should write now for a copy of Mr. Carswell's free book which contains important facts about White Diarrhoea and how to treat it.

* * *

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Your Kitchen in Wartime

Oatmeal Muffins.

THREE-FOURTHS cup cooked oatmeal, three-fourths cup sifted wheat flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoon baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, one egg, one tablespoon shortening, liquid to make a rather stiff batter (about one-fourth cup). Sift together the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder twice. Beat the egg until light and add to the cool cooked oatmeal. Next add the melted shortening, then the flour mixture, alternating with portions of the liquid, until a batter is formed somewhat stiffer than for ordinary flour muffins. Drop by spoonfuls into greased muffin pans until half filled and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in a fairly hot oven.

Use Potatoes!

TO SAVE the wheat for shipment abroad the Food Administration makes an earnest request that housewives double their use of potatoes and cut down on breads.

If you have been cooking all your potatoes by boiling, baking or frying, try some or all of these twenty-eight cooking suggestions and serve your war-worried country:

Boiled, chips, Lyonnaise, mashed, pan browned, salad, in chowders, baked, shoestrings, hashed brown, mashed, fried, stuffed, in fish cakes, in light bread, plain fried, French fried, gauffre, souffle, riced, in hash, biscuits, saute, creamed, croquettes, au gratin, in soups, in stews, in meat-pie crust.

◆

Cornmeal Cutlets.

TO 2½ cupfuls hot water add 1 teaspoonful salt and 1½ cupfuls white cornmeal. Stir constantly three minutes Cook twenty minutes, then add 1½ cupfuls chopped cold pork (cooked), 1 onion minced fine, 1 beaten egg and a little pepper or a dash of cayenne. Shape into cutlets, dip into egg and dry cornmeal, then fry in hot fat. Sausage meat may be used in place of the pork.

◆

Potato and Fish Pie.

MAKE a plain white sauce, using two tablespoons fat, two tablespoons flour, one cup milk, salt, paprika and two tablespoons minced sweet pepper. Add one cup cooked fish. Line a greased baking dish with mashed potato an inch or more in thickness. Pour the creamed fish into the center and cover the top with mashed potato. Brush the top with fat and brown the pie in a moderate oven

◆

Little Economies.

CHEESE is one of the best substitutes for meat.

Even pastry is now being made with half rye flour.

Iron molds for drop cakes are among the very best.

Rice pudding can be made with honey for sweetening.

A ham bone will make a whole pot of pea soup savory.

Finnan haddie is a fish that should be better known.

A good sherbet can be made from the juice of canned rhubarb.

Successful food economy is largely a matter of seasoning.

Barley and wheat flour mixed can be used for baking powder biscuit

Excellent chicken gumbo may be made with the remnants of a roast chicken.

The hearty old-fashioned Indian puddings are excellent and very nutritious.

Buy buttermilk for use in Boston brown bread, doughnuts, gingerbread, etc.

◆

Recipes.

MEXICAN BEEF LOAF—chop two pounds of the round of beef, one-half a pound of lean fresh pork, one peeled onion and one green pepper freed from seeds. Add one cup of dry bread crumbs, one tablespoon of parsley, one tablespoon of tomato catsup and one teaspoon of salt. Shape in a loaf, place in a buttered pan, pour in one quart of stewed and strained tomatoes, put four slices of bacon on top and bake one hour, basting frequently with the sauce.

BAKED FISH—Clean fish thoroly outside and inside, wipe dry and rub with salt. Fill with stuffing and sew with greased string. Tie or use skewers to shape fish like an S. Cut gashes two inches apart in the sides and place in them narrow strips of fat salt pork or bacon. Place the fish in an upright position on a greased tin sheet and put in meat pan. Put slices of pork or bacon in the bottom of the pan, to furnish fat for basting. Dredge fish with flour, season with salt and pepper and baste every ten minutes. Bake until flesh will separate easily from the bones. Allow about fifteen minutes for each pound of fish.

APPLE TAPIOCA—Pick over and wash three-quarters of a cup of pearl tapioca; pour one quart boiling water over it; cook in a double boiler until transparent; stir often and add one-half teaspoonful of salt; core and pare seven apples; put them in a round baking dish and fill the cores with sugar and lemon juice; pour the tapioca over them and bake till apples are very soft. Serve hot or cold, with sugar and cream. A delicious variation may be made by using half pears or canned quinces and half apples.

A New Potato Dish.

ONE quart potatoes boiled in the skins, half cup peanut butter, one level teaspoon salt, one level teaspoon oil or drippings, flavor with onion, chives or nutmeg. Skin the potatoes while hot, chip fine, put into hot pan with the oil, seasoning and flavoring; put over fire and heat thru; add the peanut butter a little at a time. Keep stirring constantly; then put into hot oven and brown. Turn out on chop plate, garnish with sprigs of parsley and dust with paprika.

◆

Ginger Cookies.

ONE cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 2-3 cup lard, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons ginger, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon soda, 1 cup warm water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 cups of rolled oats. Run thru the meat chopper and flour enough to make a stiff dough.

A teaspoonful of dough makes a cookie. Bake on a greased tin in moderate oven. These cookies keep well. This recipe makes about four dozen cakes.

◆

Red Apple Salad.

SELECT large red apples of uniform size, scoop into cups, and place in cold water in which there is a little lemon juice, until time to serve them. Mix the chopped apple with celery, grapefruit carpels and mayonnaise and fill the apples. Garnish with maraschino cherries and broken walnuts and place on leaves of lettuce. Serve with wafers spread with cream cheese.

◆

Economy in Meats.

MEAT TURNOVERS — Place any chopped cooked meat available on circles of biscuit dough about the size of a saucer. Fold the dough over the meat, crimp the edges and bake in a hot oven. Vegetables may be combined with the meat filling as desired and the whole may be served with gravy.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Tifnite Gem. It's a beauty. Shines and does everything a diamond will do. See special announcement on back page this issue.—Adv.

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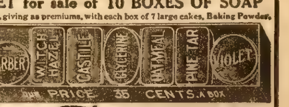

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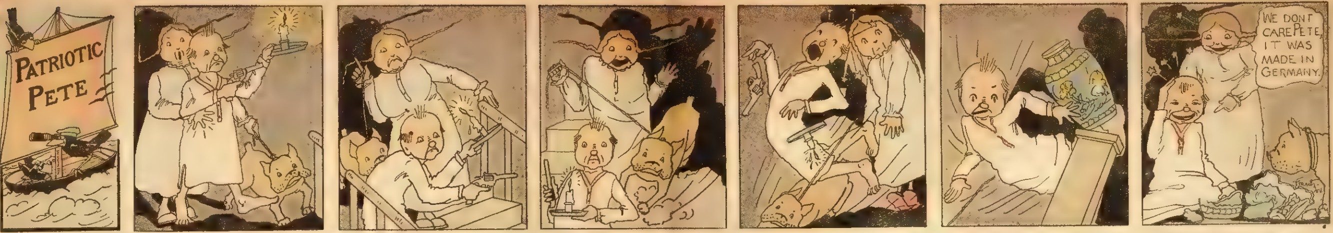

PATRIOTIC PETE
WE DONT CARE PETE, IT WAS MADE IN GERMANY.

PETE POUTS ---

Polly heard a noise one night.
She whispered, "Peter, get a light."
Then, with pistol in his hand,
Peter led the timid band

Now Pincher came up in the rear,
Which greatly made our Polly fear.
For when this Pincher's in the cast
Peaceful times can never last

Pincher gave a fearful growl,
Then Polly started in to howl.
Pete, unmindful of the fuss,
Still looked ahead for the burglar cuss

Then Pincher took one long, long jump,
Into our Peter he did jump.
Pete's head hit Polly's with a bang,
Then Pete fell down the steps kerspang!

And as he nearly hit the floor,
He tipped a pedestal right o'er
And on it was a vase so rare,
The very pride of this good pair

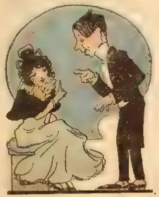
The vase was broken all to bits
Pete said, 'Polly will give me fits."
But Polly said, "Don't ever mind,
'Twas made in Germany, I find."

One Guess.

"What did the landlord say when you told him you would leave if the janitor didn't give you more heat?"

"Didn't seem to worry him. In fact, he suggested another location where I would get all the heat I wanted and then some."

*



"What would your father do if I told him I love you"

"He'd refer the matter to me.

"And what would you do?"

"I'd refer you to the young man who proposed and was accepted by me while you were trying to make up your mind"

*

No Longer a Friend.

Bill—"I've just lost one of my best friends."

Jim—Indeed. How much did you succeed in borrowing from him?"

The Best Way.

The editor of the correspondence columns had a very busy day—a very busy day indeed. So busy, in fact, that he had to enlist the services of the "sub" to read out the correspondence.

"What is the next query?" he asked, when he had gone halfway thru the pile of letters.

"Oh," replied the sub, "a reader in South Africa wants to know how to prevent the hairs in his mustache from falling out. What shall I put down, sir?"

"Well," answered the editor, with a sigh, "just put down: 'The best way to prevent hairs from falling out is to brush them lightly apart, and keep them from quarreling.'"

*

Pat's Riddle.

Pat and his neighbors were sitting around the fire on a cold, wet night and somebody suggested that a few riddles would make some fun.

"Well, I'll start ye," said Pat, "an' ye may well put on yer thinking caps. Tell me why a soldier is always tired on the 1st of April?"

That was a hard one and they all gave it up. So Pat furnished the answer.

"Arrah, why I suppose it's because of thirty-one days March."

*

More Camouflage.

The victim of the tar-and-feather party couldn't realize what was going to happen to him.

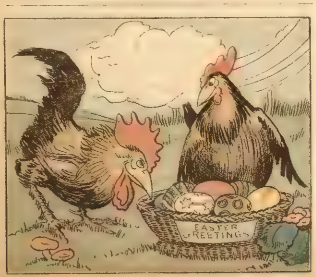
"What are you going to do with me?" he asked, chattering with fear and the cold.

"We're going to camouflage you," answered the man with the feather bag. "In other words, we're going to make you look like a rooster so you can do some more crowing for the Kaiser."

■

OH YOU IONA BOND!

We like the beautiful brunette
We don't despise the winsome blonde
But best of all the girls we've met
Is little Miss Iona Bond.



[illegible] of a letter but they are not like mother used to lay."

A Good War Yarn.

One of the neatest war stories that are going about these parts is attributed by Chicago Commerce to Mr. Lee Nichols, the London soldier, who has made a name for himself by his war lectures. The story needs no word to point its delicate compliment to America.

Nichols says:

"I was at Rockford a short time ago looking around your camp, and a boy came up to me in uniform, of course, and said:

"'Say, you are English, aren't you?' I said 'Yes.'

"'Say have you been in the war?' 'Yes.'

"'Pretty tough out there, ain't it?' 'Yes, pretty tough.'

"'Say, what do you have to do out there? You work in the trenches for ten days and then go back for five months, don't you?' 'Well, if you reverse it you might get nearer the truth,' I said. So he said 'Tell me what you do in the trench.' I said 'Oh, when you are on guard at night you will have to put your head over the top for two hours out of every six and keep it there.'

"'Say, is there anyone there to see you do it?'

"So I thought, so this is the material that the great National American Army is made up of! Then I said to him, 'Where do you come from?'

"'Oh,' he said, 'I come from London.'"

■

Good Advice.

A traveler entered an inn where a Quaker sat by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles and rubbing his eyes, which looked very inflamed, the newcomer, in one breath, called for some brandy and made a grievous complaint about his eyes.

"They are getting weaker and weaker," said he. "And now even the spectacles appear to do no good."

The Quaker looked first at him, and then at the brandy.

"I'll tell thee, friend, what I think," said he. "If thou wouldst wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thine eyes would get well again."

*

Nine Out of Ten.

Scene: A smoking compartment in a railway carriage on a train on the Great Northern Railway.

Old Gent (to Pat going home to Monaghan on furlough)—"Young man, allow me to inform you that out of every ten cases of men suffering from paralysis of the tongue, nine are due to smoking."

Pat—"Allow me to inform you, sir, that out of every ten men suffering from broken noses, nine are due to the habit of not minding their own business."

■

JOHNNY WAS FOOLED.

Said little Johnny to the fish
A-swimming in the pool,
"How very ignorant you are,
You do not know one rule
'Bout reading or arithmetic
You are a little fool.'
Said the little fish. "My dear
My birthplace was a school."

■

The Joyous Gardener.

"Does your garden help you to economize?"

"Yes," replied Mr Crosslots. "I've got all the lettuce and parsley I need to garnish a beefsteak as soon as I can get the steak."

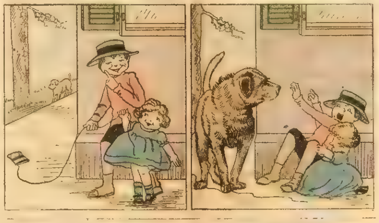
*

Bad Business.

Business Man—"How is the publishing business these days?"

Editor—"Very good, except for the powder magazines."—Judge.

THE FOOLER FOOLED



OH, MAN!

Stubbornness we deprecate,
But firmness we condone.
The former is our neighbor's trait,
The latter is our own.

LOFTY ENDEAVOR.

To rise in life let each man try
With all the strength he can control,
In hope that he will get so high
That he can reach the price of coal

1—This diagonal puzzle is solved by filling in the spaces with the words indicated in the following sentences. The first row, both horizontal and vertical, spells the same word, both the second rows are the same, etc.

P				
				D

1—Something to hold paper together.
2—To deck with ornaments.
3—The opposite of liquid.
4—Part of the stomach of an ox
5—When a thing is finished

A RHYMING WORD PUZZLE.

2—This is a word of four letters, and the numbers refer to the letters

My first is in yours, but not in mine;
My second's in elm, but not in pine.

My third is in bee, but not in sting,
My fourth is in dance, but not in sing

My whole is used in winter play
On every cold and snowy day.

*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

3—Example: Transpose colorless and make to jump. Pale, leap.

1—Transpose a tropical plant, and make a means of illumination. 2—Transpose not easily broken, and make should. 3—Transpose twisted, and make cautions. 4—Transpose to [illegible] and make a frame for holding a picture. 5—Transpose to apportion, and leave to conduct.

The foregoing words are not all of the same length. When they have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous poet.

*

CLOTHESLINE PROBLEM.

4 Mrs. Hogan bought a new 100-foot clothesline with her friend Mary O'Neil, but as she paid the larger part of the bill, Mrs O'Neil's share of the line was only five-sevenths the length of Mrs. Hogan's piece. How long was each of the pieces?

These puzzles are designed merely to amuse our readers. No prizes are offered, and it is not desired that solutions be sent to the editor. Answers will be published next week.

Getting Even.

At the rate of 100 yards in eighteen seconds Jobson was running for a train. The reason he wasn't running faster was that was as fast as he could run. Or, as the children say, all the faster that he could run.

Blogson, on the sidewalk, was making no speed at all. The reason was he was standing still. He wasn't catching trains that morning.

Suddenly Blogson called:

"Hey, Jobson! Jobson! [illegible]"

Jobson turned without slackening his speed any more than he could help, for he knew that if he didn't catch that train it would go without him, and Jobson took nothing in life more seriously than he did catching trains.

"Goin' somewhere?" Blogson called.

Two days later Blogson's telephone bell rang at 3 o'clock in the morning. Blogson answered it with one hand while he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes with the other. Jobson's voice:

"This you, Blogson? Yes, I was going to catch a train. Good-by."

*

Getting His Order.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the hungry Frenchman told of in a biography recently published in England illustrates the adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way.

"Waiterre, vat is dat valking in the yard?"

"A rooster, sir."

"Ah! and vat you call de rooster's wife?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call de children of de rooster and his wife?"

"Chickens, sir."

"But vat you call de chicken before dey are chicken?"

"Eggs, sir."

"Bring me two."

*

Her Last Request.

A woman in one of the wards of a hospital was informed she had appendicitis and would have to be operated on at once. Much frightened, she reluctantly consented, and was conveyed to the operating-room. One of the doctors had commenced to administer the ether, and her eyes were closing languidly. When he discovered he had forgotten to inquire if she had false teeth, he quickly removed the rubber cap, and, shaking her slightly, he said:

"Have you anything loose in your mouth?"

"Nothing, Doctor, but my tongue, and for Heaven's sake don't cut that out."

*

The Height of Delirium.

Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood of Kentucky)—"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?"

Mrs Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times."

Physician (with grave look)—"He's still flighty."

*

Natural Question.

Domestic—"Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! I saw a ghost on the back stairs! I'm sure I did! It was a woman."

Mistress—"Horrors! How was she dressed?"

*

Friendly.

Sentry (to bosom pal)—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Bosom Pal (contemptuously)—"Friend."

Sentry—"Pass, idiot!"

Outranked in the Kitchen.

The son of the well-to-do family had recently joined up as a private and was spending his Christmas leave at home.

Returning from a walk, his mother espied a figure in the kitchen with the housemaid.

"Clarence," she called to her son, "Mary's got some man in the kitchen. She knows perfectly well that I don't allow followers. I wish you'd go and tell the man to leave the house at once."

Clarence duly departed to the kitchen, but returned in about half a minute.

"Sorry, mother, but I can't turn him out."

"Can't turn him out? Why on earth not?"

"He's my sergeant!"

*

Ann Eliza Was Suspicious.

Ann Eliza, a dusky washerwoman in Mobile, was being courted by a swain, who approached her as she was at her washtub. After a few preliminary greetings she turned to him with: "Is you al' shore yo' loves muh?"

"Yes, I's shore," was the indignant response.

There followed a moment of silence during which the washerwoman attacked her wash with renewed vigor. Then, pausing an instant in her work, she added suspiciously: "You-all ain't lost yo' job, has yo'?"

*

MARY'S LAMB ON MONDAYS.

Mary had no little lamb,
For Hoover called a stop,
And Garfield said. "On Mondays, Miss,
You can't go out and shop."
And Mary acquiesced and said,
"I'm game clear thru, old top."

■

The Ruling Passion.

Young Solly (back from France)—"The day before I left we made a splendid charge."

Anxious Parent—"How much?"

A Relief.

"Is your wife knitting for the soldiers?"

"Yes," replied Mr Meekton. "And I am greatly pleased. Henrietta now has some occupation for her needle besides creating new neckties just for the fun of seeing how their colors become me."

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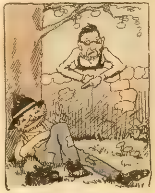


Weary—"Say, boss, kin I have one of dese apples?"

Farmer—"Why, they won't be ripe for six months yet."

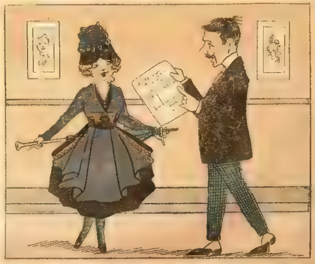
Weary—"Oh, I ain't in no hurry. I'll wait."

*

Fitness Triumphant.

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "I have been re-elected term after term."



Hubby—"Another $50 hat this Easter? Why, you got one last year and only wore it once."

Wifey—"What if I did? You only spent the $50 once last Easter, didn't you?"

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

Beware of people who never get angry.

A full purse is the best pocket companion.

A woman says it is almost as solemn to be married as not to be.

Many an eloquent speaker, like a river, is greatest at the mouth.

By holding her tongue a woman can keep her husband guessing.

Misrule is bad enough, but Mrs.-rule is worse—so a married man says.

Dress may influence a woman, but it's the Easter hat that dominates her.

Modesty is a principal ingredient in the composition of a truly great man.

Talk is scarce during courtship, but married life brings up the average.

It is easier for the borrowed umbrella to keep lent than it is for the average man.

Nature supplies a man with character, but the neighbors furnish his reputation.

According to an old Indian tradition, the chief end of man is the one with the scalp.

An undertaker is probably so called because he eventually overtakes the rest of mankind.

Woman's nature is a mystery that man has never been able to solve. Neither has woman.

You never see a married man applaud a wife who gets the best of her husband in a play.

Many a man is sorry he spoke after spending an hour pricing furniture and such things.

Says a female lecturer: "The men hold the reins, but the women tell them which way to drive."

Carnegie's wealth wouldn't begin to pay for enough hero medals if kissing were really dangerous.

A man who is supposed to know says that his better half's idea of beauty is only sealskin deep.

Money talks, and it is also the only thing that understands the language of the flowers on an Easter bonnet.

Somehow a man never discovers that he is a fool until long after his neighbors have found it out.

A woman declares that she has the best husband on earth, but that is no sign that she expects to meet him in Heaven.

Each State in the Union would be ahead of the game if it paid its Legislature to refrain from making any more laws.

There are two kinds of women—those whose clothes seem to have been made for them and those who seem to have been made for their clothes.

Only the unexpected interests us. History records the race won by the easy-going tortoise, but says nothing of the many previous races won by the hare.

Women and the Big War

Speeding Up in England.

MORE than the change in her dress, more than her new war occupations and the revolution in household management which the Englishwoman of the period has accomplished is the change in her manners and the little personal habits which have always so distinguised her, writes Margaret Walter to the Chicago Post.

In this particular the women have gone ahead of the men. It is still quite customary for one man in telling another about a third to mention his family, his friends, his school and his connections. It amused an American very much the other day to be told that he was given preference in securing a very desirable apartment because he happened to mention that a cousin of his was in the same regiment as the son of the landlord.

But the women have done away with many customs of pre-war days. Honorable Mrs. Astor at a political meeting the other day in a smart drawing-room in Park Lane used her privilege as chairman to denounce the silly custom of introductions and votes of thanks, and was as good as her word. She simply announced the name of the speaker, a famous character who needed no introduction, and then left the platform altogether.

At one of the smartest houses in Mayfair where weekly receptions are held to entertain visiting American officers, visitors are asked to write their names in a guestbook, a plain paper-covered blank file, thus doing away with the expensive and useless consumption of engraved cardboard.

In sending a visiting American to a well-known woman who is in charge of a big national movement a friend merely said: "Oh, just tell Louise what you want to do. Anybody who has a real idea doesn't need any other sort of introduction nowadays." And this remark proved absolutely true. One is sent from woman to woman with no more than a word of introduction, the endless circulation of notes and invitations has vanished and appointments are made over the telephone as in America

Another custom which is rather staggering to an American woman is the universal punctuality. If you are asked to dine, to lunch, to tea, at a certain hour, you are expected to arrive on the stroke, and if you are not there the meal goes on as if you were not coming. It is better to stop away than to be late. A late arrival at one lunch, in a house where all the members work and the cook does part time at a station canteen, found her place at the table removed and no food saved.

A young man who kept his fiancee waiting at a rendezvous had his engagement broken off with the careless excuse that if he was going to do that sort of thing the lady would rather remain as she was, free to lead her own life.

"I have time to go to tea with you between my hospital work and my splint packing, but I have no time to wait doing nothing," said a mother who found that her young son just returned from the front was rather slow in meeting her at a teashop.

Perhaps the necessity for making every minute count may explain the new custom of combining all sorts of departments. In one of the smartest dressmakers' in Bond street arrangements can be made to furnish and decorate houses at the same time that gowns are fitted, and two world-famous modistes are now undertaking to provide designs for rooms as well as hats and dresses.

War Relief Work in Schools

THE manual on war relief activities for schools is being distributed from the local chapters of the Red Cross. It tells members of the school auxiliaries how they may help supply the needs of America's Allies and care for the sick and wounded at home.

Careful workmanship in the making of supplies may be encouraged by means of the honor roll system and by classroom exhibits of the articles produced in the schools. One perfect article is of more value to the Red Cross and to the child who made it than twenty imperfect ones. If every school child should make just one thing the total would be 22,000,000, so quantity can be emphasized without detracting from quality. The soldiers and sailors should have all the articles that may add to their comfort and pleasure, but space on trains and ships is limited, so that only the things absolutely necessary can be transported. Many of the objects, however, that cannot be sent abroad can go to the men in training at the various cantonments at home, and the needs of these men with the quantities of supplies that can be utilized by the camp authorities may be ascertained from the chapter school committee, which is kept informed of current needs thru division headquarters.

Surgical dressings are in the greatest demand, but the expert workmanship and care necessary in their making confines them to the high schools where they can be put together under the direction of qualified Red Cross instructors in special workrooms fitted out according to Red Cross standards—regulations absolutely necessary to insure sanitary conditions.

A Message to You

BY HARRY LAUDER.

YOU folks out here, so far from the war zone, cannot comprehend the hellishness of the Hun. On your map of France there are names of towns. They simply do not exist. They have been cleaned out by the Hun, wiped off as clear as the floor on which I stand.

I do not see how a man physically fit can stay away from the front when such a menace faces the world.

What are the folks at home going to do for us when this war is over? the boys you are asking.

"We here at the front do not want to quit until the Hun is broken," they say.

Every one of us at home must see to it that he does all possible to back up the boys at the front. They are there to give their lives, their limbs, their health, if need be, and for God's sake let us at home not try to measure our dollars against what they are gladly sacrificing.

We all must fight and stick. We must and will win, and this will be a better world after the war is over.

Protection for Women Workers.

AT A RECENT executive meeting of the Committee on Women in Industry, held in Washington, the following standards were urged for war work done for the Government, such as the manufacturing of munitions, uniforms and camp equipment. The committee urges these standards for Government contracts that women may be protected whenever it is found essential to secure the largest output in the shortest time. The recommendations are based on the best industrial experience. They are published to prevent possible unjust profiteering at the cost of women and children. The recommendations follow:

No Government work shall be done in a room used for living purposes or in a room having direct communication therewith in any dwelling or tenement. No child under 16 years of age shall be employed on Government work. No woman shall be employed during a period of two months prior or subsequent to childbirth.

The wages shall be at the rate established under the latest collective agreements for the locality, for every industry and occupation in which such agreements exist. Whenever there are no collective agreements the minimum wages paid shall be based on the cost of living for the locality and shall be subject to increase as the cost of living increases. Whenever women are employed for work customarily done by men they shall be paid the same rates as men. A wage adjustment committee shall, when necessary, determine rates of pay as above specified, shall adjust wages from time to time as rendered necessary by any increase in the cost of living and shall act in all disputes concerning wages. On every adjustment committee there shall be at least one representative of wage earning women.

Each employe shall have one day's rest in seven, an eight-hour working day, not more than four hours without time off for a meal, which shall take thirty minutes, and a relief of at least ten minutes shall be allowed for the middle of each working period. Whenever possible seats with backs shall be provided. Where women must stand, seats shall be accessible and time allowed for their use at stated intervals. Employment of women for extra heavy and hazardous occupation shall preferably be offered to older men who are not subject to military service. No woman shall be employed in any dangerous trades except under the regulations of the divisional committee, on industrial diseases and poisons committee of the National Committee on Labor, and medical examination shall guarantee her fitness for such occupations with medical examinations at stated intervals during employment. No woman shall be required to lift repeatedly any weight heavier than twenty-five pounds. No woman shall be employed where there is excessive heat or cold without medical examinations.

Other recommendations from the committee will include structural safety, fire prevention, dust and fumes, sanitation and lighting.

* * *

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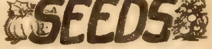

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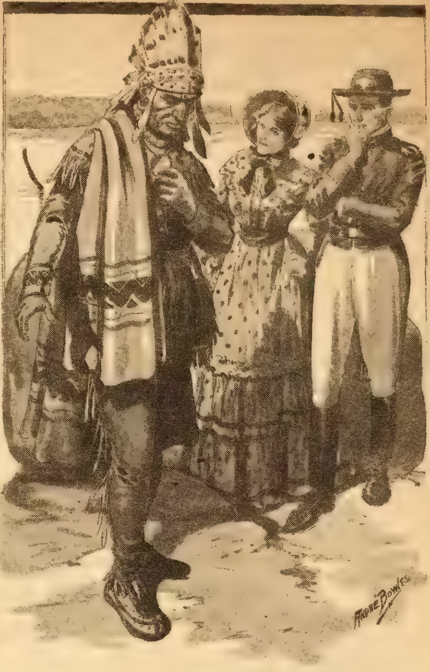
On Black Hawk's Trail

By Harriet Wheeler

The Story in Brief

SAU-KE-NUK, the chief city of the Sauk, or Sac, Indians, nestles in the angle formed by the junction of the Rock River with the Mississippi Near it is the high bluff, known ever as Black Hawk's Watch Tower. Here in June, 1831, the Indians are celebrating the Crane Dance, the time of wife-choosing. Two lovers, White Eagle and Raven Hair, recount some of the strange, superstitious stories that cling about the tower. The next day General Gaines, with a guard of soldiers, arrives, bringing a message from the President of the United States—an order for the Sacs to leave their lands and go into Iowa, claiming that the land occupied by Black Hawk and his people had been ceded to the United States Government in 1804. Black Hawk claimed the sale had been fraudulent, that he had never signed the treaty. Chief Keokuk urges Black Hawk to obey, and Black Hawk consents under protest. Five hundred canoes carry the people of Sau-ke-nuk to the western shore. Nearly a year later the story opens in New Salem, a village of log houses on the banks of the Sangamon River, in Illinois Young Abraham Lincoln is clerking in the one store. He is chosen as a candidate for the Legislature. A messenger announces that a band of Sac Indians and other hostile tribes, led by Black Hawk, has invaded the State. Lincoln is elected Captain of militia and proceeds to the war. The troops gather at Beardstown, Ill. With some friendly Winnebago chiefs Colonel Gratiot goes with a flag of truce to meet Black Hawk and his followers. The truce fails, but Colonel Gratiot and his aids escape to Fort Armstrong on Rock Island. Lincoln wins a wrestling championship. The militia arrives at Fort Armstrong and marches after Black Hawk, who sends back a flag of truce. Drunken militiamen attack the flag bearers. Black Hawk, angered, attacks the whites and defeats them. Lincoln meets Jefferson Davis at camp. Captain Horn witnesses a terrible massacre of whites at Indian Creek. The Indians carry away Sylvia and Rachel Hall, sisters. A new regiment is formed to chase Black Hawk, reported to have crossed into Wisconsin. Lincoln joins as a private. Captain Horn and companions ride on the trail of the Indians who hold the sisters. The girls are returned for a reward of $2,000 and sail for St. Louis. Captain Horn rejoins his command. Colonel Dodge's soldiers wipe out a band of Indians at the Pecatonica River. Indians attack the Apple River Fort. Black Hawk's Indians are routed at Kellogg's Grove and the Army pursues and finally gets on the trail. They press on until they drive the miserable savages into the swamp lands along the Mississippi. There most of the Indians and their women and children are killed or drowned in the river. A remnant escapes to the Iowa country Black Hawk himself makes his way to the Dalles of Wisconsin, and there hides until the hired Indian runners of the whites again get on his trail. He then makes his way by devious rocky trails to the Winnebagoes at La Crosse on the Mississippi, intending to get from them a canoe in which to cross the Mississippi. In the perfidious tent of the chief of the Winnebagoes he is taken captive by Decorah and Chaetar, the paid Indian runners of the white men. The prisoners are conducted to General Street who orders them taken aboard the Warrior and conveyed to St. Louis. Horn is stricken with cholera. Sylvia visits him. The captives are taken to Washington and given a conference with President Jackson, after which they are returned to Fort Armstrong.

Of course you are interested and having read the above, you can go right ahead with the installment printed in this issue. Back copies, with the earlier chapters, may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. This story started in No. 6, dated Feb. 9



"Black Hawk's Heart Burns With Indignation."

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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

BLACK HAWK returned the compliment and bade the Colonel farewell in the following poetical language:

"I have come, on my part, and in behalf of my companions, to bid you farewell. Our Great Father has at length been pleased to permit us to return to our hunting grounds. We have buried the tomahawk. Brother, you have treated us very kindly. Your squaws have made us presents, and you have given us plenty to eat and drink. The memory of your friendship will remain till the Great Spirit says it is time for Black Hawk to sing his death song. Brothers, your houses are as numerous as the leaves upon the trees and your warriors like the sand upon the shore of the big lake that rolls before us. The red men have but a few houses and few warriors, but the red man has a heart that throbs as warmly as the heart of his white brother. The Great Spirit has given us our hunting grounds, and the skin of the deer which we kill there is his favorite, for its color is white and this is the emblem of peace. This hunting dress and these feathers of the eagle are white. Accept them, my brother, I have given one like this to the White Otter. Accept it as a memorial of Black Hawk. When he is far away this will serve to remind you of him. May the Great Spirit bless you and your children. Farewell."

Leaving Fortress Monroe, the party visited Baltimore and witnessed a balloon ascension. The chiefs were dumfounded at the spectacle, and when the balloon became a tiny speck in the sky, the Prophet turned to Black Hawk and asked, "Is the man going up to see the Great Spirit?"

An eager, curious crowd followed them in their tour around the city, which ended in a gala performance at the theater The President attended the entertainment and shared with Black Hawk's party the attention of the audience.

On the following morning President Jackson summoned them to an interview, which he began in the following language:

"When I saw you in Washington, I told you that you had behaved very badly in raising the tomahawk against the white people and killing men, women and children upon the frontier. Your conduct, last year, compelled me to send my warriors against you, and your people were defeated with great loss, and your men surrendered to be kept till we should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you I would inquire whether your people wish you to return and whether, if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. General Clark and General Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that Keokuk, your principal chief, and the rest of your people are anxious that you should return. And I have given instructions that you should be taken to your own country. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement; but if you again plunge your knives into the breasts of our people I shall send a force which will severely punish you for all your cruelties. When you go back, listen to the counsel of Keokuk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk and live in peace on the frontiers And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a fair sky for your return."

When the President ended, Black Hawk briefly responded:

"My Father, my ears are open to your words. I am glad to hear them. I am glad to go back to my people. I want to see my family. I did not behave well last summer. I ought not to have taken up the tomahawk: but my people have suffered a great deal. When I get back I will remember your words. I will not go to war again. I will live in peace. I will hold you by the hand."

The members of the Hawk's party shook the President's hand, entered their carriage and were driven to the station, where they boarded a train for Philadelphia.

After seeing the sights of the Quaker City, they journeyed on to New York and were speechless at the marvelous attractions offered them by this greatest of American cities. From Buffalo a steamer carried them thru the chain of Great Lakes to Green Bay. From there canoes convoyed them across the Wisconsin Territory, via the Fox-Wisconsin River route to the Mississippi.

A hush fell over the party as the steamer swept down the Father of Waters. Memories of the late war filled mind and heart and rendered them speechless.

As the boat neared Fort Armstrong, Captain Horn seated himself beside Black Hawk.

"My Father," he said, "our journey is nearly ended. Tomorrow we shall be with our own people. But I trust the bonds of friendship established between us will tighten as our life's sun sets westward."

"You have been honorable and kind to the Hawk," replied the chief. "You are a white brave that I shall always wish to take by the hand. But, surely, you will witness the signing of our treaty."

"Yes, I shall return in time to witness that important transaction, Black Hawk. I want to confide a secret to you I am speeding home to marry the captive maiden, Sylvia Hall."

"She will make you a good squaw," declared the Hawk. "She was a pretty maid and well behaved. I had hard work to make my braves surrender her; I congratulate you on your great luck. I am sending her this peace pipe with the message of good will."

CHAPTER XXIV

A WEDDING.

THE heavy dew glistened like beads as the rising sun pierced the mists hovering over the prairies stretching southwest to Beardstown. Captain Horn urged White Sox along the well-worn trail. The pony had had a month's rest grazing in the pastures belonging to Fort Armstrong. Her coat was sleek, her form well rounded, and she swung lightly along the trail, frequently turning her head to assure herself that her young master guided the reins.

"I am here, White Sox," said the Captain. "It is seventy miles to Beardstown and then, five miles to the east, Sylvia waits for us. Speed on, lady."

The mounting sun and the morning breeze quickly absorbed the moisture. At noon White Sox left a cloud of dust along the trail. Captain Horn halted at a settler's cabin for lunch and rest. An hour later he resumed his journey. Clusters of golden-rod and purple asters nodded from the dry grass on either side. The woods glowed with the autumn tints and the blue haze of Indian summer.

The Captain mentally contrasted the scene with the Army's journey thru the cold rains of spring.

"Thank God! it is all over, White Sox!" he exclaimed, "and I am discharged with honor. I go to Sylvia with clean hands and a clear conscience."

And the Captain fell to dreaming of the future of the country for which he had fought. The picture contained for himself a home with Sylvia as its crown and light.

At last a lowering sun revealed Beardstown five miles away and, swinging the bridle over his arm, the Captain walked briskly along the highway. The gathering twilight, the evening breeze, the night bird's song, all chanted the one word, "Sylvia," to the ears of the expectant Captain.

A settler's light gleamed ahead. "It is Sylvia's home!" he thought, and cried aloud, "Sylvia! Sylvia!"

"William, I am here! Oh, William, I am here!"

And the next instant a girlish figure clad in white, with wind-tossed golden brown hair and sparkling brown eyes confronted the astonished Captain in the highway.

"Sylvia, my God! How came you here?"

"Because I chose to come. If your highness does not wish to speak to me, pass on, sir, and I will walk home alone!"

"How did you know that I was coming, Sylvia?"

"Elijah Kilbourn told me, three hours ago."

"Elijah Kilbourn!" gasped the Captain.

"Yes, sir, Elijah Kilbourn!" Then bantering tones turned to sobs. "William, Elijah is such a true friend! He left Fort Armstrong at midnight so as to have six hours' start of you. He said that you had been a loyal friend, you had not flinched before danger or shirked any duty. And he planned this little surprise as your reward."

"Have you waited these three hours for me, little girl?" said the Captain, taking Sylvia in his arms.

"I suppose it was only three hours, but, William, it seemed eternity. Take care of your arm, dear," she cautioned, lifting her head from his shoulder. "You might hurt it again."

The Captain laughed. "Let me show you how strong it is by helping you into the saddle," he said.

"No, William, we will walk home together."

"And tomorrow we begin life's journey together."

"No, sir, not until day after tomorrow."

"Oh, Sylvia!"

But Elijah's well-known voice, sounding the Army call, cut short the remonstrance, and glancing ahead, the Captain and Sylvia beheld their loyal friend heading a procession from the house.

"Welcome to our William the Conqueror!" exclaimed Elijah. "A winner of battles and hearts!"

But the Reverend and Mrs. Horn cut Elijah's speech short. "My boy! My boy!" were their words of welcome, as they clasped his hands. And William Munson, hurrying forward with Rachel Hall, his wife, completed the circle.

"I thought that we agreed to a double wedding, Munson?" remonstrated Captain Horn.

"Rachel and I decided that you were entitled to a clear field; besides, we have given Sylvia the benefit of our experience. You will find her well fitted for the matrimonial voyage."

"Children," called the Reverend Horn, "your mother says that tea has waited these two hours. Let us adjourn."

The party lingered long about the table. All horrible reminiscences about the war were forgotten. The company heartily enjoyed the Captain's amusing account of his Eastern journey with the Hawk.

"Well, at last the Government has the old scoundrel up a tree!" ejaculated William Munson.

"Black Hawk is a broken old man," gravely responded the Captain. "Misunderstood, misrepresented, he will go to his grave more sinned against than sinning. He has won my everlasting regard by championing my cause.

"Sylvia," he continued, drawing the peace pipe from his pocket, "Black Hawk sends you this peace pipe as a token of his good will. He lauded your courage and behavior during captivity."

"I owe my life to Black Hawk," said Sylvia, with tear-filled eyes. "It was his influence that compelled his young braves to deliver us at Blue Mound Fort. I should like to see him."

"I must go to Fort Armstrong next week to witness the signing of the treaty," said Captain Horn. "Black Hawk's chieftainship is to be handed to Keokuk. Shall we take our wedding journey there and comfort the old man in his humiliation?"

"Above all things I desire that trip," declared Sylvia.

"A sort of round-up for us all, I reckon," declared Elijah. "Bill Greene told me that he would be there, and Bill said that he ran across Abraham Lincoln stump-speaking about the country. Abe said that he was going to work his route so as to take in the treaty at Fort Armstrong."

"I have been trying to find Mr. Lincoln," said Sylvia. "He promised to attend our wedding, if I would send him the date."

"Might as well try to locate a wandering star, Miss Sylvia," said Elijah.

"Children," admonished Father Horn, "the clock points to midnight. Let us close the day with thanks to the Almighty." And, standing with folded hands, the white-haired father uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for a reunited family.

The wedding morning dawned clear and sunny; thru the kind offices of Elijah, and of William and Rachel Munson, the little cottage had been converted into a veritable sylvan bower. Trailing vines, autumn leaves, goldenrod and masses of milkweed formed a fitting canopy for the fair, girlish bride. She wore an airy robe of white muslin, presented by the Governor's wife while the girls were guests at Jefferson Barracks.

They formed a pretty picture; the tall, sunburned Captain and the pale, brown-eyed lassie, framed in nature's bower. The father stood before them and read the simple service which made them man and wife. It was a merry wedding party; all memories of the tragic past were effaced in the present happiness of the young people.

At 4 o'clock, White Sox, harnessed to the minister's one-horse shay, trotted down the road followed by a shower of rice, and life's journey had begun for the pair.

Three days later, the ferryboat running between the mainland and Rock Island landed Captain and Mrs. Horn at Fort Armstrong. Elijah Kilbourn had preceded them with the news of the wedding and the entire garrison were ready with their congratulations.

An elaborate breakfast was served to Captain and Mrs. Horn in their own quarters, after which Major Garland invited them to a promenade about the grounds.

"You find the island in gala attire," said the Major, pointing to the flags waving in various quarters and to the wreaths and trailing vines festooned over the paths.

"It is beautiful and picturesque," declared Sylvia. "I hope the Indians will appreciate all this labor of love in their behalf."

"We are doing this on Black Hawk's account," returned the Major. "This will be a day of sorrow and humiliation to him."

"But the President's message to him at Baltimore makes the case easier for you," commented Captain Horn. "Black Hawk knows what to expect."

"Yes, and he has arrayed himself in all his regimentals for the occasion. He means to play the grand chief to the end. Hark! I hear drums on the river."

"Your guests are en route," exclaimed Captain Horn. "See! There is a fleet of canoes coming around the bend."

"Indeed!" rejoined Major Garland. "And Keokuk leads the fleet with the American flag floating over his canoe. The men are forming into line ready to escort them to the council-rooms. Shall we witness their arrival from these seats?"

And leading the way, the Major escorted his guests to seats upon the lawn.

Swiftly the fleet approached the island, with shouts and song and sounds of drums. The soldiers of the fort marched to the landing, where they formed in line waiting the arrival of their guests.

The officials at the Indian Agency office escorted Black Hawk, the Prophet and Neapope to a position on the bank opposite the soldiers. After them, from every corner of the island, came the strangers who had come to witness the meeting of the Indians. They gathered in groups under the trees and riveted their eyes upon the two columns lined up on the shore.

"I see Elijah Kilbourn with Mr. Greene, William!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Shall we speak to him?"

"Not now, dear. I must accompany Major Garland to the council-rooms, where we shall receive our guests. Mrs. Garland will join us in a few moments and will sit with you during the meeting."

The roll of drums drew their attention to the shore.

"That is Keokuk mounting the banks, Sylvia," exclaimed the Captain.

"What a gorgeously arrayed Indian!" she exclaimed. "Stately, young and handsome."

"Tut! Tut!" cautioned the Major. "Remember you are a married woman."

"I rejoice to say that I am," retorted Sylvia.

"Here comes my wife," announced Major Garland. "I'll consign you to her chaperonage."

"I'm a little late, my dear," said Mrs. Garland, dropping into the seat beside Sylvia, "but I am heartily glad to have you as my companion today."

"Thank you!" replied Sylvia. "I appreciate your kindness."

The cheers from the soldiers called their attention to the landing. Keokuk, heading his procession, advanced to where Black Hawk stood and cordially greeted the chieftain and his companions. The Indians followed Keokuk's example. When this ceremony was accomplished, they sat in a circle and smoked the peace pipe.

The bugle sounded and the line of soldiers formed into a double column and wheeled into line ready to escort their guests to the council-house. Then the Indians formed into line and at the second bugle call the procession moved forward.

"We must take our places at the council-chamber door," said Major Garland, rising and leading the way across the path. "Ladies," he continued, when they entered the room, "these seats in the alcove are reserved for you."

"How very nice this is," said Sylvia, taking one of the chairs. "We can see and hear everything without being observed."

"Here they come!" whispered Mrs. Garland.

Major Garland stood in the doorway and greeted Black Hawk as he approached. Captain Horn, standing behind the Major, took the chieftain's arm and escorted him to a seat and placed Keokuk opposite him. The Indians belonging to each party were grouped about their respective chiefs.

The soldiers lined up along the walls in the rear of the room and when all were seated, Major Garland rose and said:

"My friends and children, we have come together to greet our illustrious guest, Black Hawk. May his declining years be as calm and serene as his previous life has been boisterous and full of warlike incidents.

"Black Hawk has been traveling among the Americans. He has seen how strong are our Army and Navy. He has visited our Great Father in his wigwam and has received definite instructions from him regarding his life in the future. I will read his instructions to Black Hawk."

Major Garland unrolled the paper in his hand and read President Jackson's address to Black Hawk at Baltimore. The Major then folded the paper and continued:

"My children, I want you to understand the President's message. You are to acknowledge Keokuk the head chief of the Sac people, and conform to his counsels, and we pray the Great Spirit that Black Hawk will have many years of comfort among you."

Keokuk sprang to his feet and replied:

"My Father, I have listened to the talk of our Great Father. It is true we pledged our honor for the liberty of our friends. We thought much of it. Our counsels were long. Their wives and

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Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (60 cents worth). Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 65 cents and gives you a full pint—a family supply—of a most effectual, pleasant tasting remedy. It keeps perfectly.

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Take Nuxated Iron, Says Doctor, If You Want Plenty of "Stay There" Strength Like an Athlete!

Makes Delicate, Nervous, Rundown People Stronger in Two Weeks' Time, in Many Cases

MOST people foolishly seem to think they are going to get renewed health and strength from some stimulating medicine, secret nostrum or narcotic drug, said Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician who has studied widely, both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, when, as a fact, real and true strength can only come from the food you eat. But people often fail to get the strength out of their food because they haven't enough iron in their blood to enable it to change food into living matter. From their weakened, nervous condition they know something is wrong, but they can't tell what. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people, who were ailing all the while, most astonishingly increase their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form and this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated, like nuxated iron, if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance which comes from having plenty of iron in the blood, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

E.Sauer, M.D.
DR. E. SAUER
R Nuxated iron
Two tablets after each meal
Dr E Sauer

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, and other physicians, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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Solve the Puzzle

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture are six partly-hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

You Will Win

a prize if you do. Try it and don't give up, it will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a beautiful surprise present—you will delight in owning this present.

If You Are Quick You Can Have It

This test is to prove whether you are quick and give you a good head start, so solve the puzzle, mark the faces and write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and inclose with it four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the Free Surprise Present we will send you. But that is not all. To give you a good head start, we will send you

2,000 Free Auto Votes

and tell you all about this splendid five passenger touring car and show you how you can get it if you are quick. There is no expense, no entrance fee. No lottery or game of chance.

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This is the easiest and most liberal offer ever made. It is so arranged that every one who will do a little advertising for us will be richly rewarded. We will give away bicycles, tool boxes, cutlery, cameras, watches, sets of dishes, and many other presents too numerous to mention. Every one who does what we say gets a present, and if you do it well you get this automobile free in addition to the presents. [illegible] your share of them.

Don't Wait—Solve the Puzzle Today

Hurry! Find at least four of the partly-hidden faces in the picture, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and coupon and mail it to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the fine prize we will send you for solving the puzzle. Be sure to inclose your name and address. We will also give you 2,000 free votes toward winning the auto. There are no losers in this contest. You get prizes for everything you do. You can win this auto if you are quick.

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children were in our thoughts. When we talked to them our hearts were full. Their wives and children came to see us which made us feel like women; but we were men. The words which we sent to the Great Father were good. He spoke like the Father of Children, the Great Spirit made his heart big in counsel. We received our brothers in friendship. Our hearts are good toward them. They once listened to bad counsel. Now their ears are closed. I give my hand to them. When they shake it they shake the hands of all. I will shake hands with them and then I am done."

All eyes were riveted on Black Hawk during the speech of Keokuk. The old chief sat with folded arms and head bowed on his breast, the picture of helpless humiliation. But when Keokuk finished, Black Hawk struggled to his feet and began:

"I feel that I am an old man. Once I could speak; now I have but little to say. Today we meet many of our brothers. We are glad to see them. I have listened to what my brothers have said. Their hearts are good. They have been like Sacs since I left them. They have taken care of my wife and children who had no wigwam. I thank them for it. The Great Spirit knows that I thank them. Before the sun sets behind the hills tomorrow I shall see them. I told our Great Father in Washington that I would listen to the counsels of Keokuk. I shall soon be far away, I shall have no village, no band. I shall live alone. I and my son, and all our party thank our Great Father for what he has done. He is old and I am old. We shall soon go to the Great Spirit where we shall rest. On your road home you will pass where my village was. No one lives there now. All are gone. I give you my hand. We may never meet again, but I shall remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you and your wives and your children. I will shake hands with my brothers here, and then I am done."

When Black Hawk finished speaking Keokuk strode across the room and clasped the hand of the old chief within his own. The Indians followed his example and a general handshaking ensued.

Then Black Hawk advanced to the stand and signed his name to the treaty which surrendered all claims to land east of the Mississippi. Without pausing to speak with any one, the chieftain walked out of the council-house. Keokuk followed the example of Black Hawk, and the Indians, taking their turn, silently filed out.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE WATCH TOWER.

CAPTAIN HORN went at once to Sylvia and found her with tear-filled eyes.

"Why," he exclaimed, "what has disturbed my little girl?"

"William," she sobbed, "please take me to Black Hawk. I want to thank him for the peace pipe and for all his kindness to us."

"Certainly, my dear! We will go to him at once," said the Captain, and he led his wife from the council-house and faced Elijah Kilbourn on the steps.

"Mr. Kilbourn," exclaimed Sylvia, "you are always appearing at the most opportune time. Can you direct us to Black Hawk?"

"I can, madam,' assured Elijah. "I shook hands with the chieftain half an hour ago, and begged him to accompany me to the feast as my honored guest. But he declined my invitation, saying that he wished to retire to the Watch Tower and spend the rest of the day in sight of his former home, Sau-ke-nuk. The old chief feels his dethronement keenly. As he shook hands at parting, his face was inexpressibly sad and he trembled with emotion as he said: 'My children think I am too old to lead them any more!' "

"You promised to take me to the Watch Tower, William," said Sylvia. "Let us go at once to Black Hawk."

"My official duties demand our presence at the feast, Sylvia," replied the Captain. "You ought to be hungry enough to relish a good meal."

"But I shall miss seeing Black Hawk!"

"Come along, Captain Horn," called Major Garland. "I claim the honor of escorting your lady to the feast."

"Very well!" declared the Captain, relinquishing Sylvia's arm to the Major and stepping forward beside Mrs. Garland. "An even exchange is no robbery."

They advanced to the long tables which the Army's commissary staff had arranged on the lawn. Two hours were spent in feasting and speeches, followed by smoking the peace pipe. It was 5 o'clock when they bade Major and Madam Garland adieu. At the ferry landing they found Elijah.

"I've great news for you, Captain," said he. "Abraham Lincoln is on his way to the Watch Tower seeking for you. I thought you had crossed an hour ago."

"Mr. Lincoln here!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Our cup of joy is full, William."

"Yes," returned the Captain, "and, as usual, we owe our good fortune to Elijah. What are your plans, Kilbourn?"

"I start at daybreak tomorrow for Dixon's Ferry, and must say good-by."

Sylvia grasped his proffered hand. "Pledge me before you go, Mr. Kilbourn," said she, "that you will sample our housekeeping when we are settled in our nest."

"I will come, madam!" he cried. "I vow I will."

"It must be before snow flies, remember, Mr. Kilbourn."

"I'll remember, madam," responded Elijah, handing her into the ferryboat.

Half an hour later, Captain and Mrs. Horn struck the trail leading to the Watch Tower. As they turned a bend in the trail they observed a tall, angular figure striding up the hill ahead of them.

"That is Abraham Lincoln, Sylvia!" chuckled the Captain, and throwing his head back he sounded a clarion call that echoed far along the trail. The tall figure wheeled and returned the salute, then rapidly backtracked over the trail.

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, throwing up his hands in mock defense. "Do I behold Captain and Mrs. Horn in the flesh?"

"You do!" retorted Sylvia, taking his outstretched hand, "and we demand an explanation of your nonappearance at our wedding."

"How could I come without a summons?"

"I scattered messages in every direction, sir. I believe you purposely hid."

"I'm in politics, madam, and that is the root of the whole trouble. Keep the Captain out of it as you value the peace of your home."

"I'm not allowed to think of politics, Abe," cut in the Captain; "therefore. I am immune."

"Here we are at the summit. The trail lies level for a quarter of a mile to the Watch Tower."

The Captain gave his friend a glowing account of his Eastern travels as they strolled slowly on.

"Madam," said Lincoln, turning to Sylvia, "we share with you your pride in your husband's military achievements. He has made a great record in this Black Hawk campaign."

"You were our good angel, Abe," said the Captain, affectionately slapping Lincoln across the back. "Yours was the hardest task. You controlled the Army's temper and you prevented mutiny."

"I have heard wonderful stories of your tactful management, Mr. Lincoln," said Sylvia. "You deserve promotion."

"Promotion, madam?" cried Lincoln. "I entered the Army as a Captain and was demoted to the ranks of a private. However, my experiences have broadened my outlook on life. But I shall not try to make political capital of them, as General Cass is doing."

"Cass evidently expects to go to Congress on his military record," said the Captain.

"That is his game!" agreed Lincoln. "If General Cass saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did. But I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, altho I never fainted from the loss of blood. I can truly say that I was often very hungry."

"Here is the Hawk ahead of us, Sylvia," said Captain Horn. "He is resting on the bowlder over the trail. It marks the highest point of the promontory."

"Dare you speak with him?" questioned Sylvia.

"Certainly!" replied her husband. "He will appreciate our seeking him." And hastening on, the Captain halted beside the bowlder.

"My Father!" began the Captain. "My wife cannot go to her home in peace without speaking with you. But, if it will trouble you, she will not come."

"Black Hawk will shake hands with your pretty squaw," replied the Hawk, standing erect beside the bowlder and extending his hand to Sylvia. "I thank the little squaw for remembering the old man in his affliction."

"I owe my life and my happiness to your kindness, chieftain," said Sylvia in broken tones, clasping the bony, wrinkled hand within her own. "I could not go home without telling you so and thanking you for the beautiful peace pipe. I shall treasure it all my life. And I wanted to see the Watch Tower. How beautiful it is! Look, William! Look, Mr. Lincoln! See the unobstructed view up and down Rock River, while far away roll the prairies and lowlands! How gorgeous beyond compare in the glow of this setting sun! I have never dreamed of a scene like this! How could the Indians give it up without fighting for it?"

"Yes," returned the chieftain, sadly. "Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my towns, my cornfields and the home of my people. I fought for it. It is now yours—keep it as we did—it will produce you good crops."

"But the people will not treasure it in its wilderness beauty," said Sylvia.

"Black Hawk's heart burns with indignation at the token of the American's treachery," replied the chieftain. "Below us, our ancient city, Sau-ke-nuk, lies in ashes, and our Silent City, where rest our sacred dead, which the Americans promised never to disturb. Behold the evidence of their lying tongues! Already the American plow has desecrated the bones of my ancestors. Black Hawk will never again look upon this hateful scene. Tomorrow I will cross the Mississippi never to return. I am now too old. A few more moons and I must follow my fathers to the shades. It is time for Black Hawk to sing his death song. May the Great Spirit keep our people and the whites at peace. I shake hands with you. Farewell."

And, waving them a parting farewell, Black Hawk passed slowly along the winding downward trail. A moment later they heard him singing the death song. Weird, uncanny and solemn, it floated to them in the gathering twilight. Sylvia

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sted her arms upon the bowlder, buried her head upon them and wept uncontrollably.

"Sylvia! My dear, dear Sylvia!" pleaded the Captain, taking her in his arms. "Don't cry, dear!"

"I can never forget that cry of sorrow," she sobbed. "What have we gained by driving Black Hawk and his people from this beautiful spot, their home for one hundred years? It was unjust and cruel!"

"Hush, Sylvia!" said her husband soothingly. "We, too, have lost our kindred and friends by this conflict; we, too, must establish our home on strange soil. The Black Hawk War was inevitable. Either the Indians or Americans must possess the land. It was a question of might against right. The survival of the fittest, and the weakest have gone to the wall."

"It has always been so," said Lincoln, musingly. "It seems strange, but, since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, Christian civilization has gained a right-of-way by bloody conflict."

"Abe," said Captain Horn, turning to his companion, "is the Black Hawk War justifiable on Christian principles?"

Mr. Lincoln bowed his head on his breast, folded his arms and paced slowly along the trail.

"William, I am not a Christian, but I know that Christ's command to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us repudiates this Black Hawk War. We violated treaty obligations, we allowed unscrupulous squatters to harass the Sacs to desperation. We violated all honorable methods of warfare in ignoring their flag of truce, which caused such a reckless waste of life and money. And the battle—massacre, rather—at the Bad Axe was brutal from start to finish, ending with the bloodthirsty Sioux tracking the fugitives and butchering them on their own grounds. That incident will form one of the blackest pages of American history. I say, William, that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent. I say this is the leading principle, the sheet anchor of American democracy."

'You are right there, Abraham," replied Captain Horn. "And I believe our experiences and hardships, endured in this war, will make better citizens of us. We will appreciate the comforts of home. To the patience, fidelity and heroism of our pioneer women do we owe the possession of our homes."

"The women did nothing, William," said Sylvia. "That was the hardest part of their lot—to be tied to their homes and children that they could not march with their husbands to the front."

"Little lady," said Lincoln, turning to Sylvia, "the mothers, guarding their primitive homes on the frontier, had the hardest part. Theirs the loneliness, the exile, the waiting, the struggle with pinching poverty and the heroism which conquered fear. And I tell you that the picture of that heroism was imaged on every fighting man's heart; it was the spark divine which kept the men from degenerating to beasts. God bless the mothers of America! God help this land of ours when the home love dies on its hearthstone, for with it goes the foundation of our Nation!

"Little woman," he continued, taking both of Sylvia's hands, "stay in your home nest, make the world better for your having that home. I am coming, in the near future, to taste my share of it. Good-by, Sylvia! Good-by, William'" And with a hearty handshake, Abraham Lincoln strode away along the trail. Had he any premonition that ere long he would control the destinies of the Nation, and would die one of the world's greatest and most famous men?

"William," said Sylvia, "Abraham Lincoln is a great man. I cannot explain his influence, but when I look into his face I am thrilled, swayed by the magnetism of a great mind. He has the saddest, strongest, gentlest face that I have ever seen. Such must have been the face of the Man of Sorrows. The most timid child will not fear to come to him. The humblest careworn mortal will approach him certain of sympathy William, you and I will both be better for the friendship of Abraham Lincoln."

"Yes, the Black Hawk War has brought sorrow and hardship to us all, but it has given us infinite reward in the friendship of Lincoln. And, above all, to the Black Hawk War I owe the possession of my wife. See, my love, the western sky glows like burnished gold, and the glittering rays are scattering the mist gathering about the Watch Tower and paving the trail with its golden glow! Sylvia, let us walk forward along this shining trail, confident that the future holds secure our life and love!"

The End.

* * *

Mistaken Identity.

"EXCUSE me! Do I see the managing editor, Mr. Quill?" asked a brawny-looking female of the proprietor of the Jabrille Luminary.

"We don't wish any poetry today."

"I don't ——"

"Yes, yes; I know, I can't stop to hear it just now."

"But I tell you I don't——"

"Well, it don't make any difference; I have a barrelful of gushing effusions on unrequited love in the cellar already."

"You misunder——"

"Look here, madame. How'd you get in here? I've got a man outside that I pay a quarter a head to throw love poets down the stairs."

"You idiot! I'm no poetry fiend. I just took your man and left him sticking head down in a garbage can. If you say anything more to me I'll wedge you in alongside of him. I'm a nurse, I am. The doctor told me to run down here and tell you, if you are Mr. Quill, that the baby is a boy, that it weighs nine pounds and your wife wants you to come right home and see it."

"Great Caesar! Why didn't you say so at first. Where's my hat?"

* * *

Took the Hint.

AT THE home stations the private soldiers' washing is usually done by married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on the missing buttons and do repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay.

Pat McGinnis had a good deal of trouble with his laundress. Sunday after Sunday his shirt came back with the neck button off or hanging by a thread.

He had spoken to her, and she had promised to see to it, but still the button was not on properly. He got out of patience one Sunday when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed:

"Bother the woman! I'll see if I can't give her a hint this time, anyway."

He then took the lid of a blacking-tin about three inches in diameter, drilled two holes in it with a fork, and sewed it to the neck of the shirt that was the next to be washed.

When his washing came back he found that she had taken the hint—she had made a button hole to fit it!

* * *

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The Kerogas pays for itself in a very short time. Get busy quick on this new big money-making proposition. Women wild about it. Low price makes quick sales. Big profits. Easy to carry and demonstrate. Your territory open. Write quick for demonstrating sample.

Showing Burner in Stove

THOMAS BURNER CO., 3317 Gay St., Dayton, O.

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$30 to $50 a week actually being made now by men and women. The original—the best—the lowest priced. Nickle plated—looks good—makes good—sells fast—guaranteed. No experience needed. Women do as well as men. Exclusive territory. Work all or spare time. Mrs. Nixon, Vt., sold 8 first half day. Evans, N. C., sold 2 doz. one Saturday. Liberal terms. Prompt Service. Write today.

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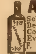

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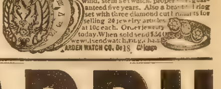

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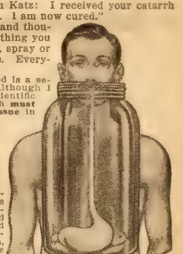
The Sam Katz method which this gentleman and thousands of others have used, is different from any thing you have ever known of. There is nothing to smoke, spray or inject; no salves, creams, vibration or massage. Everything about it is natural and healthful.

The exact remedial combination of this method is a secret known only to myself and my associates, although I will say this much: it is based on the modern scientific discovery that the disease germs causing catarrh **must be destroyed and dislodged from the infected tissue** in order to effect a radical and permanent cure.

Banish Your Catarrh Restore Your Health and Organic Vitality

Catarrh, as you know, gradually works downward from the nose, throat and head, through the entire system, doing damage everywhere. Headaches, dizziness, deafness, head noises, confused thoughts, impairment of the memory, weakened vision, sore eyes, boils, nervousness, general languor, rheumatism, lame back, neuralgia, stomach, liver, kidney, bladder disorders, weaknesses of the vital organs and many other maladies and ills may, any or all, be due to the ravages of the disease we call catarrh. Once cleanse your system of the deadly catarrh germ, a task that my method is purposed to accomplish, and your entire organism responds giving you a new sense of vital vigor and renewed health. As Nancy A. Davis of Waynesboro, Miss., writes me: "Since taking the Sam Katz method I feel like a new woman. I think your catarrh treatment is worth its weight in gold."



Your body effected with catarrh is like this jar of molded fruit. You can't get rid of the scum by scraping it off. The cause must be removed.

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Don't send any money, not even a stamp, but simply your name and address on a postal or in a letter, and I will arrange to forward to you, postpaid, a trial box of the Sam Katz Catarrh Materials, the same that I have sent to tens of thousands all over the world. There will be enough of the Materials for a fifteen days' test, after which you may go on with the full Course if you so decide.

The Sam Katz Catarrh Materials are always put out in these trial packages, no matter how far from Chicago the sufferer may live, including Canada and foreign lands. So do not hesitate or delay. Write at once. I want you to try this mysterious remedy without risking a penny of your money. I will gladly take all the chances. Please address,

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selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. These are the greatest weekly papers, and people in every town want some one they can buy from each week. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you at one time, on Friday. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2c on every nickel you take in for sale of Blade, Ledger and 1c on each Lone Scout you sell. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. **Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout by** Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts, who sends badge and certificate of membership and a booklet of instructions in this great organization. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get customers.

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Dorothy, the Hon. Horton, Jr.

"NO!" SHOUTED the Hon. Horton Giles. "No! No!" and he banged the library desk with his fist.

Many times in the last eighteen years he had thus expressed himself to his young daughter and each time he had meant to keep his word.

"This settles it!" he fired away, shaking his newspaper at the Hon Dorothy's flashing eyes, and poking his other arm violently into the sleeve of his overcoat. "I pay an expensive chauffeur to drive you wherever you want to go, but you're never satisfied. No—you must have a car of your own to fill up with a lot of rattle-brained young fools and go careening over the town like a lot of cheap hoodlums. It plumb beats the devil!"

"Father!" cried the Hon. Dorothy, her little chin trembling in spite of her resolve to be very firm and dignified with her father. "I am not insisting on a car of my own. You won't even let me drive your car."

"Don't make any difference," snapped the Hon. Horton with a final shake of his hat and cane at her, and then he stamped out to Michael and his waiting car.

"Michael, no one is ever to drive this car but yourself. I make no exceptions—no one."

A little figure in brown broadcloth and furs darted out from the house as the Hon. Horton deposited himself heavily and solidly in the rear seat of the car, and jumped into the seat beside Michael.

"I am riding down with father this morning, Michael," she said, and never another word did she deign to utter The Hon. Horton pursed his lips, and said nothing. Michael had his orders.

But no sooner had he left the car at the city hall, where the court over which he was then presiding with great dignity, was in session, than Dorothy spoke up briskly.

"The Fenton road, Michael."

As soon as they were out on the smooth country road, he received further instructions

"Stop the car and change seats, please."

"Gosh, Miss Dorothy? I don't dare leave you do it. Them's orders."

"Very well," said the Hon. Dorothy, "don't expect me to fix it so you can take Marie to the Irish-fellowship picnic Thursday afternoon," and she pursed her rosebud mouth not unlike the Hon Dad's

Michael squinted his eyes along the road ahead, but only the low chug of the engine made reply.

"Marie's making herself a very pretty pink silk dress to wear Thursday afternoon," said the Hon. Dorothy, smiling sweetly on the flying fields.

"If I lose me job, phat good is it to me if she wears a pink silk dress?" argued Michael, looking sorely troubled

"But if you lose Marie——"

"Phat good is me job? Begorra ye've got me," sighed Michael and relinquished the wheel.

"The saints protect ye," he added fervently

"The saints are 'me' intimate friends, Michael," laughed Dorothy, dropping into his place with alacrity. "Don't worry, I got Dad pretty well trained, for all his banging around."

When, some six hours later, the Giles car sped down the avenue returning to the Giles garage, Dorothy still sat at the wheel, mistress of herself and of the car

A half-block from home Michael uttered a fervent appeal to the Virgin and his mouth sagged open in comical dismay. Stamping along on the sidewalk, looking larger than human in his rage at having to walk home from the station, was the Hon. Horton Giles. At the same instant that gentleman clapped an eye on his missing car.

"Halt!" he yelled, shaking his fists in a tornado of threats, "stop that car! Michael."

The Hon. Dorothy smiled her sweetest and with a view to an immediate demonstration of her skill, brought the swiftly moving car easily to rest at the curb.

"Michael," shouted her father, puffing up as rapidly as his legs would carry him, his eyes popping with rage. "Go! Don't say a word—go!"

Michael's honest head hung down in real shame as he made off toward the garage to get his belongings. Dorothy, flushed with resentment and chagrin, faced her father defiantly.

"Now, young lady, climb right down out of there and march straight home."

"But I can drive now, father."

"Don't make any difference," bellowed the Judge, waving her on her way. "Let it stand right where it is and march, just as I tell you. Obedience! Obedience, young woman—it's the principle of the thing I'm talking about You think I like to hear myself talk" Don't mean what I say, eh?"

Thus the Hon. Horton lashed his daughter's rebellious ears as he strode along behind her.

At the Giles gate an unwonted sight met their eyes. Mrs. Giles was running down the steps to meet them, white of face and tearful.

"Oh, quick," she cried, "get a doctor Son has fallen from the ridge pole of the garage. I called Dr. Brown, but he is out. Get some one, quick."

"Where's Michael!" yelled the Hon. Horton, whirling about in his tracks and rushing off toward the garage like a madman. But a little brown-clad figure darted back past him, leapt into the abandoned car, and shot down the avenue.

In a few minutes she was back with young Doctor French, who had recently opened an office above the drug store at the end of the avenue. They found the Hon. Horton flying up and down in a nervous frenzy, keeping every one hopping on impossible errands.

Dr. French immediately set to work and in a short time the boy was restored to consciousness and was lying, white and weak, but alive, in his mother's arms.

"Some little driver," said Dr. French, his fine dark eyes snapping admiration at Dorothy

Dorothy blushed with joy and her eyes sought her father's face. The Hon. Horton smiled sheepishly.

"Well—well" he gagged. "All right."

Determined to strike while the iron was hot, so to speak, Dorothy seized his coat lapels. "Daddy, don't you think I deserve that darling little car I've been wanting so long?"

Not a bit to her surprise, he drew out his check-book and wrote her a check that was larger than her brightest expectations.

"Now, while I have my check-book out, I may as well make out one for you, Dr. French. What is the particular desire of your heart?"

"Nothing more nor less than the owner of the darling little car," said Dr. French.

The Hon. Horton's hair began to bristle and his lips pursed themselves in the same old way. Then he waved his hands impotently.

"If she wants you, my dear Dr. French," he held forth in his best sarcasm, "neither you nor I will have anything to say about it."

The General Occupation

Everybody's fighting now;
We're bound to beat the foe—
Fighting with the bayonet
Or fighting with the hoe;
Fighting with machine guns
Or fighting with a plow
Everybody lends a hand
The best that he knows how.
Everybody's fighting with
The weapon he can wield;
Fighting in the factory
And fighting in the field.
And faint is the forbearance
For the very, very few
Who insist on conversation
When there's better work to do.

—Washington Evening Star.

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Not $1.00, not even 50c, not one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charge for fancy, swell styles, no extra charge for extra big, extreme peg-tops, pearl buttons, tunnel or fancy belt loops, no extra charge for anything, all FREE. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. **Agents of other tailoring houses please write,** we have a new deal that will open your eyes. We ask every man to answer this, every boy in long pants, every man, everywhere. No matter where you live or what you do, write us a letter or postal and say *"Send Me Your New Free Offer"* the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges. Write today, this minute. Address

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BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS

THIS WAR GARDEN FREE

We have made arrangements with a reliable seed house for a large quantity of guaranteed seeds put up in packets, which we will give to our subscribers. You can now get the seeds for the War Garden you have planned, FREE. The packets contain nothing but the best seeds, and the assortment is about all that is needed to plant a Model War Garden. This is our answer to the President's request that every one raise his own vegetables in order to solve the food problem and win the war. The assortment consists of fourteen packets of seeds, some of which are very scarce this season, and for that reason the collection is of double value to you

1 Pkt. BEET, Early Eclipse.
1 Pkt. CABBAGE, All Season
1 Pkt. CARROT, Oxheart.
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1 Pkt. MORNING GLORY, Choice Mixture.
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1 Pkt. POPPY, Double and Single, all colors.
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We will send you, absolutely free either one of the above assortments of fourteen packets of **guaranteed seeds,** by parcel post, if you send us a subscription to The Saturday Blade or the Chicago Ledger for one year (52 issues) at $1.50. If you prefer to do so you may order the Blade and Ledger together for six months (26 issues) at $1.50 and receive your choice of either of the seed assortments.

If you will send us $2.25 worth of subscriptions to the Blade and Ledger for one year, thereby saving 75 cents real money, we will send you BOTH of the assortments postpaid, so you can have a War Garden and a beautiful home garden too for nothing but a little time.

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W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

AUNT SUSAN'S QUILT

"NOW, Angie," the old voice quavered, "I'm giving you my silk quilt when I'm gone. You've always been my right-hand friend in all my troubles. I care more for that quilt than I do for anything else that's mine, and I want you to have it when I'm thru."

"And I'm awful glad to have it, Aunt Susan," replied Angie Deane. "You've worked on that quilt so many years that I'll never see it without seeing you, too, stitching on it. But I hope you'll live a long time yet and wear it out before you go."

"But I won't, Angie. Give me a bit of paper and a pen. I'm going to write a letter and then I'm done with work and ready to enjoy myself." She smiled a funny little smile up in Angie's patient face.

When the pen and paper came, she wrote in her crabbed hand:

"This is to let everybody know—and particularly my nephew—that I give my silk patchwork quilt to Angie Deane. I want her to have it.

"SUSAN DEANE."

This done, she settled herself comfortably in bed and fell—smilingly, like a child—into her eternal sleep.

For ten years Angie had lived in the old aunt's cottage and cared for her. Some said Aunt Susan was comfortably well off; others declared she lived upon an annuity and that her means died with her. Anyway, at her death there seemed to be nothing in sight beyond the little cottage and its old-fashioned furniture.

A nephew claimed the cottage, and presently Angie found herself in the big, wide world with no home to go to.

"Of course," said the nephew, "if you care to stay in the cottage until I find a buyer for it, you are welcome to do so. I don't want a tenant, and shall sell the place as soon as possible, but it needs a caretaker in the meantime."

Angie was glad to stay. The neighbors were indignant. Why had not Aunt Susan given the place to Angie outright? Surely those ten years of servitude were worth that much. All Angie had to show for those ten years was the silk quilt.

"Never mind," Angie said resolutely. "I've always had to work hard and pinch to make ends meet. Luckily I know how to economize; luckily, too, I never made any calculations on being my aunt's heir, I've escaped disappointment."

'Yes, that's so, particularly now that the lawyer says Aunt Susan left nothing behind her," remarked a neighbor. "You've got her silk quilt, anyway, and it's worth $75 at the least calculation. What will you do with it? Sell it?"

Angie unfolded the quilt, which lay wrapped in tissue paper on the foot of her aunt's bed. "No, I'll keep it. You know how many years she worked on it. She always said that when the quilt was finished she would die: and so she did."

Angie spread the quilt out. It was a handsome thing. The material was rich, the colors well chosen, the work beyond criticism.

"Aunt Susan couldn't have had any property to leave," continued Angie calmly. "The lawyer who attended to her business affairs said she sold her stocks and bonds several years ago. There's nothing to be found, so she either gave it away or has lived up to it. Anyway, I'm no richer and surely no poorer than I was before coming to live with her. And I know that I gave her good care and am glad of it."

Angie was a thin, care-worn little woman. Her chance to settle down in life had long ago come and gone. She would not marry and leave her old mother, and when the old mother had passed away, Aunt Susan had needed her. So there it was, years and years of self-sacrifice. But it seemed as if, Angie bore her lot without complaint.

The nephew did not succeed in finding a buyer. People fought shy of investing in the cottage when they once understood how matters were with the little elderly woman who lived in it. Nobody was willing to throw her out of a home, and for a while Angie really prospered. She sewed and mended and did all manner of little jobs for the busy housewives about her.

Then, the winter coming on unusually early and very cold, she came down with pneumonia and was very ill for a long time. The doctor and the druggist had to be paid, and when this was done she had no money left. There were other bills besides that she could not meet. She was a long while getting about, and when once more able to get around the house she was still too feeble and weak to work. It really seemed to her that these were the worst days she had ever known. She began to see what unprotected old age meant for her and wept the silent tears of unhappiness. She had nothing that she could sell to tide her over the hard times. The furniture was not hers; not a stick or a stone was there that she could dispose of. She had absolutely nothing. Yes—the words of the neighbors came back to her now—she could sell her aunt's bequest, the silk quilt. If it did not bring the magnificent sum of $75, it would at least fetch enough to carry her along until her health was improved and she could work again. She spread the quilt over the top of her bed.

"Anyway, I'll sleep under it just once," she said weakly, smoothing out the folds. "Poor Aunt Susan, you little dream what this quilt is to me now."

Then she stretched herself out upon the bed and pulled the quilt up around her throat. As she did so something rattled like paper under her hand

"Yes," she mused, "Aunt Susan basted every one of these blocks on a cardboard foundation before she sewed them together. I suspect she forgot to remove them all."

Indeed, all along the whole length of the broad ribbon border running around the edge of the quilt there seemed to be a lining of paper. Angie saw a basting thread partly pulled from its place and carelessly gave it a jerk.

"It's funny," said she. "Aunt Susan was so very fussy about those blocks that I wonder she did not see this basting along the ribbon."

And she jerked the thread again. The thing came out in her fingers. The edges of the silk top and its lining fell apart. Angie could not believe her own eyes. She gasped and sat up.

'It can't be." She thought. "It can't be."

But it could be, and it was. There was money—paper money—all bills of large denomination. Here was Aunt Susan's little fortune, and every cent of it was hers. Angie got out of bed and fell upon her knees. She thanked the Lord for the good that was come to her. While she prayed, somebody knocked upon the door, and before she could get to the door herself, it opened and her aunt's lawyer walked in.

"I've brought you a letter," he said, "written by my late client. Your aunt, Susan Deane, had left it with me to be given to you in case you were ill or in distress. Except in case of sickness this letter was not to be given to you until a year after her death. In it she tells you where her money is, and that it is yours in return for your kindness to her."

'Yes,' said Angie, showing him the silk quilt. "I just found it here, sewed in the blocks where she put it herself. Oh! I am glad. So glad."

Marvelous Tifnite Gem. Remarkable new discovery. Be sure and read special announcement on back page this issue.—Adv.

* * *

IN NEW YORK.

"I'M OFF it—dad burn it!" stormed the man from Dallas, Texas, slamming his hat on a hook and assaulting an innocent rack with the ferrule of his umbrella, says the New York Sun.

"You are off what?" inquired his host, who teaches something or other on Morningside Heights, New York.

"This rotten town of yours. I've enjoyed my visit and all that, of course—but never again for me."

"But we thought you liked New York. We thought you were converted to New York!"

"I was. I've backslid now, tho. I'm in my right senses once more. New York's all I ever heard it was. It's cold, it's slimy, it's selfish, it's suspicious, it's inhuman, it's——"

"Before we argue the point, suppose you tell us what has happened."

"Well, sir, you know how I felt when I struck this burg and then how broad-minded you found me. I liked the cafes and the restaurants—the tip thieves did not bother me.

"I liked the crowds along Broadway; different from ours at home, but interesting and human-looking, most of 'em. And I began to think all this talk about the New Yorker being a frozen fish of the shark variety was libelous.

"And then this morning I dropped in a place down on John street to buy a cigar."

"And you got stuck with a bad one? You'll have to pay more than six for two bits if you want a good smoke in—"

"Bad nothing! The cigar was all right. It wasn't the cigar. It was what happened when I was buying it.

"I stood there lamping the case and up steps a typical New Yorker."

"Indeed? And pray, Dallas, Texas, what is a typical New Yorker like?"

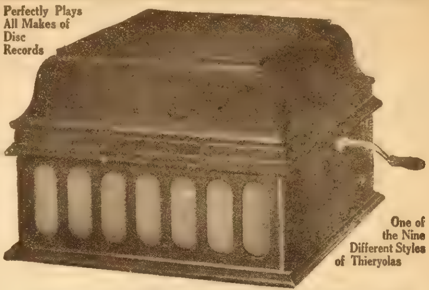
'Never you mind what it's like. This was it. The feller had all the earmarks—the overcoat cut just so, the stitched hat tilted just so, the cane held so, the last word in collars, the sleek, smug, powdery, satisfied phiz—with the same human aspect in spite of himself that's bunked me about all the others. Understand, I wouldn't have picked him out to take on a pack train trip as my boon companion, but if we'd been lost together in the Arizona desert I wouldn't have felt entirely deprived of the pleasures of human fellowship.

"He says to the clerk—now what do you reckon—he says, 'Two five-cent corncobs.' Wouldn't that fool anybody into thinking he had the earmarks of humanity? 'Two five-cent corncobs,' he says, and there's a nice old snoozer standing close by (from the Southwest, like me, I take it)—a nice, good-natured old veteran with a soft white mustache, and he's so overcome by these symptoms of loving kindness in New York that he ups and speaks to the typical specimen just like it was one of our regular folks.

"'You've got the right idea,' the old gentleman says pleasantly. 'Corncob's the sweetest smoke they is on earth.'

'Typical New York turns on him and looks him up and down. All in a flash, and as cold as a March norther; you never saw anything icier than that eye.

"'Thanks!' he snaps. 'Thanks!' That was all, but you ought to heard him. Yes. I'm off New York for good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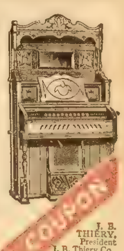

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THE NON-COOK AND BURGLAR

By Laura Reid Montgomery

Sometimes what appear to be the most serious things prove to be the most ludicrous. So it was in this case. We dare you to guess the ending too soon.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

"YES," mused Dick, as he decided he'd have time for another dream, "the Countess is right: life is a sure-enough toy shop. Pay your counter, and if it is the right size, the exact value and is tipped with 'timeliness,' you may receive your heart's desire—a blue-eyed doll, social supremacy, or perchance the gold shoulder straps. My chief aim is to lead a peaceful life, have my well-seasoned pipe and some of my college cronies—no friends like the old ones. Mollie, on the other hand, is tearing her curly hair in the effort to be the leader in her set. All nonsense, of course, but I'm determined to give her what she wants, and I'll keep on finding the counters for her shopping until she gets her 'prize package.' That was a wonderful fan the Countess showed us last night. Said she negotiated for a year before she was able to buy it, and was soaked a silly sum for it. She says it belonged to the Empress Eugenie. I should think she'd buy a modern up-to-the-minute wind shifter, but I suppose that's her 'prize package' for the moment. Hey! What's the excitement?"

The last words were spoken aloud, with an apprehensive glance toward his bride, who slumbered peacefully beside him.

"Dick, I want you," and a shock of red hair flamed around the door so chummily that Dick feared the owner might be meditating instant entrance.

"Stay where you are, Fauntly," warned Dick, in a husky whisper, sliding out of bed with silent expedition. Trotting toward the visitor, he carefully shut the door.

"What the dickens do you mean by trumpeting like that when Mollie's asleep, and where did you drop from, huh?'

He finished his query with a well-timed lunge at the red-headed intruder, who, taken unawares, flopped back against a curtained doorway, with a befuddled grunt, and collapsed.

Dick surveyed him in a silence pregnant with emotion. Then, gathering up his unconscious guest—who happened, by the way, to be one of the three college cronies he had just been musing over with the usual fatuous resemblance—he tried to lift him, but Fauntly had, with an unconventionality pleasingly suggestive of his undoubted welcome, gone fast asleep, and was in consequence a dead weight. Dick, altho still sleepy, tugged and pulled, while the heavy draperies that hung before the door, fanned by the early breeze of daybreak, billowed freakishly in a manner that both hampered and stifled him, and, biting a certain word in two, he yanked the curtain from under his friend and, twisting it into a rope, threw it up on one of the upper shelves to roost among the piles of snowy house linens, all perkily tied with their sashes of blue and pink ribbons. Then, pushing up his sleeves, he bent sturdily and pulled.

This time, unhampered by the embracing folds of the silly embroidered art curtains, he succeeded in lifting, or rather dragging, his guest toward the bathroom. As they turned in the doorway he heard—or fancied he heard—a sound from the linen closet, and jerked his head alertly in that direction. He saw a dark, sinister countenance staring at him from the beribboned interior, a face replete with evil suggestions and with a leering mouth intimating unlimited possibilities of revenge. Shuddering, he tore his gaze away from the cruel yet stolid regard of the intruder, and found that Fauntly had tottered over to the water cooler and was dabbling uncertainly with the faucet. Dick filled a huge bath sponge with the ice water and suddenly sopped his friend's face.

Sputtering and gasping, but sobered up a bit, Fauntly essayed to explain matters:

"I was out with the bunch, and we all had some grape juice punch." He paused and perpetrated a laborious wink.

"But who's in the linen closet?" whispered Dick, keeping an eye on his wife's door in case the marauder should dart that way. As he spoke, he groped about in the medicine cabinet and came upon a razor. With an air of satisfaction he opened it and demanded again, "Who's in there?" punctuating his remarks with the razor.

"I haven't come to that," returned Fauntly, with maddening precision. "After the punch we went to a cigar store and cleaned it out. The owner was too sissy, absolutely; so we limbered up things a bit, took whatever we fancied, and started down here to call upon you."

Dick groaned and momentarily forgot the burglar. "They can't stay, Fauntly; the Countess is here."

"I know," agreed Fauntly, "I went into her room just now—thought it was yours."

Dick paled. Mollie would be famed as a hostess!

"Where are the bunch? Downstairs?"

"Bless you, no! They're miles away. The sheriff's chasing them. I either fell out or they spilled me to lighten the load, for the old gee was winded. Anyway, I woke up out on your lawn, so I came in to visit you for a few days. The pantry window was open and I had a little snack."

"But there's some one in the linen closet."

"Yes, that's the reason the sissy's so sore. We took Lo for a souvenir. No worse than taking souvenir teaspoons, is it?"

Clutching his razor, Dick crept toward the linen closet and peered in.

Leaning nonchalantly against the lavender-scented house-frills was a shadowy figure, stolid and cruel—a cigar Indian.

He returned to Fauntly, who, despite the innocuous qualities of grape juice punch, was consuming vast quantities of iced water.

Grasping the drinker by the shoulders he pushed him toward the stairway and on down to the library. Safely there, he demanded full explanation.

"You see," elucidated Fauntly, "I was on the lawn with Lo beside me, and I heard some one coming down the main driveway, so I rolled over near the hedge and rolled Lo with me, because he's who the sheriff is after. That sissy at the cigar store swore he'd cage us all, and you remember my grandfather said the next scrape I got into would end college for me and all money supplies, too. He's mad, anyway, about my book of poems."

He mopped his Titian head with a rueful air indescribably amusing.

"But, Fauntly, you really ought to quit these larks," expostulated Dick, thinking with increasing uneasiness of Mollie and her probable remarks at breakfast.

"Oh, hire a hall!" responded the poet, with regrettable crudeness. "What we've got to do is to hide that Indian before he's traced here, because we had him standing up in the buggy and waving to the populace, the last I remember, and the sheriff was close behind then. Where'll we hide Lo?"

"Get him out of the house first thing, anyway," decided Dick, going to a hall rack and taking a raincoat to hide the glories of his blue silk pajamas. "Now you wait at the side door and hold this coat for me while I get Lo."

He tiptoed away upstairs, while Fauntly propped his lanky figure against the side door and surveyed the approach of dawn with maudlin interest. A moment later a shriek was heard above and pattering footsteps. Then a door slammed and there was a moment of silence, during which time Fauntly slid down his jeweled ladder of dreams with surprising alacrity; but swifter still was the descent of a garishly-colored body which whizzed down thru the warm damp west wind and landed dangerously close. He gazed up and Dick's anxious countenance hung above.

"Cover the infernal Indian with the raincoat and take him near the fountain. I'll fol——"

The soft whisper died away abruptly and Fauntly, rolling the coat around the passive Lo, snailed down thru the wet, dewy grass.

When Dick had crept up to the top step he had heard a noise from the servants' quarters and had stepped silently into the shadows to await developments. The housemaid, whose name he could never recollect, came down from the third floor, yawning sleepily. She reached up to extinguish the hall light which hung opposite the linen closet, and the twisted-up curtain caught her attention. Upon glancing in, she met Lo's evil stare and, with a shriek of terror, ran upstairs again. Dick seized this moment to sprint for the closet and, snatching up the wretched Leo, threw him down to the sentinel below. Then, hearing the maid, he broke off his whispered instructions and, watching his chance, dashed downstairs and out to the fountain. There lay Fauntly and the neatly robed Indian.

"Throw him into the fountain, quick'" panted Dick, snatching off the raincoat. "I hear a horse!"

As they lowered the body cautiously to prevent any sound of splashing, they heard distinctly the measured plop-plop of a tired horse on the country road. Dick stepped into his raincoat and turned to his friend.

"Now they've started a burglar scare up at the house, and I'll pretend I've been hunting him. Where can you hide. You can't appear, you know."

The poet looked mutinous.

"But I say," he protested, "I want some breakfast, and I want to see the Countess——"

But Dick was not even pretending to listen, for the buggy they had heard approaching had turned in at the wide iron gates, and the steady tread of tired hoofs resounded like the footsteps of a relentless fate ever pursuing them. He watched, fascinated. The sheriff, a shriveled, mean-appearing man, skipped out and rang a long, determined ring that to Dick's accusing conscience shouted, "Open in the name of the Law!" The girl Dick had seen in the hallway, and to whom he always referred as the non-cook, called timidly from an upper window:

"Are you the burglar?"

Stifling his annoyance as befitted a dignitary, the sheriff replied suitably and requested her to explain herself.

Mollie, hearing the conversation, ran down and opened the door herself, presenting such a radiant appearance of wavy black hair and pink negligee as completely to bewilder the Indian tracker.

"What's the trouble, and where's Dick?" demanded Mollie, briskly.

The sheriff removed his hat and examined it. "Well, madam, I'm looking for an Indian. He was seen in these grounds," he managed to say at length.

Mollie smiled skeptically. "Did he have his tomahawk with him?" she queried, swallowing a yawn.

"I mean a wooden Indian—a cigar stand Indian," he explained belatedly.

"Ah, I see," stated Mollie, politely. "Well, kindly take your Indian if he's here. I've no use for him."

"I think he's down by the fountain," squealed the non-cook, who had timidly descended in the wake of the intrepid Mollie.

She pointed a stubby hand in the direction of the fountain, and the sheriff scuttled down the path.

"I see the burglar's head down there, ma'am. He was in the linen closet ma'am and I yelled for the police, and how quick he came and where's his stick and——"

Mollie interrupted the monolog. "Where's Mr. Mordaunt?"

"I don't know, ma'am, but he's probably weltering in his blood. They always welter in stories and——"

But Mollie, her curly head held high, had gathered her frilly draperies around her and was fleetly pursuing the sheriff.

Dick saw them coming and, as he and Fauntly prepared to duck thru the south edge of the hedge, he sent a backward glance at the fountain.

There on the frothy surface floated the Indian, leering evilly.

"Dive in quick, Fauntly," he directed, "and pull him down and hold him under. They're all coming down from the house"

Fauntly hopped and pulled the Indian down, then poked his flaming head up and complained:

"I can't breathe!"

"Get under!" snapped Dick, with a savageness that would have surprised Mollie. "You don't deserve to breathe. I'll try and head them off."

"Them" was the correct designation, for while the sheriff had started alone on his raid, the pathway behind him was dotted with people, dressed and en deshabille, armed and weaponless.

Dick looked desperate; then, ruffling his blonde hair, he bounded forward, vaulted clear over the hedge, instead of going thru the picturesque archway provided for pedestrians, and landed in front of the sheriff. Eying him suspiciously, he thundered:

"He came thru this way. Where is he?"

Nonplused, the sheriff halted.

"Was he a red-headed man with a wooden Indian?" he queried.

"Oh, you policemen!" derided Dick. "I'm chasing a black-haired burglar with a gun two feet long, a regular brute with long, tusk-like teeth," he elaborated, with growing delight in his inventiveness.

"Yes, sir, I seen him, too. He said, 'Halt, maiden, or I'll have your life!'" confirmed the non-cook, while her master surveyed her with unconcealed admiration.

"And," bellowed the cook, a majestic personage with broad blue ribbons floating from her white cap. "And," she repeated, "the bottle of liquor has been stole from the pantry."

As she trumpeted these words the atmosphere suddenly became redolent of Old Crow, but Dick paused in the act of sniffing, as he heard a gurgle and splash from the fountain. With a ringing cry as of hounds in scent, he yelled:

"There he is by the tennis court!" and raced madly in that direction, with his raincoat billowing out weirdly behind him. After him went the sheriff, Mollie, the non-cook, the gardener and the cook. Bringing up the rear came the little Countess, sleepy and surprised, but cuddling her Pekingese as she ran and wept.

The race, however, was so swift that she was hopelessly left behind, so she trailed back and dropped dejectedly into a low basket chair near the fountain. The dog squirmed out of her arms and sniffed the grass on the fountain's edge.

"Ah, these Americans are queer," she wailed. "Why doesn't Mollie stand still a moment so I can tell her of my loss"

The tiny figure strongly resembled a Dresden china shepherdess, as she sat in a huddled heap crowned by rebellious masses of bronzy hair, golden in the sunlight. Her wide brown eyes held queer glints of amber, which gave her a piquant beauty most unusual.

Fauntly, struggling desperately for breath, raised his head tentatively from the fountain and drew a long breath.

A queer figure did this poet cut, with his brilliant head and dripping garments, but the expression on his joyous face was convincing to at least one person:

"Carola," he cried rapturously.

Her great eyes crinkled with sudden laughter:

"Ah, I thought I might chance to see you when I visited America!" she confessed, with naivete. "My guardian is dead now, so I could come, but I didn't expect to find you in a fountain, and I did not know that your profession was that of a burglar. I thought I had simply had a nightmare when I dreamed of you this morning."

"I mistook the room," he explained, vastly abashed. "I wanted Dick in a hurry, and Mollie likes to have things so er—er—formal, you know," he ended lamely.

"No one could accuse you of being formal," she dimpled, "but there must have been a real burglar, for my precious French fan has disappeared."

"I borrowed it," confessed Fauntly. "Thought I'd take some trifle so the maids would think there had been a sneakthief around and I'd get off free about Lo."

"I don't understand That fan is no trifle. It's a priceless possession; it belonged to the Empress Eugenie and has, so they say, magical qualities. My maid is hunting for it now, but I know it's gone, for it lay on the table near the door last night. Who's Lo?"

The dog's frantic barking answered, for there, under the sparkling stream of iridescent water, floated Lo, and far up the white stretch of the road leading to the green-haired forest jogged the sheriff, outwitted and weary.

Down the path came Mollie and Dick in search of their distinguished guest, but they paused in wonder at the arched gateway in the hedge.

Lo reposed woodenly upon the grass, while Fauntly deftly opened a hinged piece of the garishly painted head and, having scalped the unresisting victim, drew out the Countess' fan, unharmed.

"How are you, Mollie?" greeted the poet, unabashed. "I'm a trifle damp, but let me present my fiancee."

He waved a jubilantly possessive hand toward the rose-flushed little Countess, who examined her fan with laudable intentness. "You see, Dick," he went on, "this Indian is practically a humidor, and that sissy had him filled with choice cigars, but I'll return the outfit now that he's given up the search. He'll have to take Lo, however, 'as is.'"

"We'll have a gorgeous wedding," smiled Mollie embracing the bride-to-be, while Dick beamed beatifically.

"Now I know who inspired those wonderful poems," he teased, "and, Countess, your 'prize package' contained something else besides the fan."

Fauntly looked puzzled when his fiancee remarked, "Life is surely an adorable toyshop."

* * *

A Little Learning.

PRESIDENT GEORGE KISTER of Campion College said the other day in Prairie du Chien:

"Learning, profound learning, is the light of the world, but we continually get new proof of the harm a little learning does.

"A lady employed a schoolgirl of 12 to scrub her front steps. The schoolgirl worked well, but suddenly she stopped coming. The lady met her on the street and said:

"'What's the matter, Minnie? Why have you stopped working for me?'

"The urchin tossed her head.

"'I'm takin' Latin now,' she sniffed, 'and I don't scrub steps no more.'"

Miss Sherlock Takes a Hand

By T. C. Harbaugh

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Events in the Story to Date

HIRAM HENDERSON has been found in his library, murdered. Detective Chief Connors has fastened the crime on young Stanley Payne, suitor for the hand of Henderson's ward, Lotta. Payne's aunt has been fleeced out of her fortune by Henderson. Hilda Hurst, private detective, has found beside the murdered man a peculiar turtle-shaped pearl, and she recalls having seen a diver bring up such a pearl from the south seas at Asuncion. She goes to Asuncion, therefore, in quest of the name of the man who bought the pearl. From the diver she learns that this man was an American, and from Captain Jose, proprietor of the Hotel Imperiale, she learns that his name is Crucible. The diver pays for his information with his life, while Hilda Hurst herself barely escapes Captain Jose, who has suspected her too late. Meanwhile Crucible is making friends with Connors, who is in possession of Henderson's will leaving some sixty thousand dollars to Lotta, and a million dollars to the "Gray Brotherhood." Crucible explains the society of the Gray Brotherhood to Connors and says that he is himself a member of it. Hilda Hurst returns to New York and learns that a man named Senelli has made a duplicate of the turtle-headed pearl. Lotta has found Henderson's will and a diary. The will she has turned over to Connors, while from the diary Hilda begins to get a line on the Gray Brotherhood. Jose and Crucible decide they must get rid of Hilda. Max goes on a dangerous mission, bungles it and is injured.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 11, dated March 16.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

LONG into the night of Max's adventure at Rosemary Lane Hilda waited in vain for him. More than once she upbraided herself for sending him to seek Maida. She reproached herself because she knew he lacked tact; but, she argued, there was no one else upon whom she could rely. The missing detached scarf pin, which she had sent Max to find, meant much to the Mystery Solver. It was a link in the chain of evidence she was forging against the murderer of Hiram Henderson. She had the turtle-head pearl, but it was the pin she wanted now.

Since her return from the tropics she had lost no time. A second visit to Lotta Henderson had given her an insight into Maida Calderon. The Jersey girl had conceived a passion for Stanley Payne; she had grown intensely jealous of her mistress and in an outburst of feminine anger had declared she would yet rob Lotta of the man she loved. Maida might believe the pin belonged to Stanley and she would hold it over his head like the sword of Damocles for the purpose of winning him. After all, Hilda regretfully soliloquized, she should have gone to Rosemary Lane herself.

In a moment of fearlessness, not to say triumph, she had confronted Captain Jose in the cafe. Perhaps she had blundered there also, she told herself. The Spaniard doubtless had narrated his experience to Mr. Crucible and she would now find that mysterious person pitted against her. Hilda, however, loved a battle of wits and never shrank from one.

The diary Lotta had found hidden in the wall of the Henderson library had made startling revelations. It cast light upon the existence of the Gray Brotherhood, formed ten years ago in Italy. It told Hilda that Hiram Henderson had been a member and that the others were Murad Crucible, Jose Salvador and one Achilles Bruce, who had not yet come upon the tragic stage. It revealed also the oath of the Brotherhood, its mystic signs, and the vow that each member should will his possessions to his brethren. Thruout the book were bits of information which she stored away in her active brain, but in the absence of Max she was doubtful how next to proceed.

As yet, since her return, she had seen nothing of Lot Connors, the big chief of the detectives, but she was soon to clash again with this iron-willed man who brooked no interference and had no love for a rival. Upon emerging after breakfast from the little restaurant she was accosted from a limousine and saw Lot Connors' chauffeur beckoning to her.

"The Captain wants to see you, miss," he said.

"What does he want, Akers?"

"Just wants to see you. I've waited till you finished your breakfast." Hilda then stepped into the car and was whisked away.

Connors, then, she mused, knew of her return. She recalled their last interview in the Henderson library, when he told her the tragedy was a man's affair and she should keep her fingers out of it. Was he now going to discipline her in his imperious manner and again warn her to keep off? She was soon answered.

When she was ushered into Captain Connors' private office the big chief of detectives was lying back in his ample chair and the moment Hilda bade him good morning in her cheery tones his eyes flashed angrily.

"Sit down, Miss Hurst," he said, gruffly. Hilda obeyed and waited for the expected explosion.

"You've been away, I hear?" began Connors.

"I have been away," she admitted.

"You are still fussing over the Henderson affair?"

"Is this sudden news to you, Captain Connors? Did you not suspect, from what I said on the scene of the tragedy, that I might investigate it for myself?"

"And did I not tell you, Miss Hurst, that I would stand nothing of the kind?"

"You did not speak in riddles," she smilingly retorted.

"The Henderson case is closed so far as this department is concerned," he snapped. "You must be aware that an arrest has been made."

"I am aware of it."

"And you still persist in your investigations?"

"I see no reason for abandoning them."

The coolness of the little Mystery Solver nonplused Connors. He had crossed swords with her before and the recollection of her last triumph over him rankled in his bosom.

"I will not have it, Miss Hurst!" he cried, and his hand dropped heavily upon the table. "The case is closed, I say, and the right man has been netted."

"It was not mere blood lust, then?" smiled Hilda.

"I'll admit there was a motive, but I need not discuss that. You will oblige this department if you terminate your investigations forthwith."

"And what if I should refuse to do so, Captain?"

Connors leaned forward and transfixed Hilda with his piercing eyes. "Don't irritate me too far," said he, the words coming slowly and with deliberation from his lips. "You know I can compel obedience!"

"I know I am a free lance in detective work and that not even Captain Connors, with all his authority, can make me relinquish a trail against my will," was her answering defiance.

That he should be crossed by a little woman, his wishes defied by her, was gall to his nature. He rose and took several turns about the room, then stopping suddenly in front of her he burst forth: "You've been down in the tropics?"

"What if I have?" demurely answered Hilda.

"You've been making a fuss about a certain pearl."

"You have discovered that much, have you, Captain?"

"What has this pearl to do with the Henderson case?"

"You will pardon me, Captain Connors if I keep my discoveries to myself."

Without replying Connors stepped across the room and opened a door.

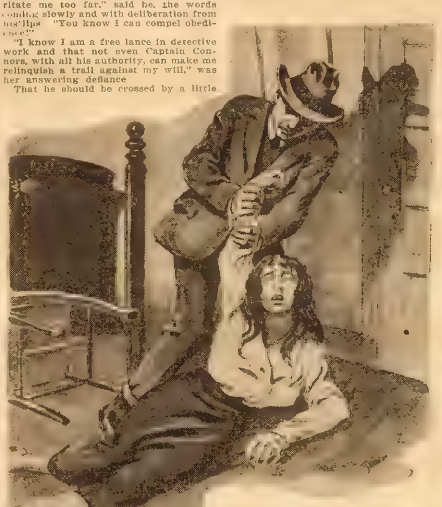
"This way, Mr. Crucible," said he, and the man of mystery entered.

"This is Mr. Crucible, Miss Hurst," said the chief. "This is the gentleman with whose private affairs you have been meddling."

The Mystery Solver essayed a slight bow and then turned to the chief.

"Is this Mr. Murad Crucible?" she asked.

"Mr. Murad Crucible," responded Captain Connors. "He is an old acquaintance. The right to protect him from espionage and insult I must insist upon at all times."



His Grip Tightened as He Pulled Her Across the Room.

Mr. Crucible had taken a step nearer Hilda and stood full front in the light. The Mystery Solver saw that he was expensively dressed from collar to pumps but what she most noted was the turtle-head pearl pin in his black cravat.

Suddenly Hilda arose, sending her glance from Mr. Crucible to the fuming Connors, who seemed on the eve of another outburst of indignation. "Is this all, Captain Connors?" she queried.

"It is all, except that you must from this hour cease giving my friend Crucible any annoyance."

Until then—Mr. Crucible had seemed merely on exhibition, and his pose, a little grandiloquent, had brought a smile to the Mystery Solver's lips.

"I do not wish to be annoyed, miss," said he at this juncture, in his suave tones. "It is not pleasant, as you must know. Captain Connors will vouch for me as a gentleman and a citizen, and I must insist upon living quietly here undisturbed in any way."

"That is right, Mr. Crucible," put in Connors. "I will see that you are not annoyed, even if it taxes the concentrated powers of my department."

"Thank you, Captain," bowed Mr. Crucible.

Hilda moved toward the door and laid her gloved hand on the knob. There was a quiet laugh in the depths of her blue eyes.

"You have been very kind, Captain Connors," said she. "This is not the first time we have crossed blades in our profession, and — "

"What?" roared Connors, striding forward, his big hands clinched and his face aflame. "Are you going to persist in your stubbornness? Don't rouse the lion in Lot Connors, Miss Hurst."

"And don't pluck your partridge till you've fairly caught it, Captain. Good morning and—good luck," and she tripped lightly down the stairs.

CHAPTER XI.

CROSS PURPOSES.

THE door had scarcely closed upon Miss Hurst when Mr. Crucible turned upon Connors.

"This is the height of annoyance!" he cried. "Am I to be dogged by a creature like that? By the way, who is she?"

"She is a woman who now and then takes a hand in ferreting out the mysteries of crime, and now and then also she does remarkably well."

"And you tolerate her?"

"She has no connection with this office," answered Connors. "I have been compelled on more than one occasion to read the riot act to her. She is a persistent little woman, and were it not for her sex I would long ago have caused her arrest for interference with the work of this department."

"Where does she live?"

"In Penway lane—No. 218, I believe," and Connors confirmed his belief by referring to a memorandum he took from his desk.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Crucible," he continued. "Miss Hurst is pretty hard to discipline."

"A woman with one idea, I see."

"Not exactly that. I give her credit for shrewdness and, above all, for persistence. Why, a year ago she stuck to a trail long after we had given it up and walked into the office one morning with the solution as clear as a star."

"Married?"

"Bless you, no! I don't think Hilda Hurst has ever thought of matrimony."

"A veritable annoyance," commented Mr. Crucible, then shifting to another subject. "When is the Henderson will to be opened [illegible]"

"Within a few days. There has been no particular haste about it. The memorandum he had slipped underneath the tape that bound the document gave me the information I imparted to you. There is a million for the Gray Brotherhood and some sixty thousand dollars for his ward, Miss Lotta Henderson. It has not been necessary to open the will itself to ascertain its main features."

"I am prepared to establish the claims of the Brotherhood," [illegible] "The legacy will be shared [illegible] —Captain Jose Salvador [illegible], Achilles Bruce, who is expected [illegible] any moment, and myself."

"A lucky three, Mr. Crucible."

"Yes. Henderson was the last person to be initiated into the Brotherhood. He demurred a little at the demand that he should make a will giving the bulk of his estate to the Society, but finally consented, and I am glad he was man enough to keep his obligation."

"He wasn't the pink of perfection otherwise," observed Connors. "Had he been, the young man now charged with his murder might be at liberty. Henderson took wherever he could, and when he robbed Mrs. Payne he sealed his death warrant, for her nephew took vengeance and is now in the shadow of the chair."

Mr. Crucible here took his departure, and an hour later turned up in his own quarters. "I had a good look at the bird!" he cried, after greeting Captain Jose, who was waiting for him.

"You saw the woman, you mean?"

"Yes, had a good look. She's not a giantess, Captain."

"Not nearly as big as my Lola," grinned the man from Margarita. "But sometimes these little serpents are as deadly as their larger sisters."

"I know that. I've found out where she lives, too."

"You trailed her?"

"No, my friend Connors gave me her address. You're not familiar with the city yet, Captain?"

"No, but a little education will go a good ways."

"She won't give up the hunt," Mr. Crucible exclaimed.

"You opened up on her, eh?"

"Not I, but Connors did. She's as obdurate as a Carib."

Captain Jose blew some smoke rings

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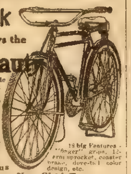

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ceilingward. "Then we've got to discipline this woman," he suggested.

"Yes, Captain."

At that moment the door opened and both men leaped to their feet.

"Bruce!" ejaculated Mr. Crucible, and the eyes of Captain Jose fairly shone.

The newcomer was an angular man above medium height, dark of skin, with a wiry figure and dangerous-looking hands. His arms reached so far downward that the hands touched his knees.

Achilles Bruce, the third surviving member of the Gray Brotherhood, strode forward nervously and stood before Mr Crucible with his long neck craned forward.

"Well, your message found me," said he, and his voice was almost a squeak. "You wanted me to come at once and I'm here. What's happened?" As he finished he made a singular sign which both the others imitated.

"We've got a million in our fists," said Mr. Crucible. "We've got it caught, and now to hold it!"

"What's to prevent our keeping it?" grated Bruce. "We never let anything get away from us."

"Nothing but the treasure of the old Countess of Miraflore," grinned Captain Jose.

"And that was thru your asininity!" flashed Bruce, whirling upon the Spaniard. "But for you——"

"Come!" exclaimed Mr. Crucible, leaping up and placing himself between the two men. "This is no time for criminations." But the big Spaniard was not to be subdued in a moment. He confronted Bruce with his face darker than ever and a volcano of hatred in his wicked eyes.

"I didn't lose the treasure for us," he flashed. "It was Senor Bruce who went out of the way to make love to the market girl who wormed our intentions from him——"

"You lie!"

The epithet was not quicker than were the hands of the Margaritan in seizing his antagonist and pinning him against the wall.

"I'll kill you!" stormed Captain Jose "Say that I did not lose the treasure to the Brotherhood, or Satan shall greet you before the appointed time!"

Mr. Crucible, white-faced and with fear in his eyes, darted at the men and finally succeeded in tearing them apart, but even then the tiger in Captain Jose was not curbed.

"I've got work for you," Mr. Crucible told Bruce. "As I've said, we've got the million netted, but some one is trying to cut the meshes."

"It's the woman," grunted Captain Jose.

"It's a woman who will not be silenced." Crucible explained. "You know the city, Bruce?"

"I was born here"

"Do you know where Penway lane is?"

"The old woman who took me from my mother's breast after she was dead lived in Penway lane."

"Good! This woman I speak of—the living menace of our millions—lives there."

Achilles Bruce passed his hand across his brow reflectively. "Penway lane, eh?" he ejaculated. "I guess the numbers haven't been changed since I lived there. What's hers, Murad?"

"It's 218," answered Mr. Crucible.

"You don't tell me!" cried Bruce "Why, that's the old nest."

"So much the better," replied Mr. Crucible. "With this woman out of the way the million is ours"

"What is she like?" Mr. Crucible gave a description of Hilda which was as accurate as a photograph

All this time Captain Jose was leaning back in his chair looking at Bruce out of half-closed eyes. The Spanish tiger was raving in him yet.

"Make it tonight, Achilles," said Mr Crucible. "You can take Jose with you——"

Bruce shifted his eyes to Captain Jose. "I don't want him," he flashed.

Jose's little eyes opened and lightning darted forth. "When you feel the claws of this American cat," said he with a South Sea grimace, "you'll wish for Jose Salvador. She's no Florentine market girl." Bruce would have answered in like coin, but he dared not.

"You'll see her, Achilles?" asked Mr. Crucible.

"I'll find the old nest," was the reply "Now tell me all about the million;" and while Mr. Crucible talked Captain Jose glided from the room.

"Some day," said Bruce with a glance at the Margaritan, "we'll have it out. It's an armed truce between us, reptile! The woman first, then that Spanish cobra!"

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW MYSTERY.

THE unexpected had happened to Mr Piper. His failure to obtain from Maida Calderon the lost pearl pin more than nettled him. At the very moment when he should have used discretion he had lost his head, and when he found himself out on the blustery road which led to the town from which he had tramped to Rosemary Lane, he upbraided himself in no gentle language.

That Hilda should trust such a man as he, who could not keep his temper, kept him at war with himself till he reached his destination, four miles from the Calderon home. A night train stopping at the station altered his plan of sleeping in the country town, and he boarded it on his return trip. He had scarcely made himself comfortable when he was hurled from his seat and deposited amid a mass of shrieking humanity.

The collision left Max to crawl out as best he could, but the moment he reached the air he toppled over and lost consciousness. All thru the night he lay on a cot oblivious to his surroundings, and not until many hours had passed was he permitted to resume his journey.

It was night again when he found himself back in the city. He was almost ashamed to face Hilda on account of his failure, and some time elapsed before he turned his steps toward Penway lane. Even then he rapped guiltily at Hilda's door.

Getting no response, Max turned the knob and saw the room beyond was dark. Forebodings of disaster took possession of him. Striking a match, he lighted the gas. The bed in one corner, undisturbed in its cleanliness, first held his attention. Perchance Hilda was out on some mission, but what could be keeping her? Midnight had just struck from the big clock on the next square.

A footstep sounded suddenly in the hall. Was Hilda coming at last? Max bounded up and pushed into the corridor. The mistress of the place stood looking at him with troubled countenance

"I'm waiting for Hilda." said Max.

"Isn't she in? There's something wrong," said the woman, eying Max closely

The woman was collecting her scattered thoughts. "Hilda was here at dark," said she. "I heard her. I retired early and fell asleep. All at once a singular noise wakened me. It was like a half-suppressed cry. I rose, but, full of fear, it took me some time to pull myself together. I have a perfect horror of house-breakers. I at length found courage to slip out of my room and came just now to this door, but I could not open it, for the fear that I should find Hilda dead obsessed me. I suppose you must have heard me."

"That is why I went to the door," replied Max, his face losing color. "You heard a cry?" he gasped

"It was like a cry," was the reply

"From this room?"

"It seemed to come from Hilda's room, but you know that one wakened from sleep by a sound cannot determine whence it comes. Let us look about the room. Everything seems in place, nothing disturbed."

Max suddenly stooped and picked up something from the floor. He held it to the light and both stared at a black rubber button.

"It's a man's button!" exclaimed the woman, but Max, in his alarm, hardly heard her. "Some one was here tonight to see Hilda." she insisted. "There's been bad work done. Do you know, I've been afraid of this ever since I discovered Hilda's occupation."

"Afraid of what?"

"That some of these evil-doers would turn on her."

The button seemed to grow hot in Max's hands. "But why should the owner of this thing lose it here?" he managed to ask.

"The sound I heard!" was the quick response. "There may have been a struggle."

"Not if Hilda had time to use the automatic!" cried Max. "She's as quick as a cat——"

"But some men are quicker," put in the woman "She may have been taken unawares"

"It takes a master mind to get the best of Hilda," Max exclaimed proudly.

Careful search of the room yielded nothing but the black button, which Max thrust into his pocket. He threw himself into Hilda's chair and looked helplessly into the woman's face.

"It's a case for the police," said she, suggestively.

"No, not yet," cried Max, springing to his feet. "If it had not been for that infernal collision I would have been here long ago. I'm going now."

"To look for Hilda?"

"Why not? She's the only woman in this world to Max Piper."

"Do you know of any one who would harm her?"

"A woman who trails men and brings them to justice always has enemies. Just now Hilda has them. I wonder if it was the pearl that drew them on?"

"What pearl?" asked the woman, her eyes widening in amazement.

"The turtle-head pearl. But never mind, since you know nothing about it. If Hilda should come back," he began, as he opened the door, and then stopped. "But she's not coming back if the enemy has struck!" And with this he slammed

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the door and went down the stairs, three steps at a time.

He hardly knew how he reached a lighted square some distance from the house. Hilda gone! It was the only thought that stirred within him. He stared at the many lights and rummaged thru his pockets half abstractedly. His hand came in contact with something and he drew forth the button.

"It would be a clew for Hilda," he thought, "but for me—for a fool that couldn't master a country girl—it's nothing!"

The approach of a familiar figure gave Max a sudden shock. He drew back and stared.

"Lot Connors!" he exclaimed, and impulsively he started toward the big pedestrian. "No, I'll tell you nothing, Connors," he decreed decisively to himself. "I'll work this case myself!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT BECAME OF HILDA.

THE noise and bustle of the city to a great degree had grown still. Penway lane was removed from the heart of the traffic quarter, and Hilda had chosen the street for her abode because she could come and go without publicity. Her calling was one which she had never intruded upon the public gaze, and the hundreds whom she daily encountered in a casual way never dreamed that in this little woman's brain were formed plans which brought to light the most mysterious of crimes.

Hilda entered her lodgings not long before Max's return. She was still distraught over his prolonged absence. Her interview with Captain Connors and the meeting with Mr. Crucible were also subjects for anxious thought. Mr. Crucible had faced her with the sang-froid of an accomplished actor. Hilda saw he had wormed himself into the chief's confidence, and she hoped some day to tear away the mask and convince Connors that beneath a surface of gloss there was the veriest dross.

Mr. Crucible, she had noticed, had taken pains to let her see that the scarf pin he wore was a turtle-head pearl. It was a mate to the one which she treasured in the chamois bag. Even while she gazed at it she recalled her visit to Senelli, the little old jeweler who worked in solitude, and who, by an unconscious slip of the tongue, had told her that he had duplicated for some one a pearl like the one she carried.

Home once more, she removed her wraps and began to wait again for Max. The house was quiet. Mrs. Percival, her landlady, retired early and Hilda knew that her part of the house was closed for the night.

If Max should not turn up by morning, she decided she would begin a search for him. His prolonged absence was inexplicable. There might have been a spy on his trail, for Hilda, knowing Captain Jose and Mr. Crucible had met, believed they would now plot against her.

The big clock in the nearest tower knocked off the hours in sonorous tones, and at last 10 o'clock struck decisively. The Mystery Solver was rising when footsteps approached her room. Was it Max at last? A glow of pleasure came to Hilda's cheeks and she fixed her gaze on the door.

It opened slowly, and with caution. Such was not Max's way. At sight of the man who came in Hilda recoiled, and then became a statue at the edge of the table.

He was a gaunt, sharp-faced man of 50, with a pair of searching eyes, a person with whom she had no acquaintance. She noticed that he closed the door carefully behind him. She heard the little click of the latch

In another moment the man had planted himself before her and was looking down into her face like one flushed with triumph. He was certainly not Mr. Crucible, neither was he the man from Margarita, but the thought that he was some one connected with this delectable pair of plotters went like a flash thru her mind.

If he was neither Mr. Crucible nor Captain Jose, then he must be the third man of the Gray Brotherhood—the one mentioned in Hiram Henderson's diary, Achilles Bruce.

She was the first to speak. The automatic, her friend on more than one perilous occasion, was in the pocket of the outer garment she had cast carelessly on the bed.

"What is it?" she asked, giving look for look. "What is your missfon here?"

An exasperating smile gathered at the man's mouth. "I've just dropped in to see you, little one," said he.

"Why me?"

"Because I have some business with you."

"But I don't know you," said Hilda. "And you have not been asked to come."

The grin broadened. "I sometimes go where I haven't been invited," was the response, and there was a challenge in his voice. "I'm in luck to find you at home."

Hilda darted a look toward the garment on the bed and seemed to calculate the distance between her and it. This man was dangerous. Intuition told her he had come to her for no good.

Suddenly she spoke the name which had risen to her lips almost at first sight.

"You are Achilles Bruce," she said.

"Do you think so, little one?" he answered. "Do I look like Mr. Bruce?"

"You are the Third Man!" she accused.

"The third man who has called upon you?"

Hilda flushed indignantly. "No, you are the Third Man—one of the Gray Brotherhood."

The man started, astonished by her prescience. "You are right," he cried, and instantly his long hands closed about her wrists and she was held captive. "I am Achilles Bruce!"

Hilda struggled vainly, with heaving breast and flashing eyes. It was no use to think of the automatic now. His fingers were links of steel and his deep-set, leopard-like eyes seemed to scorch her cheeks.

"Don't make an outcry," he said, speaking in low but tense voice. "You have nothing to fear if you keep your head, little one."

"When did you come into the game, Achilles Bruce?"

"Bless you, girl, I have never been out of it," was the reply.

"You have come from the chief of the clan?"

"It matters little whence I come," he smiled. "We are going now."

"We?" accentuated Hilda.

"You and I." His grip tightened as he pulled her across the room.

"Surely you are not going to take me out into the night without my wraps;" but it was of the automatic she was thinking most.

"I am going to take you as you are," answered Bruce. "You see, little one, Achilles Bruce isn't going to take any chances. It's not a long distance. You will keep warm on the way," and with this he released one wrist long enough to open the door.

They went silently down the steps together and out into the street. Not far away stood a motor car and Hilda was thrust into it and Achilles Bruce sprang to a seat at her side.

"Be docile," he whispered. "It's a short journey," and the car moved away. A few minutes later it turned from the broader street and darted into a narrow way. Hilda saw the outlines of many houses and noticed that the lights were scattering. Then the motor came to a sudden stop. The gaunt hand of Achilles Bruce clutched her wrist once more and she was lifted out. The moment she touched the ground the car whirled and darted back.

She was almost carried up a flight of three steps and thrust into a dimly lighted hallway. A staircase rose before her. The whole thing seemed a dream, the nightmare of a restless night.

Into a small room on the second floor back the Mystery Solver was pushed, but the grip upon her was not relaxed until Achilles Bruce switched on the light, revealing two chairs, a narrow couch and a faded carpet on the floor.

The little Mystery Solver staggered from her captor to the middle of the room. "This is infamous!" she exclaimed, meeting his triumphant gaze with a look of defiance. "You have no right to bring me to this place."

"Might makes right, little one," he grimaced. "You've been interfering."

"With the infamous game?" she flashed.

"Never mind with what. Now, sit down." Hilda, on the contrary, planted herself more firmly before him.

"You're not armed?" he speculated, as he glanced searchingly upon her.

"Think you, Achilles Bruce, that I would be here if I were armed?" she laughed. "Your life would not have been worth the cast of dice had I not discarded my cloak."

"So, little girl? Well, this is your cage. It is to be more than that. It is to be your tomb! And I am to be your jailer. You are out of the game now. You have solved your last mystery. All lanes turn for the Gray Brotherhood!"

The Gray Brotherhood has taken an unexpected trick, but, as Captain Connors has grudgingly admitted in regard to the little Mystery Solver, "I give her credit for shrewdness and, above all, for persistence." The conspirators, moreover, had not thought of the old adage that he who dances must pay the Piper—in this case meaning Max. How trumps were played against them will be told in the next installment of this story, to appear in the April 6 issue of the Ledger.

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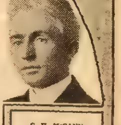


C. H. McCANN

One of our live representatives, who made $95.25 in six days. His profit for two days' work was $31 90.

Stylish Coat Free To You

$2.00 an Hour for your Spare Time

If you can't spend all of your time on this proposition, then only put in an **hour or two** a day. Just use your **spare time.** It **is easy,** and you can make **more money** during the **noon hour** than all the rest of the day at other work.

Every man and woman can find a few minutes time, and you can easily make $2 clear profit in an hour. If you only make that much every day the $600 will come in mighty handy during the year.

I WILL GIVE YOU FOR YOUR OWN USE FREE A FINE RAINCOAT

I want every one of my representatives to wear one of my coats, and I will furnish any man or woman who wants to represent us with one of our beautiful "Kantleak" raincoats **absolutely free.** You wear it, you show the style book and the samples of beautiful material, and **you get the order.** You also get your **profit in advance** with this proposition, and as soon as you get an order the money is there for you. No further trouble. No bother about delivering or collecting. If you make $100 next week you will have that $100 **in cash** at the end of the week. There is no heavy outfit to carry around. You **wear your sample coat** and you carry the style book **in your pocket.** Everybody **welcomes you gladly** and is **pleased** with the opportunity to buy from you because of the wonderful styles and low prices they get. "Kantleak" raincoats are for men, women and children. Just fill out the coupon and send today for the details of this liberal offer and the style book to pick your coat from.

This Fine Car FREE

You can get this splendid car free as an additional premium for selling "Kantleak" raincoats. You can use it in getting orders and DOUBLE YOUR INCOME. Just mail the coupon and we will tell you about the plan that we have of giving our agents this car, free as a reward for good work.

WRITE TODAY!

W. S. COOPER

His profit in one week was $96 60 This is equal to $5,000 a year His record is $28.75 profit in four hours

Use this Coupon NOW!

Don't waste another minute Don't let this one wonderful opportunity slip through your fingers. This is your chance to make $2,500 to $3,600 a year or $2 an hour for your spare time. Remember others are doing it. They know what it means to them not to have to deliver or collect. They know what it is to have **plenty of money** and to wear our fine coats. Write at once.

Just write your name and address on the coupon It **won't cost you one cent.** You **don't have to send any money.** Do it quick, and mail it today Tomorrow it may be too late. Just fill it in with a pen or pencil, and get the beautiful coat that we offer you free.

The Comer Mfg. Co. Dept. B-120. Dayton, O.

Act Now-Mail this Coupon

The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. B-120, Dayton, Ohio.

Dear M. Comer: Please give me full particulars about your "Kantleak" raincoat offer. Tell me how I can make $3,600 a year and get an automobile free. Send me your free circular so I can pick out my free sample coat.

Name..

Address..

Postoffice..

State..

Grandmother's Beau

IN MY sitting-room hangs a portrait of a young girl with a sweetly serious face. A gray shawl is around her shoulder and she wears a gray bonnet with ribbons sedately tied under her chin. This was my grandmother when she was 17. In my treasure box is the little diary she kept and a faded pink rose. Pinned to the rose is a paper that reads: "The rose my husband gave me for my bonnet. He knew how my heart desired the flower, and selected it himself and gave me kind permission to wear it." The little diary tells the rest of the story:

"December.

"I have a new gray shawl and a new gray bonnet for Christmas day. I fear it will be hard to keep my mind on the sermon and repeat the text to mother, for I shall be thinking of my new apparel. But dearie me! I am so disappointed. I begged for a pink rose on my bonnet, but mother said only frivolous women wore giddy things like that. So I tried not to think more of it. Last night, however, I dreamed that outside my window grew a beautiful rose, and I was caressing it, when it spoke. It said (I am almost ashamed to write it):

"'I was made from the pink of your cheeks, the sweetness of your ways and the fragrance of your soul.' Then I thought suddenly it lay beside me and I knew I owned a pink rose far lovelier than any bonnet could hold. But alas! I soon awoke, and found I owned neither real rose or made rose, but I shall never forget my dream and I shall always imagine that on one place on my bonnet there is a pretty rose.

"January.

"It seems to me I am full of vanity and wickedness. Last night I was invited by Cousin John to attend the theater in the city. I asked mother and she looked right thru me and said, 'You are old enough to decide for yourself, now; but if you care to please me, you will not go.' Then she said it was an invention of the Evil One and said I should try and subdue any frivolous tendencies. I did not go, but I felt badly and why, O, why, is everything I desire 'an invention of the Evil One?'

"February.

"How glad I am that mother advised me not to go to the theater last month. Mr. Andrew Wells came to call on father tonight and in the general conversation they spoke of theater. Mr. Wells is very grave and wise and has a prominent part in our village affairs. He agreed with mother and said young women should be carefully protected so that the bloom should not be brushed off the flower. He has such a fine mind.

"March.

"I am learning to color pictures and paint on china a little. I think I shall be an artist, only father says I could only do it at home and not for publicity. It must be grand to win fame and fortune, tho. Sarah Deane wore a flower in her bonnet today.

"April.

"Mr. Andrew was here tonight and I served him with some cakes I had made. He seemed to enjoy them and said he always liked to see a young girl helping in the household and learning that I must get more accustomed to household tasks and try to like them better.

"May.

"We have had quite an excitement. Last night I was sleeping and mother pulled me out of bed and told me to dress quickly, as the house next door was afire. At once I thought of my gray bonnet, and pulled off a pillow case and put my bonnet in the bottom of it. I fear I was somewhat bewildered, for I found later that I put my best boots next. We were quite agitated for a while, but our home was safe. I felt rather ill today, tho.

"Mr. Andrew came over on his horse tonight to inquire about our health after the fire. My newly baked bread was on the table and he seemed much pleased when he heard that I made it. He said the work of home-making was so beautiful, and who could give a house such charm as a true woman who knew how to guide all affairs. I assured him that I, too, thought woman's noblest duties were in the home, and told him the many things I am learning. Mother says I am a great help to her, but she looks so queerly at father when she says it and then father walks around using his handkerchief.

"June.

"Andrew brought me some roses from his garden and as he bowed low and presented them to me he said, 'They are made of the pink from your cheeks and the sweetness of your soul.' It reminded me of my dream and quite startled me, for I thought him a little bold to speak thus to me. I hesitatingly told mother and she said that as I was 18 last week I was now a woman and sometimes when a man admired a woman he would say such words. I wonder if he admires me! He is ten years older than I am and very wise and good. He comes quite often now to discuss weighty matters with father.

"July.

"I dreamed again last night. I thought I was in the garden and little birds came flying to me. When they reached me they changed to most beautiful roses and nestled against me. They called me sister and everywhere I walked were roses and green leaves—but no thorns. I wondered if I was in truth in Heaven, but then some one—ah, I cannot write it—stood beside me and called me 'his one own rose of the world.'

"August.

"My dream has all come quite true and when the month of roses comes again I shall belong to Andrew. Is it not wonderful that so wise a man can yet be so tender, so patient with me? I am sewing my sheets and preparing my linens. Truly, I am of all women the most blessed. I cannot write, for my heart does beat like the fluttering of a bird's wing.

"June again.

"I shall be quite good all the rest of my life, for I have lived for a few moments in paradise. Andrew said I should arrange the wedding myself, and others bow always to his will. So in his most beautiful garden of roses the ceremony was performed, and just as we were made man and wife, the children of my church classes gathered around us and showered us completely with rose petals.

"When at last my husband led me into our new home, every room was decorated with my heart's own flower, and on the table in my own rose room was a wonderful sight of joy. Andrew had talked with mother and they had ordered made a beautiful white silk bonnet, and nestling among the laces was a most beautiful pink silk rose."

Making Him Welcome.

A VISITOR with half a dozen suitcases rushed up to the English proprietor of the Maple Hotel in a small Canadian town.

"Say, mister, I own the Athenian Sewing Machine Building in Philadelphia. My name's Tom S. Grogg, and Senator P. H. Figgin said that if I mentioned his name you'd look after me."

As the only reply of the Englishman was to take his pipe out of his mouth and stare at him, the traveler began his tale anew.

"Say, mister, my name's Tom Grogg, and I own the Athenian Sewing Machine Building in Philadelphia. P. H. Figgin, Senator, said that if I mentioned his name you'd look after me."

Mine host answered only with a long yawn.

The visitor once more introduced himself, ending as before with the remark:

"And Senator P. H. Figgin said that if I mentioned his name you'd look after me."

The landlord made an effort at last and said, slowly:

"All right, old chap! What d'yer want me to do? D'yer want me to kiss yer?"

* * *

Keeping in the Shade.

IT WAS a broiling hot day in the park, and those walking therein were well-nigh exhausted, when a very stout old lady came bustling along one of the paths, closely followed by a rough-looking tramp. Twice she commanded him to leave her, but still he followed just behind. At last the old lady, quite disgusted, turned angrily round and said:

"Look here, my man, if you don't go away I shall call a policeman."

The poor fellow looked up at her with a tear in his eye, and then remarked:

"For goodness' sake, mum, don't go away, for you're the only bit of shade in the park."

Have you ever heard of the wonderful Tifnite Gem? Just look at announcement on back page of this issue.—Adv.

"Cure Your Rupture Like I Cured Mine"

Old Sea Captain Cured His Own Rupture After Doctors Said "Operate or Death."

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to not only remain ashore, but kept him bedridden for years. He tried doctor after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He did **neither!** He cured himself instead.

"Fellow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the method that so quickly made him a well, strong, vigorous and happy man.

Anyone can use the same method; it's simple, easy, safe and inexpensive. Every ruptured person in the world should have the Captain Collings book, telling all about how he cured himself, and how anyone may follow the same treatment in their own home without any trouble. The book and medicine are FREE. They will be sent prepaid to any rupture sufferer who will fill out the below coupon. But send it right away—now—before you put down this paper.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK AND REMEDY COUPON.

Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box 204B Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

Name ....

Address ....

....

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely Free, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$35 to $50 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

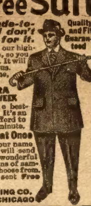
and besides that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely Free, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates to choose from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and postage prepaid.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 351 CHICAGO

Quality and Fit Guaranteed



Mr. Edison's Wonderful Amberola

Only $1.00 After Free Trial

Yes, you may keep this New Edison Amberola—Edison's great phonograph with the diamond stylus—and your choice of records, too, for only $1. Pay the balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Try the New Amberola in your own home before you decide to buy. Send no money down. Then return if you wish.

Write Today For Our New Edison Book. Send your name and address for our new book and pictures of the New Edison Amberolas. No obligations.

F. K. BABSON, *Edison Phonograph Distributors*
5013 Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED by harmless remedy. Guaranteed. Sent on trial. If it cures, costs you $1. If it fails, costs nothing.
SUPERBA COMPANY, G V, Baltimore, Md.

A Woman's Message to Women:

R. F. D. 2, Box 58, JOELTON, TENN.

"Last Spring I was in a critical condition from female troubles, inflammation, displacement, irregularity and flooding, so that I would have to stay in bed sometimes for two weeks, and the doctor thought I would have to go through an operation. I wrote for your ten days' Opaline treatment, which helped me wonderfully, so I sent for a box, and at the last two times, I staid up and did my work. I think Mrs. Summers' medicine is the greatest thing on earth for women's ailments, and I will recommend it every chance I have." Mrs. Ellen Anderson.

COLLINSTON, LA.

"I am writing to let you know what your Opaline treatment has done for myself and daughter. She had suffered ever since entering womanhood until she tried your remedy; but she is getting along fine now and all of her pains and cramps have left her. As for myself, it has cured me of untold suffering and weakening drains. Doctors did not help, but after using your remedy one month, I am up and able to do all my work for ten in the family. I can't find words to thank you enough." Mrs. H. N. Osborn.

(TRADE-MARK)

Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help.

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of **Mrs. Summers'** popular **Opaline Home Treatment** in relieving so much of the misery and suffering known only to womankind.

READER, if you are troubled with some of those special ailments of women—

SEND FOR A FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

with illustrated, descriptive copy of *"Woman's Own Medical Adviser,"* and test **Mrs. Summers' Opaline Remedy for yourself,** in your own home, without the knowledge or aid of anyone. You can afterward continue if you wish, at about **12c. a week** For twenty-five years women have reported it satisfactory, and often superior to vegetable tonics and compounds. It is used by old and young and does not interfere with daily work. Write in confidence, as your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman. For the **Free Trial,** address,

THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO., Women's Dept. 105 **South Bend, Ind.**

Mrs. Summers' Remedies are sold by many Druggists.

BOYS—A Special Lone Scout Sweater
With Official Monogram

Just the thing for winter, for sport and for work. Made expressly for our boys, to be worn with the Lone Scout Uniform. **Same design and quality as U. S. Army sweater coat, with military collar and regulation pockets.** Body of sweater is gray, collar blue, Lone Scout Monogram in red and blue. No dye to fade. Sweater strictly pure wool—not a thread of cotton in it.

"Warm as a Stove"---Weighs 2 Pounds

Sweaters of this quality sell for $6.50 or more at retail. On account of buying in large quantities and selling at cost, we furnish this special sweater to our boys for $4.00. Weight of sweater is 2 pounds. Built to last, firmly knit with special shape retaining features; no sagging; double bottom, will never stretch out; sloping shoulders; a tight, firm stitch where the wear comes, but sufficiently elastic to give freedom to the body; all seams protected against ripping; tailored buttonholes which will never get larger.

Lone Scout Sweater
With Official Monogram

$4

Order now and get the full wear out of your sweater. Be sure to state your size. The sweater is $4.00 and if you want us to prepay shipment, send postage with order. Shipping weight of sweater is 2 pounds.

LONE SCOUT SUPPLY COMPANY,
512 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
The only Company that Supplies Official Lone Scout Outfits and Equipment.

LSA LSA

We Give You

A Pair of Stylish Shoes like this; well made, patent leather lowers, stage last, concave Cuban heel; a very attractive, up-to-date shoe. Or your **choice of 350 other premiums** for just a little effort. Easy, pleasant work — taking orders for **MOTHER'S SALVE** among your friends. Greatest remedy known for Croup, Catarrh, Colds. Unequaled for Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Nearly everyone knows this old reliable remedy. Every jar guaranteed. We give many valuable premiums for selling only 1 dozen jars at 25c each.

No Money Required in advance. We trust you. We send you supply of Mother's Salve; you collect 25c for each jar sold and send money to us. For your trouble you secure the premium you select. Our new mammoth Premium Catalog shows full lines of Furniture, Rugs, Crockery, Wearing Apparel, Rogers' Silverware, Jewelry, etc. ALL GIVEN WITHOUT COST! **24 years' honest dealing have made us the largest house of the kind in the U. S.** It pays to be our agent. Send no money; just your name and address.

Mother's Remedies Co., 1120C12, 35th St., Chicago

Pants $2.95 Made to Order

Amazing offer! Quality pants, made to your individual measure. Fast colors and latest style. Perfect fit absolutely guaranteed.

MAKE $50 A WEEK during your spare time taking orders for famous "Golden Rule Clothes". No capital or experience necessary. Agents outfit complete, cloth samples, fashions, tape measure, stationery and order blanks, all prepaid. Send postal for special offer to

AGENTS WANTED

Old Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 15, Chicago

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book **FREE BOOK** describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, $35 and up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO, Dept. 214 Galesburg, Kansas.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

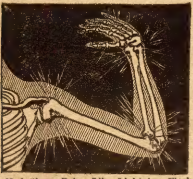
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address **PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.**

Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money — Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply fill out the coupon below and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Mark H. Jackson, 640 D, Gurney Bldg.,
Syracuse, N. Y.
I accept your offer. Send to:

....

....

Wear a Dainty Cap to Your Breakfast

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THESE dainty caps are very popular and not expensive. Three spools of mercerized crochet cotton size 50, four yards of No. 3 satin ribbon, and three-quarters of a yard of white elastic complete the materials.

The work is simple and pleasing. Start with 12 ch sts, join, forming a circle.

First Row—35 s c into this circle.

Second Row—1 s c into each s c of previous row, with 2 s c into the last st, catch the back half of each st only, join.

Third Row—2 s c into the first st, 1 s c into each of the remaining sts, 2 s c into the last st, join.

Fourth Row—* 2 s c into the first st, 1 s c into the next st, repeat *.

Fifth Row—3 ch sts, 1 d c into each st of previous row.

Sixth Row—5 ch sts, * 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 1 st, repeat *, then make 1 d c, 2 ch sts into each of the next 4 sts, then * 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 1 st, repeat * for the remaining sts of this row, 2 ch sts, join to 3rd ch st, 5 ch sts.

Seventh Row—1 roll st (wind thread over hook 12 times, hook thru first st, draw thread thru, thread over hook, thru all loops on hook, thread over hook, thru this loop), 1 ch st, repeat for each st of previous row.

Eighth Row—* 5 ch sts, skip 1 st, 1 d c, ** 5 ch sts, 1 s c into top of d c, forming a p, repeat ** until you have 3 p, all into same st, 5 ch sts, skip 1 st, 1 s c, repeat *.

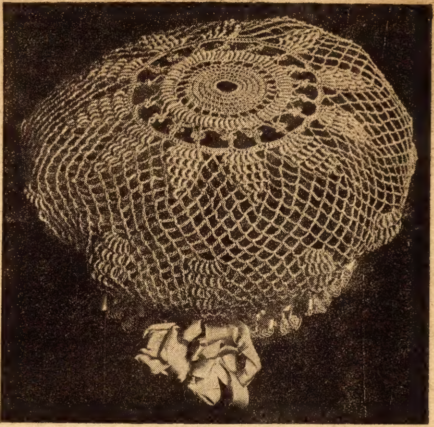
Ninth Row—* 7 ch sts, 1 s c into center of center p, repeat *.

Tenth Row—1 s c into each st of previous row.

Eleventh Row—5 ch sts, * 1 roll st, 1 ch st, repeat for 6 roll sts, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 s c, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, repeat *.

Twelfth Row—5 ch sts, * 1 roll st, 1 ch st over the 1 ch st of previous row, repeat for 5 roll sts, 5 ch sts, 1 s c over 1st ch st of loop, 7 ch sts, 1 s c over next loop, 5 ch sts, repeat *.

Thirteenth Row—By making 1 roll st over ch, between roll sts of previous row, you will observe that you have 1 roll st less on each gr; increase the loops by making 1 loop of 7 ch sts more between each gr, for each row, until you complete the 15th row, then make 6 rows of loops of 7 ch sts each all around the cap.



Twenty-second Row—* 1 roll st, 1 ch st, repeat until you have 6 roll sts over loop, 5 ch sts, 1 s c over next loop, 4 loops of 7 ch sts each, 5 ch sts, repeat *.

Decrease the roll sts as before on the next 4 rows, then 8 rows of loops or as many rows as are required to produce the size of the cap.

For the beading, make 5 ch sts, * 3 t c over loop, 1 ch st, 3 t c over next loop, repeat * around the cap.

Scallop—7 ch sts, * skip 1 ch of beading, over next ch make 1 t c, 3 ch sts, 6 t c, over t c, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

Last Row—* 4 ch sts, 1 s c, over 2 ch sts, repeat *; these loops lie back of the scallop and draw it into a raised puff.

With a bodkin, draw the ribbon thru the beading and back of the ribbon draw the elastic to fit the head.

Of the remaining ribbon make a rosette of knotted loops and sew to the side front of the cap.

Purls of Thought.

Two plains, two purls—
Oh, look it, girls,
I've gone and dropped a stitch!
Two plains, two purls—
Oh, goodness, girls,
I wonder which is which!

Two plains, two purls—
Oh, tell me, girls,
Does this far seem all right?
Two plains, two purls—
Oh, heavens, girls,
It looks to me a fright!

Two plains, two purls—
Oh, mercy, girls,
I've lost my count again!
Two plains, two purls—
Oh, darn it, girls,
I love to knit for men!

—R. W. M. in Chicago Tribune.

✱

Needlework Notes.

When you baste use a long milliner's needle. It is a habit hard to acquire, but one that will be very helpful when once established.

Save all selvages of Georgette crepe, chiffon or fancy fine weaves. You can make a novel and attractive finish by applying them as a tiny ruffle or by leaving on the material in the original cutting.

If you are not sure how to make any part of a garment you will save time, not by experimenting, but by looking at a similar old garment. This applies particularly to plackets, cuffs, collars and similar accessories.

When you are dressmaking have plenty of pins at hand. Dressmakers' slender steel pins are excellent for the purpose. At any rate, buy pins so fine that they will be virtually useless for other purposes. By using slender, extra sharp pins you mark the fabric less.

✱

Applying a Valance.

There is always an easier and more practical way of doing things than the way you are doing them. Take, for instance, the applying of the valance to your window draperies. If you are doing it in the ordinary way, you no doubt nail the valance in place. Then when it comes time to take it off for cleaning purposes you have the trouble of pulling out the nails and oftener than not the material is torn in the process. The easier and more practical way is to substitute clasps for the nails. Sew the pockets of the clasps to a strong tape and nail this to the board. Attach the snaps to the valance at the proper places and your problem is solved.

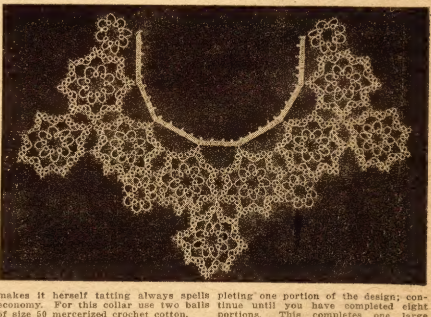
Helps in Sewing

A clever device to assist a woman in her hand stitching and embroidery has been invented and placed on the market by a Chicago man—a musician, too, and one who plays in one of the Chicago orchestras. The invention is designed to protect the first finger of the left hand from the pricks of the needle. It is a little metal cap resembling a glove end which fits the finger. There is a slit in the side to admit air and prevent the collecting of moisture which one feels when using a thimble. It also helps the fit. When milady pushes the needle with her ordinary thimble finger and the metal cap receives the point of the needle, there are no pricked and roughened fingers to complain about. The little cap is moderately priced and should prove useful.

A Dainty Collar of Tatting

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS is the golden opportunity for the girl who is handy with her shuttle. Not in this generation has tatting been so popular as it is today. Many are the pretty dress accessories, lingerie and household linens she can make and decorate both for her own use and as remembrances for her friends. When one makes it herself tatting always spells economy. For this collar use two balls of size 50 mercerized crochet cotton.



R, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 5 p, 2 d s, close; ch, 4 d s, * 1 p, 3 d s, repeat * until you have 5 p, 4 d s; r, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join to 2d p of first loop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 3 p, 2 d s, close; continue until you have eight loops and eight chs, join and break thread, forming center medallion.

R, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 5 p, 2 d s, close; ch, 5 d s; r, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join to 2d p of first loop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 3 p, 2 d s, close, forming one loop of a three-leaf clover; repeat for the next 2 loops; ch, 5 d s; r, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join the 2d p of last loop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 3 p, 2 d s, close; ch, 5 d s, join to the 3d p of center medallion, 5 d s, completing one portion of the design; continue until you have completed eight portions. This completes one large medallion; join as shown in the illustration, adding four small medallions extra.

For the band across the neck, crochet a ch from point to point, 3 ch sts, turn, * 1 d c into each st, for 6 sts, 3 ch sts, forming 1 p, repeat *.

If desired, cuffs could be made to match, using either the small or the large medallions.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Classified Want Ad Information If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY; CAPABLE SPEcialty salesman; established concern. New strong proposition to general trade. Staple goods. Present conditions offer unlimited opportunity to earn big money. The Continental Jewelry Company, 255 Continental Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

NEW MONEY MAKING INVENTION—VENtilated Chemical Indoor Closet for country, village and suburban homes; banishes obnoxious outhouse; no plumbing; no waterworks; no cesspool; absolutely odorless; thirty days' free trial guarantee; every village and farm home a customer. An order at every house. One man made $112 commission in eight hours. Another sold 25 in one day. G. W. Keiser has averaged over $100 a week for past six months, being able to work only about half time account of ill health. Exclusive territory contract. Biggest real cash winner ever offered to agents and general agents. Full particulars and proof free. Write today. Address Shafer Mfg. Co., 467 Colton Bldg., Toledo, O.

$65.00 A WEEK AND YOUR SUIT FREE. You can earn this and even more if you take advantage of our startling offer. Write us at once, and we will send you a full line of samples and everything necessary to start at once, absolutely free, postage prepaid. Spencer Mead Company, Dept. 1178, Chicago.

BILLY SUNDAY'S OWN BOOK. GREAT opportunity for the first man or woman in each county to make big money quick selling this grand authorized book. Experience unnecessary. Send 15 cents for postage of free sample book. Star Publishing Co., 591 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

AGENTS—$50 WEEKLY AND AUTOMObile furnished men placing samples wonderful new automobile necessity with automobile owners. Reduces operating expense. Makes old cars run like new. $30 outfit furnished free. L. Ballwey, 7, Sta. F., Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS. SELL GUARANTEED HOSIERY at big profits. You can sell at less than store prices. Bought heavily before prices doubled. Mrs. Schurman made over $2000 last year. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED. TO TAKE ORDERS for high grade household goods. We do all delivering and send you check every Saturday. Cascade Merchandise Corporation, 850 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

AGENTS: SELL FULL LINE OF GUARANteed hosiery bought at old prices. Big profits. Sell for less than in stores. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3211 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

GET DAVIS' 1918 PROSPERITY OFFER—best in 21 years—our food, soap and toilet goods cut store prices 1-3 to 1-2. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 699, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dep't. B, Fairfield, Ia.

PANTS $1.00, SUIT $3.75, MADE TO MEASure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and new styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 981, Chicago, Ill.

$1.95 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER pants—worth $5.00. Sample free. Moneymaking offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. C28, 515 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

$10 DAILY REFINISHING CHANDELIERS, brass beds, etc., by new method, producing amazing results; no capital or experience necessary; write for information. Gunmetal Co., Ave. B, Decatur, Ill.

AGENTS CLEARING HUNDREDS WEEKly. New washing compound. Wonderful seller. Big repeater. Send for proof. Free sample. D. Mitchell, 1314 East 61st St., Chicago.

AGENTS: ONLY THOSE OF ABILITY NEED apply. Splendid offer for right man. Non Alcoholic drinks, extracts, medicinal preparations, perfumes sold on new plan. Arrow Products Co., Peoria, Ill.

$1100 IN THREE MONTHS, S. MADE; SO can you; new tremendous seller; field unlimited; sells incessantly. Write Bergen Products Co., Dept. 20, Lester Prairie, Minn.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS—$30 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

HELP WANTED

MAKE $5.00 DAILY DURING SPARE TIME selling beautiful colored Roll of Honor pictures. Every mother, father, brother, sweetheart of a soldier a customer. Retails 50c. Sample, postpaid, 12c. Patriotic Certificate Co., 160 No. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—(Continued)

DO YOUR BIT—SAVE LAND, SAVE LABOR, help solve the Nation's food problem, grow bushels of fine potatoes in back yard, space 4x8, new tried out method, no weeds to hoe, easily protected from frost and drouth; send $1.00 for full instructions. N. A. Perry, Nordegg, Alta.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY; MEN—WOMEN, 18 or over. U. S. Government positions. Hundreds clerical positions obtainable. $90 month. Quick increase. Easy work. Write immediately for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 28, Rochester, N. Y.

ECONOMIZE! VALUABLE FORMULAS FOR household liniment and waterproofing leather. Both 50c. Petzold, 703 Wilson St., Portland, Ore.

WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEANing and dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN—GET A SWELL, STYLISH, HANDtailored spring or summer suit free and make some real money as our special representative. We furnish everything. Send postal today for big style book of 1918 fashions with liberal samples and amazing free suit offer. Ruby Tailors, Dept. 186, Chicago, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE; TRAVEL; BIG PAY; experience unnecessary; particulars free. National Detective Inst., 600 Cent. Nt. Bk., St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

WANTED MEN — BECOME EXPERT chauffeurs—auto repairmen. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 809, Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. $75.00 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't. N 30, Rochester, N. Y.

I WILL PAY ANY HONEST MAN UP TO $50 monthly for part of spare time. No canvassing. No capital. Write today. Voorhies, Desk 300, Omaha, Nebraska.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES ATTENTION! WE WANT 50,000 married ladies' names and will pay at the rate of 40c each. Certificate 50c. Particulars free. H. W. Osbrink, Riverside, Calif.

SOUTHERN FARM LANDS

DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. Charles S. Chase, General Immigration Agent, Room 5, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

MISSOURI LAND

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land, near town, healthy location. Price $200.00, $10 monthly buys 80 acres. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

$5 PER MONTH BUYS 40 ACRES, WAYNE Co., Missouri; price $160; write for description list. Geo. D. Williams, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' subscription, free. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter and say, "Mail me Landology and all particulars free." Address Editor, Landology, Skidmore Land Co., 26 Skidmore Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

FLORIDA LANDS

FLORIDA FLASHLIGHTS, NEW BOOK; "more information in this book than in any heretofore published." Learn of this land of virgin opportunity. One dollar. J. H. Reese, Miami, Fla.

SONG POEMS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

LIVESTOCK

HOLSTEIN CALVES, BOTH SEXES, 5 weeks old, 15-16th pure, $25.00 each, crated for shipment. Edgewood Farms, Whitewater, Wis.

PATENTS

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED. SEND sketch or model for actual search. 1918 edition 90 page patent book free. My patent sales service gets full value for my clients. It should never require more than 2 days to report upon the patentability of your invention; nor longer than 10 days to prepare your case for filing. Longer delay amounts to gross neglect. For prompt personal service write George P. Kimmel, Patent Lawyer, 20-C4, Oriental Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$10 INVESTED MADE $200. SUCH IS THE record of several companies in this section. The Rose Hill Oil Company has 7,000 acres of land in midst of several large oil fields which prominent oil geologist predicts will develop extraordinary gushers. One gusher producing 30,000 barrels of oil a day will make every stockholder rich. Expect wells of this size. Write for full particulars. Wm. Davies & Co., Fiscal Agents, 718 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS MADE IN SOURlake oil fields. $1 monthly, few months, gets warranty deed, may pay $200 or more monthly. Cooperative well. Full information, free maps, write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $190 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

FORTUNES IN OIL. KEEP POSTED. SAMple free. 35c year. Rocky Mountain Magazine, Denver, Colo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 186, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARANTEED WATCH OR GOLD PLATED bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. Eckert Seed Co., B-21, Cly, Pa.

TRICKS—JOKES

BOYS—GIRLS MAGIC; TRICKS; JOKES; Puzzles, etc. Send 15c for new illustrated catalogues. Can make fortune. Regina Bazar, 309 Broadway, New York City.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS of coins dated before 1895. Keep all old money. Sent ten cents for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have coins worth many dollars premium. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

MANUFACTURER WILL BUY OR MAKE practical invention; describe. Manager, 905 Webster Building, Chicago, Ill.

INFORMATION

ASK US—INFORMATION FURNISHED ON any subject, or purchases of any article made. A reasonable charge for service rendered, full information for three cent stamp. Chicago Information and Purchasing Co., Lock Box 640, Chicago, Ills.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

MEDICAL

PILES—EVERYBODY SUFFERING PILES, fistula, fissures, ulceration, constipation, bleeding, itching, write free trial. Positive painless pile cure. S. U. Tarney, Auburn, Ind.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit, machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

PHOTOPLAYS IDEAS WANTED

$25-$300 PAID ANYONE FOR IDEAS, SUGgestions suitable for photoplays. Complete outline free. Producers League, 542, St. Louis.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN CORrespondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advise free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF SCIentific formulas embracing practically three hundred valuable, useful remedies for personal and household use. Write for Free list today. Doctor Loesberg, 1482 Broadway, New York City.

HELP FOR YOU—EFFICIENCY ADVISER will give suggestions and advice for health, harmony and happiness, with specially prepared outlines for each case. Write A. L. Colesburn, 972 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

$150 IN CASH PRIZES AND PREMIUMS for only 6 names monthly, given absolutely free, during 1918, to every intelligent person who sends this ad and address immediately to the Great Eastern Commercial Service Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

HURIANEK'S FOOT POWDER FOR PERspiring feet, hands and other parts of body. Removes all odors, chilblains and soreness; relieves corns. Two or three boxes bring permanent relief. Price 75c a box, postage prepaid. J. A. Hurianek, Mesita, Colo.

"PRETTY PAULINE"—GENUINE PHOTOgraph (size 8x10) kind men like. Sealed 25c. We manufacture in our own studio, over 150 different photos. All kinds and sizes. Write for list. Dealers also supplied. Rick Publishing Company, Logansport, Ind.

"100 WAYS OF KISSING GIRLS," ILLUStrated book with 16 kissing pictures. 25c. "Confessions of a Young Girl," startling 100 page book 25c. Helen Roderick, Logansport, Ind.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Exchange postcards and letters. Membership 10c. Quality Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

THE MYSTIC SYSTEM BANISHES POVerty and brings you health, happiness, prosperity. Valuable information free. (Stamp appreciated.) Norman C. Orri, Hemet, Calif.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

LIFE READING, PHOTO POSTALS, SEcret conversation cards and lovely present, only 12c in stamps. D. Union Supply Co., Palatine, Ill.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published mailed free. Ladies, send description, age. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

JOIN! LOVERS CORRESPONDING CLUB, membership 25c, copy 20c, year $1.00. Sarvis, Barnes City, Iowa.

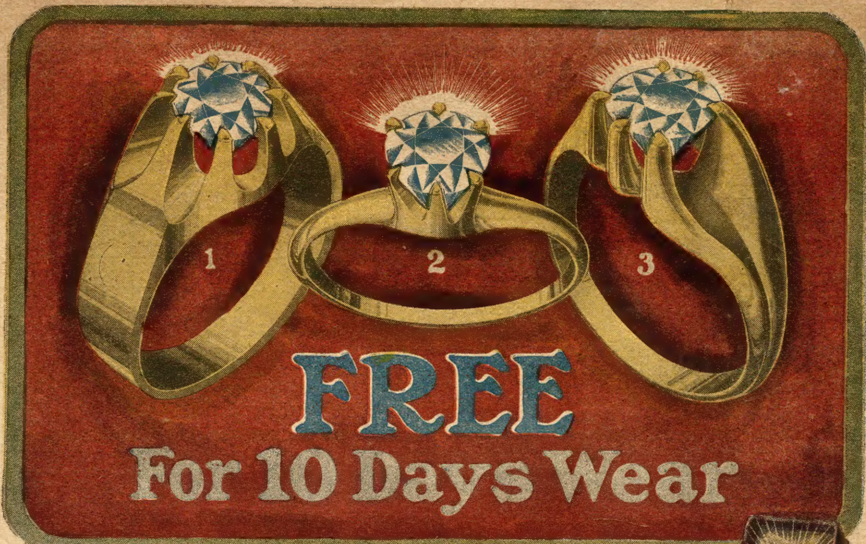
LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD CORREspond with respectable gentleman. Object matrimony. B. L., Box 150, Syracuse, N. Y.

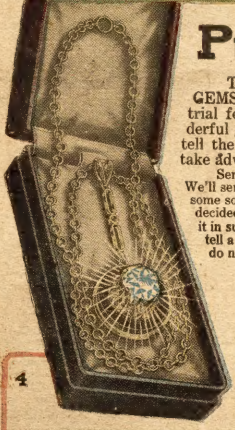
GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MEN

GET VITAL STRENGTH—RETAIN YOUTHful vigor. Simple, easy, sure. Particulars free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.



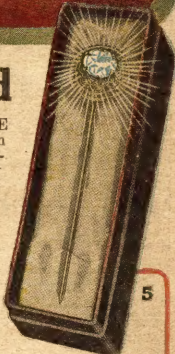


4

Put It Beside a Diamond

To quickly introduce into every locality our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful gems are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which article you prefer. We'll send it at once. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you can pay for it in such small easy payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if, for any reason at all, you do not want to keep it, return it at our expense.



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REMARKABLE NEW DISCOVERY

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance, a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

All Solid Gold Mounting

Send No Money—Just the Coupon

Just send coupon. Send no references, no money, no obligation to you in any way! You run no risk. The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here or the LaValliere or Scarf Pin for 10 days' wear free. Be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement for ring as explained.

Send now and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Wear it for 10 days on trial. Every one set in latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money.

The Tifnite Gem Company, Rand-McNally Bldg. Dept. 324 Chicago

Solid Gold Mounting

Flat Belcher Ring

No. 1—Solid Gold mounting, with flat wide band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem. Price $12.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.

Ladies' Ring

No. 2—Solid gold mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.

Tooth Belcher Ring

No. 3—Solid gold 6-prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.

Ladies' LaValliere

No. 4—Solid gold throughout. Chain 15 in. long. One-half carat guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, artistically mounted in genuine latest style black enameled circle. Price $14.50; only $3.50 on arrival. Bal. $3 per month.

Scarf Pin

No. 5—Solid gold throughout. A beautiful open circle mounting. Half carat guaranteed Tifnite Gem. Price $9.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3.00 per month.

How To Order Rings

To get right size ring, cut a strip of paper so that ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around the second joint of finger on which you want to wear ring. Be careful that measuring paper fits snugly without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper to us with the order coupon.

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
Rand-McNally Bldg., Dept. 324, Chicago

Send me..................No...............on 10 days' approval. When ordering ring be sure to enclose size as directed.

If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 upon arrival and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days at your expense.

Name ....

Address ....